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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
DR. ARNOLD.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The author of this article, holds no common pen. Its sentences flow on like the soft ripple of a moon-lit stream. He that reads a little, will wish to read more; and well he may; for it will not be profitless to look into Arnold's inner man. D. Appleton & Co. have republished this book in one vol. 12mo. at \$1.50.—Ed.

THIS is a striking book—the Life of our English *Arnaud*. It is not only delightful in itself, but is made, if possible, still more so, by the reception it has met with. A few years back, Dr. Arnold was misunderstood, misrepresented, and proscribed. Such journalists as Mr. Theodore Hook maligned him every Sunday. Such friends as Mr. Keble disowned him for years together. The Archbishop of Canterbury* closed

* The Archbishop's difficulty would appear to have been a general apprehension of personal unpopularity, rather than any objection to particular opinions; since Arnold, in 1842, on acknowledging a sermon from Dr. Hawkins, expresses (Letter 278) his delight at their agreement on the Priest question, ('the fundamental one of the whole matter,') and that 'the Archbishop should have wished a sermon to be printed, containing so much truth, and truth at this time so much

against him the Lambeth pulpit, on the consecration of Bishop Stanley. His unpopularity with the clergy was so intense, that the Whig ministry durst not elevate him to his proper place in his profession. Altogether, the 'barbarous noise' by which he was environed, was as much of a martyrdom as modern persecutors can well hope to see. He was put out of the synagogues, and those who reviled him, assumed that they did God service! Yet let good men be of good cheer. *Sursum corda!* Arnold, the while, never bated a jot either of heart or hope, and his praises are now on every tongue. Whether he were right or wrong in his schemes of 'ecclesiastical policy,' we care comparatively little. On

needed.' A few months before, in reference to the consecration of the first Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, he triumphantly remarks, (Letter 257) —'Thus the idea of my Church Reform pamphlet, which was so ridiculed and condemned, is now carried into practice by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. For the Protestant Church of Jerusalem will comprehend persons using different liturgies and subscribing different articles of Faith; and it will sanction these differences, and hold both parties to be equally its members. Yet it was thought ridiculous in me to conceive, that a National Church might include persons using a different ritual, and subscribing different articles.'

the other hand, we are sure there can be no truths to be discovered upon that subject, of which we stand half so much in need as of the spectacle which he has obtained for us—that of men of a hundred different opinions bowing down in reverence before his Christian life and noble nature. Truth will be no loser by it in the end; while, from the very first, to godliness and to charity it is great gain.

A partial re-action had taken place a little before Arnold's death. This was greatly owing to the influence of his pupils.* They came up, fresh from his hands, to Oxford, and brought with them, in their devoted attachment and their exemplary conduct, the most unexceptionable of all testimonies in his favor. His personal presence there as Professor of History, must in time have effected more. But he had scarcely entered upon the experiment, when his death transferred to Mr. Stanley, a friend and pupil, the gratifying office of vindicating his character by a faithful representation of his life.

Few persons of Dr. Arnold's station have been so much before the public during their lifetime, and in so many ways. He was the first English editor of Thucydides, and the first accommodator of Niebuhr to English tastes and understandings. He was

* The testimony of Dr. Moberly, head master of Winchester, on the state of English public schools and of the University of Oxford, till within these last ten or fifteen years, is very remarkable. What would they have said of us, if we had said only half as much against these celebrated institutions—the well-endowed and highly-favored nurseries of the English aristocracy and the English clergy? 'The tone of young men, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at, when he appeared; and I think, I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public school men. . . . A most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools. . . . This change is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation, in respect of piety and reverence; but I am sure, that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. *He was the first.*' Regretting that 'they were often deeply imbued with principles which we disapproved,' he adds, 'it soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University, that his pupils brought with them quite a different character to Oxford than what we knew elsewhere . . . thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation.'—(Vol. i. p. 172.)

also for some fourteen years the prince of schoolmasters on that most trying of all stages—an English public school. And he lived to stand forward, almost as long, an uncompromising opponent of that new form of Oxford priestcraft, which (no less cunning than audacious) has been perplexing our generation, seeking the dishonor of the Reformation, and sowing dissension in the Church of England. Under one or other of these titles, as a scholar, a schoolmaster, or a polemic, the name of Arnold was familiar to most people: while *that* in him which was most worth knowing—what he really was as a *Man*—continued, notwithstanding, to be little known out of a small circle, beyond his family and school. It might have been learned, to be sure, in his characteristic sermons. It lay there open as the day. But people cannot be compelled to read sermons; nor (if they read them) prevented from putting a preacher whom they hate, on the awkward list of those 'ungracious pastors' who have a lofty standard for their congregations, and a very moderate one for themselves.

A general ignorance of a man's character, such as we are supposing to have been the case concerning Arnold, affords an opportunity for successful calumny; but, of itself, it does not supply a motive for the calumny, or account for its success. In this instance, however, the explanation of both phenomena lies near at hand. The cry was a professional one at first; and, in such a case, the public at large are seldom at the trouble of inquiring into particulars for themselves. They naturally take up the impression entertained of a man in his own profession; and, unfortunately, the clerical prejudices which temporary provocations raised into a storm, had their rise in too enduring causes entirely to subside as long as Arnold was alive.

The 'Oxford Malignants,' as a body, had an immediate interest in damaging the credit of their most formidable antagonist. Knowing little of Arnold personally, they might satisfy their consciences by holding it to be impossible that any honest man could suspect* Mr. Newman of dishonesty.

* Arnold had not one measure for himself and another for other people. His quarrel was with Newmanism, not Newmanites; with the system and the party, not with individuals. The system he thought most mischievous, 'schismatical, unchristian, and profane;' and in the degree which it altered the due proportions of our moral nature, approaching to a moral fault. To denounce it, track it through its windings, and pursue it to

Mr. Keble might have told them better. But his returning kindness scarcely came in time to disabuse his party of their ill

the death, was a sacred and appointed task. The last words which fell from his pen on earth were heavy with this burden. But, before he could be offended with individual members of the party, they must have been guilty of what he considered an individual offence. Arnold was far too generous to withhold his testimony from an adversary. He was credulous in favor of their persons; and, on stripping to fight, shook hands. Witness the tribute paid to 'their pure and holy lives' in his pamphlet on Church Reform, (1833;) and his public declaration, (Preface to Vol. iv. of Sermons,) that he nothing doubted that there were points in Mr. Newman in which he might learn truth from his teaching, and should be glad if he could come near him in his practice; as well as his assurance to Dr Hawkins, (1834,) that no word of his had impeached the sincerity or general character of the men, and that, in this respect, he would carefully avoid every expression that might be thought uncharitable.

It was not, therefore, for being a Newmanite that Mr. Newman can have fallen in his good opinion; but for what appeared to him personal violations of truth and justice. The violent proceedings of the Newmanite party against Dr. Hampden were, in Arnold's eyes, so glaringly unjust that it altered his opinion of all concerned in them.—(His article in this Journal, Vol. lxiii. 1836.) It was no longer a question how he ought to feel towards persons holding false opinions, but how he ought to feel towards persons guilty individually of unjust and oppressive acts.

He saw in the *privilegium* voted by the Convocation, nothing but Lynch law. In the place of an Oxford convocation, there rose before him the image (which Mr Stanley says he could not put away from him,) of the nonjurors reviling Burnet—of the Council of Constance condemning Huss—of the Judaizers banded together against St. Paul. It was a repetition by High Churchmen of the reception given by the Catholics to Peter Martyr, when he went down as divinity professor to Oxford in Edward the Sixth's time—the same outcry, and on the same grounds. 'No man's mind can be fairly judged of by such a specimen as N—— has given of Hampden's. He has in several places omitted sentences in his quotations, which give exactly the soft and Christian effect, to what without them sounds hard and cold.'—(Let. 106.) 'There was downright evil acting in it, and the more I consider it the more does my sense of its evil rise. Certainly, my opinion of the principal actors in that affair has been altered to them personally. I do not say it should make me forget all their good qualities, but I consider it as a very serious blot in their moral character.'—(Let. 107-141.) 'I do not think that John Gerson was a bad man: yet he was a principal party in the foul treachery and murder committed against John Huss at the Council of Constance.'—(Let. 108.)

It would take a volume, at least the size of Pascal's Letters, to expose the want of truth of the leaders of this movement. In this charge we implicate the leaders only. We willingly

opinion. The Newmanites, however, when most inveterate, could have done Arnold little injury by themselves. Their hostility

separate the seducers from the seduced—the false shepherd from the deluded sheep. A crowd of followers may be innocent enough. The trick was, once to get them on the stream—the current would do the rest, and carry them out to sea. The unsuspecting convertite is no way answerable for the cunning mechanism of the trapdoors and inclined planes, on which, if he can be only tempted to set his foot, he infallibly slides on. Arnold has been reproached by one of their writers, for his foolish way of going about his work with his pamphlet 'On Church Reform.' He made a clean bosom of it; and told the public at their setting off, what was to be their journey's end. Very foolish, if he had wanted to recruit for a party: but very wise and right, if he meant honestly by others and by himself. The course taken by Mr. Newman has been directly the reverse from the first to last. In consequence of Dr. Wiseman's exposure of the impossibility of reconciling the Newmanite doctrines with their better criticisms on the Roman faith, the author of Tract 90 published an apologetic letter in the Conservative Journal of February 1842. The tract and the letter are as universally ascribed to Mr. Newman, as his 'Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism.' The double mask worn by Mr. Newman in these three publications well illustrates the tactics of his policy. The professed object of Tract 90, and of the Lectures, was to keep the members of the Church of England from straggling towards Rome. The two ways for doing this are very characteristic. There is the Tract 90, to tell them that they may sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and believe in the Decrees of the Council of Trent—because the Decrees came out later! Then come the Lectures, to encourage the timid and mystify the simple, by emphatic distinctions between the doctrines of Newmanism and the doctrines of Rome. But, set a Jesuit to catch a Jesuit. First, then, with regard to Tract 90. By the knowledge he had acquired, while getting up his pamphlets against Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Bishop of Exeter was enabled (on comparing the dates of the Articles with the dates of the Decrees) to demonstrate that the correctness of Mr. Newman's historical assertions was on a level with the correctness of his morality. Next, generally, when pressed by Dr. Wiseman to reconcile his language in discredit of the Church of Rome with the Roman doctrines, which he was in effect maintaining—what was his answer? Did he retract his language, or recant his doctrines? No such thing. But, with insidious cowardice, he distinguished between Mr. Newman as Mr. Newman, and Mr. Newman as a member of the Church of England!—affecting to give to a *consensus* of its divines an authority over private judgment and belief, which the Church of England never gave them and never could give. 'I am not speaking my own words. I am but following out a *consensus* of the divines of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome—even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I

unfortunately fell in with the ordinary temper of the great body of the English clergy. All bodies have their *esprit du corps*; and woe to the member of a corporation who lacks the corporation spirit! He loses caste at once. Arnold, certainly, had no superstition about the church—theological or political. Its only value, in his eyes, was a channel for communicating religious knowledge, and as a means of doing more extensive good. His views of the nature of the institution may be gathered from his posthumous Church Fragment—fragment though it be. That he regarded the institution, as he believed that God intended it to be regarded, would be no excuse for him with those who reasoned backwards—not so much from God down to the Church of England, as from the Church of England up to God.

All professions also (including the ecclesiastical) are distinguished by their peculiar faults as well as virtues. It is almost as unprofessional to want the one as the other. Now, Arnold was not only altogether without the common faults of ecclesiastics; but some of his finest qualities were at times in danger of appearing unclerical. So that, instead of having *dulcia vitia*, or sacerdotal weakness, which might have been a recommendation to him, his very virtues, were of a kind to be turned against him. Then as to his politics. The Church of England, from tradition or by instinct, is suspicious of the Whigs. We are told by Guizot, the historian-statesman, that the Church of Rome has been sometimes the friend of freedom; but the Church of England never. Whig laymen must be

am safe.' Thus Mr. Newman has two characters, and can put them on according to circumstances. It is necessary to know beforehand, in which of the characters he is speaking; since, for what he says as a member of the Church, the Church is answerable, not himself. It matters little to his victims, under what mask and by what quibbles Mr. Newman may speculate upon securing his own safety; or, on his turning out to be mistaken, to which of his two characters his responsibility may attach. In case his apology be true, then during several years was Mr. Newman (while he allowed himself to be understood to be speaking in his own character) guilty of treachery towards his readers, and slander towards the Church of Rome. If the apology be not true, what are we to think of those who make it? We believe that Arnold would have died a thousand deaths, before he would have written such a passage. No wonder that his noble, simple-hearted, and truth-loving spirit should have fired at last at such a system of prevarications, practised in such a cause.—(See Primary charge of O'Brien, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, September 1842.)

endured perforce. But Whig clergymen are more within their power. And, when the phenomenon occurs, his brethren are never long without letting him understand one way or other that he is considered to be but half a clergyman. The readiness with which reports to his disadvantage are received and circulated, in effect deprives him of the benefit of those presumptions by which in other cases, reputations are protected. In the vulgar sense of party, nobody could be less of a party man than Arnold. But he was more than a stranger to the doctrine of reserves; and he made no secret of his being a Whig in his general politics, any more than that, if he could have had his way, he would have set about reforming the Church, as vigorously and extensively (to say the least) as Lord Grey had reformed the State.

The predisposition against him, for which we have been accounting, might have slumbered in a semi-torpid state, or might have been restrained within decent bounds by prudent management and conciliating language. But management and prudence, and the soft answer that turneth away wrath, were at no time among the instruments with which Arnold worked. On the publication of his pamphlet on 'Church Reform,' he was accordingly turned upon as a traitor to his order. The excitement of the period magnified the danger and the offence. As the danger passed off, the triumphant Tories felt they could afford to be forbearing, and to reduce their antipathy within some proportion to the provocation he had given. All that remained of positive unkindness and injustice went down with him, we doubt not, into his grave. That, however, although as much as can be expected in most cases, was not enough in this. Mankind should know the sort of man that Arnold really was; and this Mr. Stanley has told us. His *Memorabilia* contain, it is true, no new philosophy. They will found no sect, and gather around them no party. We shall not hear of 'Arnoldites' in consequence. To our mind, they are only so much the more precious and more catholic. Arnold, we are certain, would think so too. For, no man ever lived, less desirous of making proselytes. Witness his kindly letters to a favorite pupil, who caught the Oxford infection, and deserted his following for that of Newman. Once make men of the stamp and mould of Arnold—no matter under what names afterwards they subdivide themselves.

Before proceeding further, we must say a word or two on the materials of this biography. It consists of successive narratives, illustrated by correspondence: on the plan which Mason and Hayley have made so popular by their lives of Grey and Cowper. Excellent as is Mr. Stanley's narrative, it is the vivid picture contained in Arnold's letters, which has produced the effects to which we have referred with so much pleasure; and it is on this living picture only, that we rely for those further fruits to which we are sanguine enough to look forward. It is now on towards two hundred years, since Bishop Sprat had the folly to burn Cowley's letters, ('the language of his heart,') on the score of taste, as things too natural and familiar for the world! It was a piece of foppery well becoming that shabby prelate; for which most people of any taste have owed him a grudge ever since. What would he have thought of Swift's *Journal to Stella*? or of Pepys, or of Boswell? But the world has lately been appealed to, in a very different spirit, on the more general question. According to this last appeal, the burning was right, but the reason wrong. It ought to have been done, not as a matter of taste but of principle—for, this is the burden of one of the solemn and pathetic revelations from the 'sick-room' at Tynemouth. Nobody can have heard again that well-known voice without deep and melancholy interest; but, however great our sympathy and respect, the peremptory maxim, that any publication of private correspondence must be always an immoral act, is a rigorism and refinement to which we can by no means agree. The question is one, not of obligation but discretion. There will occasionally be base booksellers, and weak or treacherous executors. We are willing to take our chance of them. Multiply them to any amount, yet they are, in our opinion, a far less evil than would have been the suppression of the present volumes. We have a difficulty in believing, that Miss Martineau, on reading them, has not thought so too. If Arnold's letters were merely clever letters, there is enough of pleasant literature in the world to leave us indifferent, or nearly so, whether they had been burned, or whether they had been published. But they embody a Life of moral greatness, bright, simple, and original; and at the same time admirably suited to our age and country, in its spirit and appliance. It would have been a sin to have sacrificed to such a scruple, a book

which certainly we nowhere could replace at present; and which, if our children should be less in want of it than we are, will probably be owing as much to characters whom it shall have contributed to form, as to any other cause.

Every man, it has been said, ought to look at his life as at a poem, of which he himself is necessarily the hero. Arnold made his so, more than most people. It was a poem of a severe and heroic cast; pregnant with character, but with fewer incidents in it than even a Greek play. He was born at Cowes in 1795. It followed, almost of course, that he should be brought up at Winchester and Oxford. These, the places of his birth and of his education he loved to the last with a filial love. He was elected a scholar of Corpus at sixteen—much too young; and, in due course, a fellow of Oriel, then the most wide awake of the Oxford Colleges. He lingered on in the University for three or four happy years, after taking his degree; after which at the age of twenty-five, he took leave of its public libraries, took orders, married, and settled down to tuition as the business of his life. Up to this time there was little to distinguish Arnold above his contemporaries, except remarkable freedom and honesty of mind, a more sanguine temperament and a greater capability of 'growth.' His diamond was of a hard grain, and did not polish readily. The two-and-twenty years remaining to him were, in their outward circumstances, equally commonplace. The first nine of them he passed at Laleham with private pupils—the last thirteen at Rugby as head master. Rapid excursions across the Continent in the summer, or, latterly, short visits, winter as well as summer to Fox How, (a house he had built himself in Westmoreland, as the home of his holidays and his old age,) was all the change his monotonous existence could admit of. Now, however, the period was at hand to which he had from the first looked forward for his release from his labors as a schoolmaster, and for sufficient leisure to do justice, as an author, to himself, and to the great subject of Christian politics, the idea of his life. Alas! not so. His release came in another form. In the summer of 1842, on the morning of the 12th of June, the angel of death stood suddenly before him! There was no need to delay to strike, for the purpose of preparation. If it had given him years of warning, it could not have found him more prepared.

Our readers must pass a day with Arnold. They will see of how homely and plain a thread, to all appearance, it was composed. Only, to make it more impressive, the day we will choose shall be his last. It differs in itself in no respect from other days, except as it is more of a holiday, since it happens to be also the concluding day of the half-year. On the morrow he was to shake his wings for Westmoreland. The morning is taken up with an examination of 'Ranke's History of the Popes.' Then come the distribution of prizes, the taking leave of the boys who are going, and all the mechanical details of finishing for the holidays; his usual walk and bathe follow; dinner next; where he talked with great pleasure to several guests of his early geological studies under Buckland, and of a recent visit to Naseby with Thomas Carlyle. An interval in the evening leaves room for an earnest conversation with an old pupil, on some differences in their views of the Tractarian theology; after which, the day rounds off with an annual supper to some of the sixth-form boys. Arnold retired to bed, apparently in perfect health. But before laying down his head upon the pillow, from which he was never more to raise it, put his seal upon this busy and cheerful day by an entry in his diary, which (reading it as we now read it) seems of prophetic import. Yet, in truth, these transitions had become so familiar to him, that in passing from what was most secular to what was most spiritual, he was hardly conscious of the change. He kept the communication between this world and the next so freely open—angels ascending and descending—that he blended the influences of both—of things temporal and things eternal, into one consistent whole:—

'Saturday Evening, June 11.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to it—my forty-seventh birthday after my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say, "Vixi;" and I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work,

if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing—laboring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me, rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.'

What a midnight epitaph! How ominous and unconscious! How tender and sublime! He woke the next morning, between five and six, in pain. It was *angina pectoris*. At eight o'clock he was dead!

It is the combination we admire so much in Arnold—the moral greatness, which was his first nature; and the Christian greatness, which was his second. By the first he was born more allied unto St. Paul; by the second he became of kindred with St. John. Yet did they not live in him as two natures, but were most truly one. On the one hand, all the riches of the Christian graces being so cultivated and ploughed down, as it were, into his thoughts and feelings, as to be made a part of his very self; while, on the other, Christianity itself was seen in him to spread its branches wider, and to lift them nearer up to heaven, from the natural richness of the soil. The religion of ordinary men is either a form of words—the repeating of what they call a creed—or is something in which, when they attempt to put it into action, we find much more of earth than heaven. It has raised them a little. They have lowered it a great deal more. Yet it may have made the most of them, and they of it, that the case allowed of. This is the spiritual condition of most men—the spirit sadly weaker than the flesh. There is another and opposite extreme; one, in which the natural and the humane altogether disappear in the supernatural and superhuman; in which the spirit wrestles with the natural man in aspirations, dreams, and visions—shuts him up in monasteries, carries him to solitary places and distant lands; and extinguishes human affections and obligations by the weight, and the transport, and the glory of the divine. The lives of the saints (Roman Catholic or Protestant) are usually of this description. We have glimpses of their beatifications—or full-length portraits. But they belong to a world into which we can no more follow them, to live there with them, than into fairyland. Flights above our ken (so much the more shame to us, perhaps) are beyond our sympathy. We have not enough in common.

In the vast space between these two ex-

tremes, there should be some point which will be the proper point of elevation for the most advanced Christian—that is, for the best form of human nature made spiritual—that is, incompatible with the exigencies of our imperfect state. We may differ with Arnold in the view he took of this or that subject, from the height to which he soared. But the height itself appears to us to be the perfect point to which mortal man can safely venture to aspire. Never so high as to be out of sight of earth, yet always high enough to be in sight of heaven. If the elements with which Christian philosophy is most immediately concerned, are reducible to two—the will of Man and the will of God—Arnold did not endeavor to approximate them to each other by metaphysical speculations. It is intimated he was incapable of doing this. It may be so. But he took, we think, a surer course. He went at once to Christ. Not seeming to have studied Christianity out of books, but to have personally known and dwelt with Christ; to have drawn so near to Him, that in the abiding sense of that companionship, his life was not so much the life of a follower in these distant times, as that of a disciple who had waited on the very ministry of our Saviour; one who listened to Him on the Mount and in the Temple, and had stood beside Him at the Cross. Arnold's historical imagination would assist him here. It made things past re-appear before him as things present. But the gifted vision would have only been a brilliant day-dream, unless the faculty of moral growth and assimilation had also been of equal power. For instance, he tells us, that one of the improvements he had had to work out in his own nature, was to enlarge it from its early state—in which he might have made idols of Truth and Justice—into a more perfect temple, where Tenderness, Humility, and Reverence were also worshipped. How did he do this? Less by setting before him Christ's precepts as a system, than the life of Christ as an example. For 'Christ alone cannot be made an idol, because He combines all ideas of perfection in their just harmony.'*

* In this sense, in the Dissertations which he proposed annexing to an edition of the three Pastoral Epistles, he intending dwelling on the doctrine of the Person of Christ, as the proper cure and positive opposite of all the idolatries of the Oxford Judaizers:—'Not His church, not His sacraments, not His teaching, not even the truths about Him, nor the virtues which He most en-

In the same manner, when some one in his family placed St. Paul above St. John, he burst into tears! as if a wrong had been done in his presence to a bosom friend. 'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed,' were among his dying words; and, by believing and by living as confidently as if he had really seen, he can only have made the blessing more surely his.

There are many forms of moral greatness, natural or acquired: the natural being rather the spontaneous growth of an inborn genius for virtue—the acquired being the comparatively slower product of circumstance and of effort. Arnold was a stout believer, not only in the physical distinctions of race, but in moral breeds; and willingly accounted for the opposite views taken by himself and some of his friends on political and religious questions, by the individual complexion of their several constitutions. The natural direction of his own genius lay towards the sublimer virtues. By the side of other virtues, those of Truth and Justice have an almost colossal air; and he was aware himself that the tendency of his mind ('taken at its best') was to exaggerate these *Basaltic* virtues even beyond their proper grandeur. His Laleham sermons (he regrets) were thought hard and severe. Upon this part of his nature, as on a rock, were built the strongholds and the keep—the massive walls and towering battlements of his moral structure. Hence, for himself, his readiness to leave Laleham, as too much and too soon a home; his cry of 'Forwards, forwards!'—this is not the time or place for rest but energy; his longing, as life rose every year more and more before him in its true reality, to have intercourse with those who took it in earnest; his protests against the strange existence that he would have to lead, if he were to shape his conduct to propitiate gossip; and his entire indifference to the opinion of people, unless he had reason to believe them good and wise. Hence, for his children—his craving that they might have a *strong* mind; for this reason, that it would give them a better chance of appreciating truth keenly, and consequently of finding honesty comparatively easy: his prayer, that God would grant them an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it for themselves, with an intense abhorrence of all party ties

forces, but Himself; that only object which bars fanaticism and idolatry on the one hand, and gives life and power to all morality on the other.'

—save that one tie, which binds them to the party of Christ against wickedness. Hence, too, with regard to others—his exalted estimate of thoughtful characters; his contempt for the hangers about on life; his sense of the necessity of a profession, almost for keeping a man honest; his abhorrence of the profession of an advocate, upon the usual maxims of English lawyers; his compassion for neutral minds, incapable of receiving such impressions of true and right as can overcome our natural state of indolence and fear; and his conviction of the necessity of subordinating literary pursuits, as well as every other, to a clearly perceived Christian end. 'The house is spiritually empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there; although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge.'

The basis of Arnold's *morale* reminds us of all we know of that of another celebrated schoolmaster, (not very popular in his day, and no great favorite with such churchmen as Mr. Froude in later times,) we mean John Milton. There is the same purity and directness about them both, the same predominance of the graver, not to say sterner elements, the same confidence, vehemence, and elevation. They both so lived in their 'great task-master's eye,' as to verify Bacon's observation in his Essay on Atheism; 'made themselves of kin to God in spirit, and raised their nature by means of a higher nature than their own. If men were as excitable by the example of the sublime in character as by the sublime in imagination, they would rise up from the contemplation of a certain greatness of soul, as Bouchardon the artist rose from Homer, when he rushed to the Comte de Caylus, his eyes on fire, declaring every body he met seemed taller than before. Were we to stop here, what was formerly said of Cato would be equally true of Milton and of Arnold. Nobody could wish either of them *aut fortior aut justior aut temperantior*—but *paulo ad lenitatem propensior*, very possibly. Yet here, we are afraid, we must stop with Milton's portrait. The hardy virtues make only half a character; and his countenance—from the first 'severe in youthful beauty'—appears to have grown more formidable as he grew older, and to have contracted a little of the darkness, if not the fierceness, of his times. We dare not venture to desire a fuller picture of his domestic life than has come down to us. How different in this respect was the life of

Arnold! And, to know him to the life, we have only to view him in his Letters. Reading them is, for the time, to live with him, to breathe the air he breathes, to follow him at his goings out and comings in, to rise and fall with the ebb and flow of his everyday thoughts and feelings.

One of their greatest charms is the happiness which shines out in them at every corner of his transparent being. The groundwork, which, from a distance may have looked cold and rugged, brightens up as we approach—an equal warmth and movement being diffused through every part of it, and a singular variety of light and color passing over it. We have seen it objected, indeed, that he was too happy! About as rational an accusation as that of his being always a boy—except in the sense in which it was imputed to the Greeks. If the constitution of our modern Wicliffe can with truth be called Lutheran and German, it is a compliment of which Luther's country may well be proud. There could be no fear surely, but that his mirth would be of a sufficiently sober and becoming kind. He himself recurs to the entire happiness which he was tasting day after day and year after year, as something startling, something more than humbling, at times even fearful. On one occasion, speaking of five weeks passed with his family at Ambleside, he calls it an 'almost awful happiness.' On another, he observes that the word *happy*, at his time of life, must have a *weighty* meaning. To the mind of most people, the sight of innocent happiness, however simple, is always loveable. But great happiness, joined to a life of great responsibility and goodness, is the privilege of that wisdom which winneth souls. If the austere Dante esteemed it no light form of suicide, to be unhappy without a cause—we cannot be wrong in feeling, that Arnold's character would not have been complete, if, on coming down from its high places and mountain-tops, we had not found a smiling valley at the bottom, and green pastures and running streams. The effect of both is increased a hundredfold, when, side by side with his more serious and contentious correspondence, scenes of a livelier and softer kind are constantly dropping in. This could only have been accomplished by the hearty co-operation of all parts of his constitution; the animal and intellectual drawing well together with his general tastes and genial affections. His body as

well as mind were eminently healthy. Work, under which less vigorous systems would have broken down, was to him an exercise and a pleasure—his morning's gallop. His spirits, too, had all the freshness of the morning. He thought liveliness one of the first qualifications of a schoolmaster. His time was passed with boys of all ages, from necessity. But it had been a necessity of his own choosing; and he would have chosen it again. For, notwithstanding his sensitiveness to their faults, he had a thorough fellow-feeling with their irrepressible and elastic temperament, was very fond of the society of young people, and lived among them, himself as young. In the character of his mind, too, he had the good fortune to combine some of the advantages of youth with those of maturer years. His understanding was essentially progressive; and at the same time was of that positive and manly sort, which, more perhaps than any other, is the source of personal enjoyment to its possessor. He delighted in great principles and large views; and, without stopping to clear the ground of all the difficulties by which a case might be embarrassed, came rapidly to a conclusion upon its substantial merits. But, what was more than this, his favorite pursuits were of a kind to keep the communication between his understanding and his moral nature always open. So instantaneous and electrical was the intelligence between them, that (questionable in some instances as we may think the saying—'Great thoughts come from the heart,') there cannot be a doubt but that this was the case with him. His eloquence was in his earnestness; from his whole heart and soul being upon his lips. He wrote off his sermons, and preached them while the ink was almost wet, fresh and fresh—he could preach no others to the boys. They have, in consequence, a more distinct and perfect impress of the preacher on them, than any we ever met with; issuing forth in their flowing language as from a fountain, with all the facility and fearlessness of spoken words. As Cowper's sweetest poems are transcripts in verse of his letters and daily life, Arnold, on going up into the pulpit, put on no new person—he had only to change his gown.

The fine arts did not contribute much to the lightening of Arnold's labors—music not at all. But among the pleasures which he received so vividly into his vivid nature that they became almost entitled to a higher

name, was his enjoyment of beautiful scenery; and not only of that, but of any sort of country rural enough to find him in wood anemones and wood sorrel. No extravagant demand this; yet more, it seems, than Rugby, with its fat pastures and thirteen cattle fairs, could supply. From the outbreaks of delight in his journals and his letters, we learn the working of the charm by which, when he was most exhausted, a few weeks in Italy or Westmoreland refitted him for the drudgery of Rugby. Whether it was the poetical beauty of Paris, (!) of Como, or the Apennines, which enchanted him—or the long historical tapestry which unrolled before him, as he descended upon the Rhine and the Tiber, at Cologne or at Rome—or whether he was rambling over Loughrigg, 'more beautiful than Epicurus's garden,' or by the basin on the summit of its ridge, 'the very image of the *saltus* on Cithæron, where *Œdipus* was found by the Corinthian shepherd—

"His were the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy,
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

How much of the softening of his character he himself attributed to the reverence, humility, and tenderness engrafted on it by means of this relationship, and how much of his joy it constituted, we have already seen. And God forbid that a syllable of this testimony should pass away! But, next to this, and far beyond all other causes, the chastener and sweetener of his more grand and imposing attributes, was his own truly loving and human heart. Archbishop Whately observes (and no person saw more of him in the many lights in which he might be seen) that 'he was attached to his family as if he had no friends, to his friends as if he had no family, and to his country as if he had no friends or relations.' We call the Archbishop as a witness only; for we object, as Arnold would, we think, to the moral of these antitheses. People who knew him only by his uncompromising steadiness to his principles, and by his unflinching moral courage, have supposed him imperturbable and of iron. On the contrary, he frequently appears in his Letters but too susceptible. It was a noble error; but his religious feelings at times* obscured

* We have unconsciously been using the same words which Arnold used in describing Keble—

his judgment; at least we think so. The same, to a certain extent, in other cases.—For if he was not one of those whose words may be taken literally, the difference between the letter and the spirit will truly represent the space to which his feelings sometimes ran ahead of his more deliberate reason. Since, assuredly, his feelings, more than his reason, prompted many of the passionate expressions in which he again and again repeats his alarm at the state of the country—his despair about the Church—his agony of sympathy with the Poor—his feverish dread of Conservatism—his fits of despondency when the school goes wrong—and his yearnings to be reconciled to friends who had chosen to be scandalized at his opinions. Honorable as those feelings are, more than once have we felt tempted to exclaim, ‘These things must not be thought of after this fashion.’ None of them thought about so vehemently; and, perhaps, the last not thought about at all.

While we think Arnold mistaken in more than one instance, we cannot explain his errors by attributing them (as some people have done) to want of time or want of understanding. It was not, that he was pre-occupied by his school; still less that his mind was not adapted to the discovery or appreciation of any of the truths he missed. For—admitting that every case has two sides to it, or more—it seldom happens that two kinds of understanding are necessary for seeing them. Nor can we in the

an infinitely stronger case, apparently. For, although Arnold could probably never have so interchanged natures with any body, not a Christian, as to make them complete and confiding friends, yet the *res publica* upon which this *idem sentire* was a condition to his friendship, was Christianity in its widest meaning. He would never have hesitated in making a new friend, far less have been chilled a moment towards an old one, by differences about the Church. ‘I learned (1841) the especial grounds of Keble’s alienation from me; it appears that he says that “I do not believe in the Holy Catholic Church.” Now, that I do not believe in it, in Keble’s sense, is most true. I would just as soon worship Jupiter; and Jupiter’s idolatry is scarcely further from Christianity, in my judgment, than the idolatry of the Priesthood.’—(Letter 235.) But differences like these, however multiplied and exaggerated, were, in his judgment, no proper grounds of separation between friends. ‘Keble, I am sure, has ascribed to me opinions which I never held; not, of course, wilfully, but because his sensitiveness on some points is so morbid, that his power of judgment is *pro tanto* utterly obscured. The first shock of perceiving something that he does not like, makes him incapable of examining steadily, how great or how little that something is.’—(Letter 252.)

least perceive, how one species of capacity was wanted for the instances in which we think him right, and another for the instances in which we think him wrong. We could wish also, that Arnold had been occasionally more slow and skeptical, more purely intellectual and judicial, in both the formation and the delivery of his opinions. But there was not an atom of arrogance in the clearness and confidence of his convictions; nor of personal animosity and ill-will in his ardent utterance of them. The ardor of his disposition accounted for all his faults. Burke was not more governed by his imagination, than Arnold often by his feelings. It must have required extraordinary rectitude of purpose and force of character to keep them right. A subject soon got possession of him. His first impressions were sure to be deep ones. The views with which he became familiar, gradually grew in strength and acquired ascendancy over him. His compact and united nature (in spite of all the help he might get from Aristotle) could do nothing by halves, but rushed on to the furthest point. He was naturally in extremes. Whatever it was on which he was engaged, he threw himself headlong into it, almost bodily, as into a volcano; from whose depths forth he came again—argument and sentiment, emotion and burning words—rolling and thundering, and fused together like lava down a mountain side.

Our admiration of Arnold’s abilities cannot blind us to the fact, that his temperament exposed him, more than usual, to the ordinary infirmity of underrating the case of his opponent and overrating his own. In anticipating what might be his judgment upon a question, we should always choose therefore to reserve to ourselves a right of revision, however seldom we might find occasion for reversal. His mind had so many windows open in it; he travelled so fast, welcoming all impressions, looking from such high points, and stretching over such distances, judging for and speaking from himself rapidly and unreservedly, that it is impossible he should not have wandered sometimes into speculations, singular, fanciful, and crude. But his motives were always admirable, and his opinions entitled to great consideration; not only for the sake of the principles on which they were founded, but also from the logical clearness of his deductions, and the systematic coherence of his conclusions. Our admiration of the integrity, the candor, and the charity of Arnold, is even greater than our ad-

miration of his talents. Nevertheless, looking at the weakness of the world, and at the proneness to misapprehend, we would now and then have interposed, to check the torrent of his indignant expostulation, and put a muzzle, or something like one, on the terrors of his style. Yet the bark was worse than the bite; or rather, there was no bite at all. It would be an infinitely worse mistake than Arnold ever fell into, were more guarded natures to interpret the vehemence of his controversial language into bitterness or invective. For there was no spleen of temper, or art of rhetoric in it. On the contrary, it was one of the natural effects of his being so much in earnest. It belonged to the same devotion to his immediate subject, and to the same mobility and depth of feeling, which (as is seen in cases without number throughout these Letters) were characteristic of the man, whatever was the topic—whether refutation and remonstrance, or tenderness and tears.

Of the extent to which the soundness and sobriety of some of Arnold's opinions were disturbed by the intenseness of his religious feelings, we shall have occasion to speak, a little further on. But at times his mind was as much thrown off its balance by the state of public affairs. From his fondness for history, political things had as great a reality to his mind as things of private life; and the life of a nation became as distinct as that of an individual. What then must have been his dismay, when he saw a roll of lamentations, written from within and from without with woe, hanging over the land? To his eye, the day of the Lord was coming—the termination of one of the great *aiōnes* of the human race, a period of fearful visitation, to terminate the existing state of things. Ours was a city of destruction—'Too late!' were the words to be affixed to every plan for reforming society in England. The state of the times was so grievous that it really pierced through all private happiness, and haunted him daily like a personal calamity. He felt the state of public affairs so deeply, that he could not bear either to read, or hear, or speak, or write about them. Only, if the judgment was not now as surely fixed as that of Babylon, he would commend them to the care and deliverance of God.—(1839.)

His despair about the Church was as exuberant. His abhorrence of the doctrine of the priesthood had been proportioned to the earnestness of his desire for the revival of the Church. But the Church, in his view

of it, was so utterly dead, that in contrasting Easter-day and Whitsunday as the respective birthdays, (the one, the birth-day of Christ's religion—the other, that of the Christian Church,) he celebrated Easter-day with joyful feelings, as the birth-day of a living friend—Whitsunday in sorrow, as the birth-day of one deceased; and of a friend so dear, to whom so much had been committed, and on whom so many hopes had rested, that it was grievous to survive. 'When I think of the Church, I could sit down and pine and die!'—(1840.) Nothing at last seemed left but to adjourn the idea of the Church *sine die*; and to cling, not from choice but necessity, to the Protestant tendency of laying the whole stress on the Christian religion.—(1842.)

His sympathy with the distresses of the lower orders ranged as wide. The difficulty of making all the inhabitants of a country what free citizens ought to be, was one thing. Our monstrous state of society, without a parallel in the history of the world, was another. With the French Revolution—its causes and effects—before them, the rich in England had made themselves and the poor *two orders*; had put asunder those whom God had joined, and are now living among a miserable and discontented population, whom they treat with all the haughtiness and indifference of slaves—allow to be slaves in ignorance, yet whom, since they must call them freemen, they cannot chain or watch to prevent from rising. From accidental circumstances, the condition of railway navigators and cotton operatives may look the worst, and is soonest seen; but the evil exists in every parish in England; and there must be a reform in the ways and manners of every parish, to cure it. With these social evils uncorrected, it is wild to talk of schools and churches. 'No one seems to me,' he observes in a letter to his sister, 'to understand our dangers, or at least to speak them out manfully. One good man, who sent a letter to the *Times* the other day, recommends that the clergy should preach subordination and obedience. I seriously say, God forbid they should! For if any earthly thing could ruin Christianity in England, it would be this. If they read Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Amos, and Habakkuk, they will find that the prophets, in a similar state of society in Judea, did not preach Subordination only or chiefly, but they denounced Oppression, and amassing overgrown properties, and grinding the laborers to the

smallest possible pittance; and they denounced the Jewish high-church party for countenancing all these iniquities, and prophesying smooth things to please the aristocracy. If the clergy would come forward as one man, from Cumberland to Cornwall, exhorting peaceableness on the one side, and justice on the other, denouncing the high rents and the game laws, and the carelessness which keeps the poor ignorant, and then wonders that they are brutal, I verily believe they might yet save themselves and the state.'—(*Letter 17.*) On the same principles, he summoned every individual, still more every clergyman, and most of all, every clergyman in a public situation, to express publicly and decidedly their admiration of the French Revolution of 1830, and their hearty sympathy with a noble cause and a noble nation. Unluckily, in the untoward position of the English clergy, it is not easy for them to answer such a call. 'But our Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth. The child of Regal and Aristocratical selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great; but has contented herself with lecturing the poor. "I will speak of thy testimonies, even before Kings, and will not be ashamed," is a text which the Anglican church, as a national institution, seems never to have caught the spirit of. Folly, and worse than folly is it, to think that preaching what are called orthodox doctrines before the great, is really preaching to them the gospel.'—(*Appendix, 371.*)

Nobody could be less of a party man (in the English use of the word) than Arnold. He called himself an absolute political Ishmaelite; and felt not only that our rival parties would disown him; but that, if he had two necks, they would possibly hang him up by both. The soul of his politics was the duty of development and of progress. Accordingly, the political feeling most predominant in him, was a dread of Conservatism, and of the violent reaction which must follow from it. The dread was grounded upon firm and eternal principles; but we cannot think the consequences so imminent as to justify all his terror. According to his philosophy of parties, the two real parties in human nature were, the Conservatives, who were always looking backward, and who contented themselves with preserving existing things; and the Advancers, who were always looking forward. Of these, Advance must be always

the true principle in a corrupted world, and Christianity its most perfect form. Conservatism, on the other hand, must be always wrong; so thoroughly wrong in principle, that even when a particular reform might be by no means the best possible, yet it would be good as a triumph over Conservatism. Conservatism may be sometimes ultra-democracy, as with Cleon at Athens: sometimes aristocracy, as in Rome and England. Advance may be sometimes despotism, (he instances Louis Philippe and Guizot,) sometimes aristocracy. But it will always keep its essential character of advance; will always be taking off bonds, removing prejudices, altering what is existing. Conservatism, therefore, is far worse than Toryism, if we mean by Toryism only a fondness for monarchical, or even for despotic government. Under all forms of government it is equally the enemy of all good. Yet, of all its forms, aristocracy was, he thought, the worst. As a predominant element in a government, whether it be aristocracy of skin, of race, of wealth, of nobility, or of priesthood, it was, to his mind, the greatest source of evil throughout the world; for it had been the most universal and most enduring. 'As I feel that of the two besetting sins of human nature—selfish neglect and selfish agitation—the former is the more common, and has in the long run done far more harm than the latter, although the outbreaks of the latter, while they last, are of a far more atrocious character; so I have in a manner vowed to myself, and prayed that, with God's blessing, no excesses of popular wickedness, though I should be myself, as I expect, the victim of them, no temporary evils produced by revolution, shall ever make me forget the wickedness of Toryism—of that spirit which has, throughout the long experience of all history, continually thwarted the cause of God and goodness.'—(*Letter 47.*)

He had little sympathy with the 'historical liberty' which grew out of the system of the middle ages. It was the child of accident; never ascended to general principles; saw no evils till the time for remedying them was past; and left us, with the Poor and the Church in their present state—melancholy proofs of the folly of what is called 'letting well alone.' He poured out his fears to Archbishop Whately in 1831. 'If I were indeed a Radical and hated the Church, and longed for a democracy, I should be jolly enough, and think that all was plain sailing; but as it is, I verily think,

that neither my spirits, nor my occupation, nor even spearing itself (one of his favorite amusements) will enable me to be cheerful under such an awful prospect of public evils! Afterwards, speaking of Peel's administration of 1835, he says: 'The late extraordinary revolution has shown the enormous strength of the aristocracy, and of the corrupt and low Tory party; one sees clearly what hard blows they will not only stand, but require; and that the fear of depressing them *too much* is chimerical. A deeper fear is behind; that, like the vermin on the jacket, in Sylla's apologue, they will stick so tight to the form of the constitution, that the constitution itself will at last be thrown into the fire, and a military monarchy succeed. . . . But of one thing I am clear, that if ever this constitution be destroyed, it will be only when it ought to be destroyed! When evils long neglected and good long omitted, will have brought things to such a state, that the constitution must fall to save the commonwealth, and the Church of England perish for the sake of the Church of Christ. Search and look whether you can find that any constitution was ever destroyed from within, by factions or discontent, without its destruction having been, either just penally; or necessary, because it could not any longer answer its proper purposes. And this ripeness for destruction is the sure consequence of Toryism and Conservatism, or of that base system which, joining the hand of a Reformer to the heart of a Tory, reforms not upon principle but upon clamor; and therefore both changes amiss, and preserves amiss—alike blind and low-principled in what it gives and what it withholds; and therefore I would oppose to the utmost any government predominantly Tory, much more one exclusively Tory, and most of all a government at once exclusively Tory in heart, and in word and action stimulating reform. Conceive the Duke of Ormond and Bolingbroke, and Atterbury and Sir W. Wyndham, intrusted with the administration of the Act of Settlement.'—(*Letter 82.*)

Again, eighteen months later, when the Whigs had returned to power. 'We are threatened by a most unprincipled system of agitation—the Tories actually doing their best to Jacobinize the poor, in hope of turning an outbreak against the Whig government to their own advantage.' . . . 'It is nonsense to talk of its being a struggle between the aristocracy and the people;

if it were so, it would be over in a week, provided they mean by the aristocracy the House of Lords. It is really a great contest between the adherents of two great principles, that of preserving and that of improving: and he must have studied history to very little purpose, who does not know that, in common circumstances, the former party is always the most numerous and the strongest. It gets occasionally overpowered, when it has had rope enough given it to hang itself; that is, when it has carried its favorite conservatism to such a height, that the mass of unreformed evil becomes unendurable, and then there comes a grand reform. But, that grand reform once effected, the conservative instinct again regains its ascendancy, and goes on upon another lease: and so it will ever do, unless some rare circumstance enables a thoroughly enlightened government to remain long in power: and as such government cannot rely on being popular—for reform of evil in the abstract is gall and wormwood alike to men's indolence, and love of what they are used to, as to their propensities for jobbing—so it is only accident or despotism that can keep it on its legs. This is the secret of the Tory reaction; because men are all Tories by nature when they are tolerably well off; and it is only some monstrous injustice or insult to themselves, or some atrocious cruelty, or some great reverses of fortune, that ever make them otherwise. Now I cannot foresee any question likely to arise, on which the government can strongly interest the public mind in England in their favor. Certainly it will not be on the Irish Church or Corporation questions, because the English people do not care about Ireland, nor, to say truth, about any people's rights except their own: and then there is the whole fanatical feeling against the government—and fanaticism is a far stronger feeling than the love of justice, when the wrong is done not to ourselves, but to our neighbor. Therefore, I think that, as it always has been, the Reformers will be beaten by the Conservatives; and then the Conservatives will again go on coiling the rope round their own necks, till, in twenty years time, there will be another, not reform I fear, but convulsion. For, though the Reformers are a weak party, the Destructives are not so; and all evils, whether arising from accident, or folly, or misgovernment, serve their purpose.'—*Letter 128.*

We believe all this to be as true in prin-

ciple as the Gospel. But we trust in God for a better issue. The danger is beginning to be a *felt* danger. It was not the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel, who, he thought, would do the harm; but the base party which they would bring in their train. The head, however, for once, seems likely to be master of the tail. And the tail of lords, country gentlemen, and clergymen, of whom he was afraid, is by this time ten times more apprehensive of its head than Arnold was himself. Besides, good men are stirring themselves without regard to party. Above all, a juster feeling about Ireland is making way. O'Connell has created it. We hope he will not destroy it.

School anxieties disturbed him at times more keenly even than political speculations. He went to Rugby, in the first instance, with a full knowledge of the difficulties of the case, and with a stronger impression of the 'wickedness of young boys' than our own experience would warrant. The management of them, however, had all the interest, he said, of a great game of chess—with living creatures for pawns and pieces, and your adversary, in plain English, the devil; who truly played a very tough game, and was very hard to beat. (1830.) Still, in spite of the interest, or by reason of it, his heart often sank within him—wearied out by the exceeding unpoeticalness of boys, (on which account, we suppose, he considered showing them mountains 'a great point in education,') and by their low average of capacity; by their growing childishness—which he did not know what to ascribe to, except to the growing number of exciting books of amusement, *Pickwick*, *Bentley's Miscellanies*, &c.; by the weaknesses of mediocrity and dulness—weaknesses far more perilous in youth than the temptations of intellect; by that careless unimpressiveness, which beat him all to pieces; by the pure cowardice of the neutral and undecided, (the great majority,) who swam with the stream, and took part with evil on any trial. When the trials came, he was so sickened by them as to feel it hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. The nakedness of boy nature made it easy for him to understand, on these occasions, how there could not be found so many as ten righteous in a whole city. Nevertheless, it was not in his nature to give way. At the cheering sight of the few good, he stuck to the ship again, and had another

good try at getting her about. But all his moral courage could not prevent him from exclaiming—'If this goes on, it will end either my life at Rugby—or my life altogether. . . . I look round the school, and feel how utterly beyond human power is the turning any single human heart to God. Some heed and some heed not, with the same outward means. I have many delightful proofs that those who have been here, have found, at any rate, no such evil as to prevent their serving God in after life; and some, I trust, have derived good from Rugby. But the evil is great and abounding, I well know; and it is very fearful to think that it may to some be irreparable ruin.'—(*Letter* 227, 1840.)

This is, by no means, an encouraging picture of a public school. Yet it is the picture as drawn by Arnold; and it describes the state of things in what he is universally admitted to have made the most moral and religious school in England. There had been some favorable circumstances from the beginning. On his first coming, in 1829, he characterizes his new pupils (the sons of quieter parents from the midland counties) as having far less *ἰβήκη* and more *ἐνίδεια* than the boys of any other school he ever knew; and 'thus were more open to instruction, and had less repugnance to be good because their master wished them to be so.' Did he afterwards darken the coloring, in his despondency? Or, is his latter picture (the fruits of his long experience) to be taken for a true account of the school, as represented by the majority? In this case, must not the reward of Arnold's singular capacity and zeal be understood to have been confined, after all, to a certain number of eminent exceptions, whom it would be a gross delusion to designate as the school?

Some people's tears lie nearer their eyes than those of others. Arnold's tenderness was in his heart. The gushing affection of that brave, and innocent, and trusting heart, was surely worth the having: yet so lightly was it held by some to whom he felt most warmly, so sorely was he tried by their estrangement, so lowly did he humble himself before them for the recovery of their love, that many of the Letters in which he touches upon these failing friendships, are the saddest in the book. To think of Arnold having to complain of men who, on account of his opinions, had behaved towards him just as they might have done (being kind-hearted and affectionate men)

if he had committed some great crime, which rendered respect and friendship impossible, though old kindness might still survive it!

We must give one or two of these letters. His temper, sense, and kindliness, nowhere appear to more advantage.

'It grieves me to be so parted as I am from so many men with whom I was once intimate. I feel and speak very strongly against their party, but I always consider the party as a mere abstraction of its peculiar character as a party, and as such I think it detestable; but take any individual member of it, and his character is made up of many other elements than the mere peculiarities of his party. He may be kind-hearted, sensible on many subjects, sincere, and a good Christian, and therefore I may love and respect him, though his party as such—that is, the peculiar views which constitute the bond of union amongst its members—I think to be utterly at variance with Christianity. But I dare say many people, hearing and reading my strong condemnations of Tories and Newmanites, think that I feel very bitterly against all who belong to those parties; whereas, unless they are *merely* Tories and Newmanites, I feel no dislike to them; and in many instances love and value them exceedingly.'—(Letter 142.)

So, in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge—

'My dear Friend,—I know and feel the many great faults of my life and practice, and grieve more than I can say not to have more intercourse with those friends who used to reprove me, I think to my great benefit—I am sure, without ever giving me offence. But I cannot allow that those opinions, which I earnestly believe, after many years' thought and study, to be entirely according to Christ's mind, and most tending to His glory, and the good of His church, shall be summarily called heretical; and it is something of a trial to be taxed with perverting my boys' religious principles, when I am laboring, though most imperfectly, to lead them to Christ in true and devoted faith; and when I hold all the scholarship that ever man had, to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement. And I think that I have seen my work in some instances blessed; not, I trust, to make me proud of it, or think that I have any thing to be satisfied with, yet so far as to make it very painful to be looked upon as an enemy by those whose master I would serve as heartily, and whom, if I dare say it, I love with as sincere an affection as they do.'—(Letter 92.)

Again—

'I suppose it is that men's individual constitution of mind determines them greatly, when

great questions are brought to a clear issue. You have often accused me of not enough valuing the Church of England—the very charge which I should now be inclined to retort against you. And in both instances the charge would have a true foundation. Viewing the Church of England as connected with the Stuart kings, and as opposing the "good old cause," I bear it no affection: viewing it as a great reformed institution, and as proclaiming the king's supremacy, and utterly denying the binding authority of general councils, and the necessity of priestly mediation, you perhaps would feel less attached to it than I am. For, after all, those differences in men's minds which we express, when exemplified in English politics, by the terms Whig and Tory, are very deep and comprehensive; and I should much like to be able to discover a formula which would express them in their most abstract shape. They seem to me to be the great fundamental difference between thinking men; but yet it is certain that each of these two great divisions of mankind apprehends a truth strongly; and the kingdom of God will, I suppose, show us the perfect reconciling of the truth held by each. I think that, in opinion, you will probably draw more and more towards Keble, and be removed further and further from me; but I have a most entire confidence that this, in our case, will not affect our mutual friendship, as, to my grief unspeakable, it has between old Keble and me; because I do not think that you will ever lose the consciousness of the fact, that the two great divisions of which I spoke are certainly not synonymous with the division between good and evil; that some of the best and wisest of mortal men are to be found with each; nay, that He who is our perfect example, unites in Himself, and sanctions the truths most loved, and the spirit most sympathized in by each; wherefore I do not think that either is justified in denouncing the other altogether, or renouncing friendship with it.'—(Letter 249.)

'I agree with you as to the general principle, that Oxford elections should not be decided on party grounds. But then this Newmanism appears to me like none of the old parties of our youth, Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church; and it is our estimate of this, I am afraid, which is the great difference between us. I do not know, and am almost afraid to ask, how far you go along with them; and yet, if you go along with them further than I think, I am unconsciously saying things which would be unkind. Only I am sure that, morally, you are not, and cannot be, what some of them are; and I never look upon our differences as by any possibility diminishing my love for you. My fear, from my experience in other cases, would have been, that it would affect your love for me, had it not been for that delightful letter of yours just before I went abroad, for which I cannot enough thank you.'—(Letter 262, note.)

So far from being no admirer of superiorities, he was a very great one: holding *nil admirari* to be the devil's text, not merely for boys, but men. Only, in the case of all superiorities he must first satisfy himself that the superiority was real. In the same way, the Church would not have had a more enthusiastic and more submissive son, had he but found a Church *in esse*, which he could believe to fulfil its true conditions. As it was, (in conformity to his high notions of law, and the social bond, and canonical obedience,) he taught his children the catechisms of the Church, of which he was a member, and referred himself to his Bishop in doubtful cases. But admiration for 'our dear mother, the Panther—the mere mock queen of a divided herd'—was more than he could promise. Where superiority and admiration were in question, he would not give in his adhesion blindfold. In theology he was not able to recognize any such superiority in the early fathers, or, subsequently, any such *consensus ecclesiæ* as could supply its place. Of English divines (with the exception of Hooker and Butler) he thought indifferently: both from not finding among them a really great man; and from there appearing in them all 'a want of believing or disbelieving any thing because it was true or false.'—(*Letter 129.*)

With regard to Roman history, school-boy scholars will be startled at the irreverence which he proclaims towards the classical names of Polybius and Livy. The first is a dull geographer, and an overrated military historian. The last is a drunken helot, showing us what history ought *not* to be; so uniformly careless, as to make the Punic war as hard in the writing as the fighting. Besides, the times of which he writes were so uninteresting, that it is difficult to get a particle of spirit out of his many gallons of vapid water. The Greek tragedians he also considers greatly overrated. Second-rate Latin poets, like Tibullus and Propertius, he threw overboard entirely. 'I do really think, that examiners incur a serious responsibility who encourage the reading of these books. Of all useless reading, surely the reading of indifferent poets is most useless.' Non-reading men may be glad to hear, that books in general have been written aforetime with such narrow views and imperfect knowledge, as to leave the whole thing to be done over again. But we have got out of the wood at last. For it is the immense

step, which our generation has made in critical sagacity, which prevented Arnold from ever feeling satisfied, while reading the writings of a former age, that he got to the bottom of a question.—(*Letter 91.*)

These *dicta* pile up, it must be allowed, a formidable heap of proscribed heads at the feet of one triumvir. The standard of literary excellence which they evince is certainly rather high. Nevertheless, as regards his contemporaries, he was, at different periods of his life, as much under the influence of different persons in succession, as could possibly be the case with any man who means also to keep the privilege of thinking for himself. Of these, he has given us one or two lists, which we commend to the curious. If he was always sufficiently indulgent to the literary merits of his adversaries; the bias of personal attachment secured, and more than secured, his friends. We cannot help setting down a good deal of his excessive admiration for Samuel Coleridge to the account of his friendship with the nephew. And Archbishop Whately and M. Bunsen will think themselves no losers by the exchange, on their accepting as evidence of his affection, whatever deduction their modesty may oblige them to make from the pride of place, which he has assigned to them above their fellow-men. We will not trespass on the happiness of a family, of which Arnold was the husband and the father. It is pictured in many sweet domestic scenes; and it reverentially looked back as well as forward. He took along with him, wherever he removed, shoots of a willow-tree from Slattwoods, his father's home; and he has piously recorded his deep sense of the blessings that came to him by his marriage with the daughter of a house which God had evidently blessed.

If their 'dear old friend' were right in telling them that happiness consisted *ἐν ἐνέργεια*, Arnold might feel as certain in his own case, as in that of Archbishop Whately, that he should have enough of that. But we have greater confidence in his own prescription, such as he drew it up for his nephew in 1832, on his marriage. 'The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin and sweetness of his blood are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor. It is very hard, I imagine, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God without one or both of these aids to foster it. Romantic and fantastic ignorance was the fault of other times and other countries:

here I crave more and more every day to find men unfavored by the constant excitement of the world, whether literary, political, commercial, or fashionable; men who, while they are alive to all that is around them, feel also Who is above them. I would give more than I can say if your Useful Knowledge Society Committee had this last feeling, as strongly as they have the other purely and beneficently. I care not for one party or the other; but I do care for the country, and for interests even more precious than that of the country, which the present disordered state of the human mind seems threatening. I hope we may both manage to live in peace with our families in the land of our fathers, without crossing the Atlantic.'

Arnold's quiet home, on whichever side of the Atlantic, was a port of refuge, in which he would have felt it criminal *prematurely* to take his rest. The impracticability of his favorite opinions, or (what is much the same) the impossibility of convincing other people that they were practicable, made it difficult for him to find a way of contributing to any good, except what he could do alone. As early as 1832, we find him complaining to Archbishop Whately of his loneliness from without. 'I have no man like-minded with me: none with whom I can cordially sympathize.' Every succeeding year, as the necessity of his own nature and of the times made him, more and more, a public man, so his sense of the hopelessness of laboring in the public service to any useful purpose without co-operation, and of its being at least equally hopeless that he should obtain co-operation on his own terms, must have become more and more painful. 'Many men, with whom I once agreed, have been scared in these later days; and have, as I think, allowed their fears to drive them to the wrong quarter for relief. I could tell you readily enough with what parties I disagreed—namely, with all. My own *τελειότατον τέλος* I shall never see fulfilled: and, what is the least bad, *δευτέρος πλοῦς*, I hardly know.'—(1838.) In the concluding words of this passage lies the key to Arnold's principal practical infirmity. When what might have been hypothetically the best—best in *vacuo*—was clearly unattainable, he could not always bring himself gracefully to submit, and look out for what was second-best; for what indeed alone was possible to be done, in consequence of the friction and the resistance from other minds. His hand fal-

tered, as though he were setting it to positive evil, when his heart turned back to his ideal good. In all transactions which touched upon his scheme of 'Christian Politics,' his conduct was marked with this infirmity. His hypothesis was the Christian hypothesis; and he would entertain no other. To take away from the universities their sectarian reproach, and nationalize them by the free admission of Dissenters, was among the wishes nearest his heart. In case of the public being unprepared for a measure of comprehension so extensive, he was equally desirous of impressing a Christian character on any such institutions as the sectarian exclusiveness of the universities might call into existence. With this latter view he had joined the London University. On being unable to introduce a religious examination into its degrees, all its other advantages could not compensate for this one omission, and he retired. Others, he said, might naturally think most of the good which the university would do; but he was estopped from taking part in the good, as he should have wished to do, because, to his apprehension, it would be bought too dearly. The necessity of retiring 'was one of the greatest disappointments he ever met with.' And he never took a step which we regretted more. But it belonged to his system. On the same principles, he was a strenuous advocate for the perpetual exclusion of all non-Christians from all public offices and trusts; and would have even added a more definite Christian declaration to the Bishop of Exeter's amendment on the Marriage bill.

Notwithstanding a life of disappointment and discouragement, Arnold would not quit the field. The more he stood alone, the more eagerly he continued to look around him on every side for light and help. He entered into correspondence with Carlyle, in the hope that the historian of the French Revolution might read for him our own most Sphinx-like riddle, 'which, if not read truly, will most surely destroy us all.' He took counsel with Mr. James Marshall, a not less zealous, but more practical adviser. He was constantly suggesting magazines or societies of one kind or another, and was every where ready with his purse and his pen and his invaluable time. A letter from Fox How, January, 1840, describes his feelings:—'We are going to leave this place, if all be well, on Monday; and I confess that it makes me rather sad to see the preparations for our departure; for it is

like going out of a very quiet cove into a very rough sea; and I am every year approaching nearer to that time of life when rest is more welcome than exertion. Yet, when I think of what is at stake on that rough sea, I feel that I have no right to lie in harbor idly; and indeed I do yearn more than I can say, to be able to render some service, where service is so greatly needed. It is when I indulge such wishes most keenly, and only then, that strong political differences between my friends and myself are really painful; because I feel, that not only could we not act together, but there would be no sympathy the moment I were to express any thing beyond a sense of general anxiety and apprehension, in which I suppose all good men must share.'

In the same spirit, that time twelve months, he writes to M. Bunsen just as he was again leaving Fox How for Rugby. 'Truly, the gathering of the nations to battle, is more and more in the neighborhood of Jerusalem; not in the sense in which our fanatics look at the war in Syria as likely to lead to the fulfilment of prophecy in their view of it, but because political questions more and more show that the Church question lies at the root of them. It is Niebuhr's true doctrine, that 1517 must precede 1688, and so that for a better than 1688, there needs a better than even 1517. Some of the Oxford men now commonly revile Luther as a bold bad man; how surely would they have reviled Paul! how zealously would they have joined in stoning Stephen! true children of those who slew the prophets—not the less so because they with idolatrous reverence build their sepulchres. But I must stop; for the sun is shining on the valley, now quite cleared of snow, and I must go round and take a farewell look at the trees, and the river, and the mountains; ere "*feror exul in altum*,"—into the wide and troubled sea of life's business, from which this is so sweet a haven. But "rise and let us be going," is a solemn call, which should for ever reconcile us to break off our luxurious sleep.'—(*Lecturer* 263.)

Notwithstanding all his cares and agitations, Arnold led, on the whole, a most happy life. It could not be otherwise with such a nature. He would, however, have been happier, probably, if he had remained a layman. Milton tells us that he was himself designed for the church; when, on perceiving that to take orders he must subscribe himself slave, he stopped in time.

Whatever difficulties Arnold had to encounter, there can be no doubt but he mastered them conscientiously. But as he mastered them in his own way, and by the working of his own mind, he had no party, in case of any difficulty, upon whom he could fall back, who would sympathize with his feelings, or have an interest in his defence. Admitting his orthodoxy to have been above all question, his opinions on the actual state of the Church of England, and of all that wanted doing in it to make it fit for its vocation, made his membership with it as essentially a false position (though in an honest sense) as if he had disbelieved half its Articles. In proportion to his honesty and frankness, he was certain to be disliked; and (however stoutly he might bear up against it) was as certain of being in trouble. The unpopularity his professional isolation brought upon him, we have already spoken of. It must have been an equal drawback from his happiness. It is not in human nature that it should have been otherwise. His controversial tendencies aggravated the peril of the experiment. For as nobody can be in love and be wise, nobody can be in controversy and at the same time happy. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that Arnold was a gladiator in grain. Although he had never put a black coat on, he probably would have jumped down into the polemical arena as readily as Milton. In longing for the theological chair at Oxford, (if the Whigs should summon courage and make Hampden a bishop,) he cheered himself with the hope, that 'his spirit of pugnaciousness would rejoice in fighting out the battle with the Judaisers, as it were in a saw-pit.' Nor was it argumentativeness only. He had this further likeness to Milton. He consecrated his eagerness for conflict by the belief, that he too had a testimony to deliver, which he must speak or die. All this is true. Yet the turbid atmosphere is there. And society has darts to fling, against which the hide of a rhinoceros is no defence.

Arnold's Religion was at once attractive and commanding. We never recollect a religious life which so much affected us; which, while reading it, we wished so much to make our own; revolving which, we can so little justify ourselves that it should not be so. He was not afraid of the name of rationalist. He would trust no man who had turned fanatic. He forcibly reprov'd the tyranny of opposing faith to reason.

Yet in any case, in which his Christian affections could possibly be moved, there was a great chance of his not allowing sufficient weight to other considerations; and, accordingly, of their preventing him from seeing the case in all its lights and bearings, and of properly judging it as a whole.

Cases of this kind are private or public. Private cases must turn upon the question, whether the subject is one which will be best determined and expounded, as the case may be, upon grounds of its own—or by a distinct and controlling reference to Religion. The public cases will generally involve a further question—What is the best manner in which a state can discharge its highest duties to its members, of all ranks and all opinions, as intellectual and moral beings? We must remember that, in the first case, there is some danger to ourselves in applying too positively and universally a Religious test, even in the secret and solitary silence of our own hearts. As long as our natures go along with an endeavor to Christianize every thought and feeling, all will be well. But, the moment the truth and modesty of nature are overstepped, the mischiefs of superstition and fanaticism begin—or those of hypocrisy and self-delusion, which some people may think as bad, or worse. The same dangers belong, of course, to religious tests when applied to others; but in a still greater degree: for a test is, in this case, necessarily external only; while it has the further characteristic evil of recognizing a principle, which, in all times and climes, has been the cause or pretext not only of religious persecution, but of exclusions and degradations, civil and political. We think of religious tests as Arnold thought of tradition:—‘If you let in but one little finger of it, you will have in the whole monster—horns, and tail, and all.’

Arnold assumed it, as a first truth, that in all voluntary moral actions, there could be no distinction between civil acts and religious acts, between things secular and things spiritual. And yet to say, in the ordinary meaning of the words, that every voluntary moral action, to a Christian, must be spiritual as well as secular, is surely a hard saying. Such a maxim can only have proceeded from an excess of religious feeling; and in its logical consequences, it led him to conclusions against which we should strongly protest. It will be a verity or a fallacy according to the application of it. Let us see how Arnold applied it. ‘On

passing from the death-bed of one of the boys into the school-room, he was so troubled at the contrast between the two scenes, that in addition to the general prayer before the whole school, he introduced a special one for the sixth form, with the observation, ‘That if their work were made really a religious work, the transition to it from a death-bed would be slight.’ Is this so? Can it be a true interpretation of human nature, or of God’s word, that we ought to go about our ordinary business, and stand by the bed of a dying friend, with almost the same feelings? It is scarcely the doctrine of Epictetus and La Trappe; scarcely that of the Quakers—to whom Arnold paid the well-earned compliment, of being nobly distinguished from the multitude of fanatics, by seizing the true point of Christian advancement in the regulation of their daily lives. It is certainly not the lesson we should have drawn from Christ at the grave of Lazarus.

But even the general proposition—in what reasonable sense can it be true that all our works should be made religious works? Whether a proper sense of Christian obligation may be satisfied by its co-operating with the rest of our nature, according to circumstances, in the same manner as our sense of moral obligation does, or whether it must be infused into every specific act and motive, is not a question to be arbitrarily settled in favor of the last alternative, by direct assumption. Otherwise, we necessarily sin in all those thoughts and actions for which the common moral instincts of our nature are sufficient motives, unless we shall have spiritualized them simultaneously by a conscious reference of them to God. We think that Arnold himself has given the proper answer to any such requirement (*Letter 186*) in another place. He has elsewhere remarked on the fearful way in which we live, as it were, out of God’s atmosphere; not keeping that constant consciousness of His reality which, he conceived, we ought to have, and which should make Him more manifest to our souls, than the Shekinah was to the eyes of the Israelites. But is it possible that, if Arnold had heated the furnace hotter, he would have been better qualified for any of the duties for which man can be imagined to be here? Admitting, from his very peculiar nature, he might have made the experiment with impunity, we are not the less certain that, for ordinary persons, the attempt to carry it out would give us a hun-

dred hypocrites, madmen, or fanatics, for every Christian of the kind that he himself could have cared to see.

On the fullest consideration we can give the subject, another of Arnold's applications of this first truth is almost as questionable. He declares, that the study of history and moral philosophy, if not based on Christianity, must be Antichristian, (*Letters*, 136, 139, 146, written during his discussions on the London University;) and that their views of life must be so different, as to make it impossible to instruct Jews, Mahomedans, Hindoos, and Benthamites, together with Christians, in moral science, (*Letter* 103.) But the historian ought to write in the same spirit in which the student ought to study. To look, then, at histories. We agree that Gibbon's history is Antichristian. As far as it is so, it is false and offensive. By his imperfect representation of the importance of Christianity, as one of the peculiar elements in our civilization, he has left an enormous chasm to be filled up in the history of modern Europe. We can easily conceive, also, that a life of Christ might be written in a tone so purely historical—a neutrality so pregnant with indifference—as to deserve the character of Antichristian. But beyond this we cannot go. 'The historical tone,' to which Arnold objected in the case of a life of Christ, we should have understood, *ex vi termini*, to be the proper tone in ordinary history. And thus Arnold himself practically treated it. For, although one of his reasons for engaging on the Roman history was, in order to prevent the subject from being taken up by some one who might not write it like a Christian, yet, so little is the historical tone of his work affected by this specific object, that we have heard the difference between the spirit of his sermons and the spirit of his history gravely stated as a disgraceful and irreconcilable contradiction. We thought the charge a most absurd one; but it would cease to be absurd were the purely historical tone of a general history really Antichristian. In that case, we must be prepared to go the whole length of Foster's essay on the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion. On any such supposition, Arnold would find it as hard to justify his passion for Greek and Latin, and his profession of a classical teacher, as his Roman History—or his appeal from the evil habits of his school, to its great and noble scenes. 'How can I go on with my Roman History? There, all is noble and

high-minded. Here, I find nothing but the reverse.'

Arnold's favorite historians were Thucydides and Tacitus, Niebuhr and Carlyle. This could not possibly have been the case if he had considered them Antichristian. And yet to mention only the example of Niebuhr, if it were necessary for a good history that it should be based on Christianity, Arnold would, in this case, have seen at once in Niebuhr's history, without being obliged to wait for the further evidence of a personal interview with him, the groundlessness of the charge of skepticism which had been brought against him. For our part, we do not know the persons, to whose consummate wisdom we would dare commit the composition of Providential histories, and histories on Christian principles. We should dread letting loose a class of writers more likely than any others to bring both Providence and Christianity into contempt: and, the most we could hope in behalf of their readers, would be, that they might have the same cause for gratitude with one of the officers of the University of Cambridge, who, after attending the sermons at St. Mary's for many years, thanked God he was a Christian still.

However, we would rather have Histories written upon Christian principles, than systems of Morals based on Christianity;—a pretty specimen of which we lately noticed in the 'Christian Morals' of Mr. Sewell. There is, we are firmly persuaded, a science of morals dependent upon the constitution of man (*natura ad summum perducta*), and therefore universal, notwithstanding the different standards of merit which, to a certain extent, have occasionally prevailed in a few cases. As such, it was cultivated, at all times and in all countries, upon its own proper grounds, and independent of religion. After the revelation of Christianity, it continued to be cultivated, as before, as a distinct science; which Christianity did not supersede or abrogate, only add to and complete. This is the almost unanimous doctrine of our truly great writers. Indeed, this was the view taken of it during that long period in which morality was only treated of in treatises of theology. Aquinas, 'the moral master of Christendom for three centuries, laid the grounds of duty solely in the nature of man, and in the well-being of society.'—(Mackintosh.) In this sense, too, Dr. Reynold Peacock, (the Erasmus of the fifteenth century,) writing against the 'Bible-men,' or

Lollards, expressly affirmed, that 'Scripture does not contain all that is necessary for the grounding or supporting of moral virtues; and, therefore, it is not properly the foundation on which they stand.'—(Lewis's *Life of Peacock*, p. 47.) A proposition which he supports by distributing all the different conclusions of written truths, according to their appropriate roots and evidences—very much as Hooker afterwards, in the two first books of his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, founded his answer to the successors of the Lollards, on the necessary distinctions between different kinds of Laws, and on their respective force, according to their kind. Even writers with the opinions of Jeremy Taylor, (who held, no doubt, that morality proceeded directly from the will of God, independent of all moral distinctions,) admit that there are some rules which, being proportionable to our nature, will not be abrogated, while our nature remains the same.

With regard to the Christian revelation itself, we do not need the Mahomedan contempt for miracles, or the Mesmerist's confusion of them by the exercise of his mysterious powers, to learn that, from the nature of things, its proof must depend in a great degree upon internal evidence. But proof by internal evidence supposes the pre-existence of an intellectual and moral nature, by its conformity to which the probability of the revelation is to be tried. It follows therefore, that, to this extent, our moral nature and its ordinances cannot be conceived to be dependent upon revelation; but revelation must be primarily dependent upon them. For obvious reasons, the innovations of any religion, true or false, upon the law of nature, as above explained, must oscillate within very narrow limits. Whether we regard, with Hooker, the revelation of what he calls our Supernatural duties as the peculiar object of Christianity; or with Chalmers, the dispersion of the obscurity which the theology of nature and of conscience had left over our future hopes and destinies—in either case, the great basis of natural morality remaining equally unchanged, Divinity, so considered, has our salvation for its object; and looks to our moral nature only as far as it is a condition of acceptance. By insisting on these conditions, it strengthens with its awful sanctions our systems of human morality at the very point at which they are weakest. To the ordinary run of people, these sanctions are indispensable: and though the noblest

minds are, in this sense, the least in want of them, yet none can be so noble as not to be the better and the happier for their aid.

We are well convinced, that a philosopher calm and sensible as Locke, may find in the New Testament so perfect a collection of moral rules, as to dispense with the necessity of reducing them into form and system. In other words, we are satisfied that the deductions of a sound philosophy will coincide with the teaching of the Scripture, rightly understood. The truth of this is made out, more or less, we should hope, every Sunday all over Christendom. But there can be no better philosophical proof of it, than what is given in an excellent book on *Human Motives* by Arnold's brother-in-law, Mr. Penrose. If we are to go further than this—if morals are to be based on Christianity, and not Christianity on morals, another difficulty immediately crosses our path. We shall want an interpreter of Scripture of a very different description from any one who has yet appeared. Of course, the authenticity of the canonical books must be first settled beyond all dispute. There ought to be no doubt about the book of Daniel; which Arnold believed 'to be most certainly a very late work of the Maccabees.'—(*Letter* 196.) None about the Epistle to the Hebrews; which Arnold at one time suspected to have been written later than the apostolical age; though he latterly inclined to the belief, that it might have been written, not merely under the guidance of St. Paul, but by the Apostle himself.'—(Vol. ii. p. 133.) Supposing the scriptural canon to be settled—how is it to be construed? In rude uncritical times the authority of Scripture has been too often honestly relied on for too much guilt and folly, not to make us shrink from taking it nakedly as a guide; almost as much as from opening it at random for a *sortes Virgilianæ* text.

What we are to expect in our more critical age, we may conjecture from Arnold's intimations. He was himself converted to popular political opinions by the Old Testament and St. James. In a letter to Augustus Hare, (his English Bunsen,) he sends him to the same teacher. 'You will be struck, I think, with the close resemblance of our own state to that of the Jews; while the state of the Greek churches, to whom St. Paul wrote is wholly different. Unluckily, our evangelicals read St. Paul more than any other part of Scripture; and think very little of consulting those parts of the

Scriptures which are addressed to persons circumstanced most like ourselves.' What a door has he not thrown open on this question of questions, 'The True Use of Scripture,' (*Letter 29*.) in his Essay on Interpretation; the most important, in his own view of it, of all his writings. In the first place, it requires of us a competent philological and historical interpretation, that we may be able to separate the human element from the divine. In the next, it expects us to be endowed with a competent historical sagacity, that we may be able to apply the peculiar meaning of events and passages to our own times and to different stages of civilization. We may well ask who is sufficient for these things? or who can foresee the changes which must follow? Arnold was aware of the revolution in divinity, which opening the question of universal inspiration must of itself produce. He inquires of Mr. Justice Coleridge, 'Have you seen your uncle's *Letters on Inspiration*, which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question, which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamors of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth.' This may be very true at last: but meantime, while the problems of inspiration and interpretation are working out, surely the proper basis of morality ought not to be left at large. Is it a thing which can afford to wait for, or vary with, the obscure, equivocal, and fluctuating answers that must precede the termination of debates, of which, if we once suppose them fairly launched, no man living can hope to see the end.

Arnold's public life was of two parts, and had two objects. One was his school—'our great self,' as he personified it to the boys—binding himself and them together by its social bond. Of this responsibility he was in the full possession and discharge. It was for years his daily bread. 'In the common sense of the term, I can truly say I live for the school.' The other—the formation of a visible and living Church—was a splendid vision. It lay before him in prospect; it occupied him in preparation. 'The "idea" of my life to which I think every thought of my mind more or less

tends, is the perfecting the "idea" of the Edward the Sixth Reformers—the constructing a truly national and Christian Church, and a truly national and Christian system of education.'—(*Letter 97*.) His first work he had almost done with, at his death. He had shown all that can be made of a public school. Concerning the last, we must reserve our observations till we have time to notice his 'Fragment on the Church,' just published. He would have been at liberty ere long to have devoted to it his collected powers; for this was the noble task to which he was looking forward in his dying declaration, as the *great work* which he had yet in hand.

There have been few great men among schoolmasters. We have even heard of Sir Walter Scott having asked somebody, whether he had ever known a *dominie* who was not a fool. In case the story of Dr. Busby not allowing Charles the Second to walk before him in the presence of his boys was any thing but a jest, the mighty pedagogue of the seventeenth century was no exception. On the other hand, there is something so truly great and almost heroic about Arnold, in relation to his school as in every thing else, that we cannot but feel that every *dominie* in England owes him a lasting debt, and every parent too. If the old bravuras about the dignity of a schoolmaster, and the more than parental duties to which his office pledges him, are no longer commonplaces, we have to thank Arnold for it, who made them by his example a living fact.

We well remember his going to Rugby; and one of the first scholars in England mourning over it—saying he was gone to galvanize a dead jackass! When it came into his hands, it was the lowest and most Bæotian of English schools: in the course of a few years, he placed it at the top. Although he had little turn for Latin verses, and the showy foppery of classicalism, it soon became as distinguished at the Universities as any other for its scholarship; while Dr. Moberley tells us, it was above them all by the higher lessons of manly training, which nobody before Arnold had had the thought, or at least the art, of teaching boys.

Of course, Arnold's influence, as a schoolmaster, was principally seen at Rugby itself. He found it brick, and he left it marble; or something as much resembling marble as could be made out of the materials by the most perfect workmanship. But the

general effect of his experiment, even as carried out by himself at Rugby, fell far short of the magnificent predictions of Dr. Hawkins. His enthusiastic friend had boldly prophesied on his election, that he would change the face of education through all the public schools of England. Nothing is said of the nature of the anticipated changes. In point of fact, we are afraid that our schools still remain (one and all) at their old intellectual standard, or very little better. A Parliamentary return of all that is taught at Eton during ten years of pupilage in the nineteenth century—what books are read even at the head of the school, beyond Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Homer—ought (if any thing can) to surprise the public into some uneasiness on the subject. Arnold, himself, sought to calm the apprehensions of Mr. Justice Coleridge, (a true friend to him from first to last, and in all weathers,) by assuring him that he need not fear his reforming furiously. He apparently never meditated any alteration in the character, form, and substance of the course of reading through which every English gentleman, by one of the general fictions in which society indulges, is supposed to pass. Among all the variations he tried at Rugby, we are not aware of his having attempted in this respect any thing further than a more general diffusion of habits of industry throughout the school at large, and a considerable extension of the range of studies.

Of these two novelties, the one which he had most at heart was that of raising the industry and learning of the common mass above the low level, at which, in most schools, it is left to lie—as low almost, to all useful purposes, as the uninstructed, unvarnished ignorance, out of doors. Instead of making pets of a few Ovidian versifiers of *longs* and *shorts*, the ‘plodders’ (who for the most part meet with so little encouragement) were distinguished by his favor. Speaking of one boy remarkable for his power of moral effort, and for little else, he said of him he could stand cap in hand before him. And he singled out another for still greater honor on account of similar gifts—making him the subject of, perhaps, the only personal allusion he ever made in one of his chapel sermons. As Arnold’s love of history had only taught him to appreciate more highly and more truly the present age, in the breadth and character of its great movements, he would gladly have done something towards breaking up the hacknied formularies of school

learning. Veteran pedagogues will start at reading of his distress for a good Latin book; and of his wish, accordingly, for a cheap edition of Bacon’s ‘*Instauratio Magna*.’ ‘I would make it useful, even in point of Latinity, by setting the fellows to correct the style where it is cumbrous or incorrect.’ It may surprise some of them still more, to find him taking his sixth form through ‘*Barante’s Tableau of French Literature in the eighteenth century* ;’ and longing to mix up Dante and Goethe now and then with Greek tragedians and Horace. These tentative desires are quite consistent with the conviction which he ultimately professed, (than which nothing can be truer,) that extent of acquisition is a very subordinate object in education, to cultivation of the taste and exercise of the understanding.

But it was not for the sake of reforming schoolbooks that Arnold had left the leisure and independence of private pupils. The sense of duty which brought him to Rugby, arose directly out of his Religious feelings. He came not so much a reformer, as a Missionary for the firesides and the homes of England—to preach the gospel unto boys, by almost the only way in which boys will learn it. He had long entertained a strong opinion that there were noble elements in our public school system; and that much more might be done with it than had yet been done—in removing what was faulty, and in enlarging the capabilities for good. His hope of effecting this depended on the practicability of making a public school a place of Christian education. The reasonableness and moderation of his expectations were, on this occasion, an excellent corrective of his zeal. His object (he said) was to form Christian men. For Christian boys, he supposed, he could scarcely hope to make; from the necessity of tolerating among them a low state of morals in many respects—as has been the case on a larger scale, in what he considered the boyhood of the human race. He regarded, for instance, Mahomedanism, six hundred years after Christ, as justifying the wisdom of God in Judaism: by proving that the Eastern man could yet bear nothing more perfect. His anticipations on the possibility of Christianizing boys were kept down by similar considerations. ‘Of my success in introducing a religious principle into education, I must be doubtful. It is my most earnest wish, and I pray God that it may be my constant labor and prayer. But to do this would be to succeed

beyond my hopes: it would be a happiness so great that I think the world could yield me nothing comparable to it. To do it, however imperfectly, would far more than repay twenty years of labor and anxiety.'

Imperfect, indeed, was his success in bringing into obedience 'the unstable sea of boy nature,' as the anguish of his complaints so sorrowfully records. How humbly and tremblingly he reflected on the subject, we have already seen. And so far was he from leaving behind him a positive testimony in favor of public schools, that he always shrank from the responsibility of advising any body to send a son to one. In the midst of his triumphs, and to the last, only venturing to say of them, (as he said of the universities,) that, where public education answered, it was the best. 'I am a coward about schools, (he writes,) and yet I have not the satisfaction of being a coward κατὰ προαίρεσιν; for I am inclined to think that the trials of a school are useful to a boy's after character, and thus I dread not to expose my boys to it: while, on the other hand, the immediate effect of it is so ugly, that like washing one's hands with earth, one shrinks from dirtying them so grievously in the first stage of the process.' Be this as it may, it had been very soon acknowledged, from one end of England to the other, that he was comparatively successful to a great extent: and when he was roused, by the malignity of adversaries and by the timidity of friends, to do justice to his efforts, he looked up, and encouraged his Rugby colleagues by one of his proud historical recollections. 'In the execution of our own' ideas 'we have enough to do; and enough always to hinder us from being satisfied with ourselves. But when we are attacked, we have some right to answer with Scipio, who, scorning to reply to a charge of corruption, said, "Hoc die cum Hannibale benè et feliciter pugnavi." We have done enough good, and undone enough evil, to allow us to hold our assailants cheap.'

The interval between childhood and manhood is an intractable period at best; a state of transition—where the several elements of our mixed nature exist, for the time, in unfavorable proportions. The shepherd's wish in the 'Winter's Tale' has found an echo in the bosom of many a schoolmaster. 'I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest.' Most youth, however, object to taking out their

holiday time in sleep; and the risks of their waking to ill are seriously aggravated, when they are brought together in great numbers. There then springs up the evil, which Arnold considered the characteristic vice of a public school. The boys feel themselves strong enough to set up among themselves an *imperium in imperio*—a public opinion of their own: and the whole current of this opinion runs in one direction—that of encouraging each other in supporting the principles natural to their age, in opposition to the principles and authority of their elders.

To whatever degree Arnold succeeded in combating this and other evils, little of his success was owing to any rules. He discouraged the sending boys to a public school under ten years old. He limited the number within a manageable extent. He proclaimed it to be the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster, to get rid of unpromising subjects—that is, of subjects whom a system of comparative self-government clearly does not suit—such boys, for instance, as ought to be almost exclusively with older people, instead of being with persons of their own age. But the specialty on which he principally relied, was an extension of the practice with which he had been well familiarized when at Winchester—that of intrusting the præpostors, or the seniors of the school, with a certain amount of its responsibility and authority. The low principles of conduct which are natural to boys, become intolerable as soon as the animal part of a school pulls down its intellectual and moral standard below a certain point. This, he thought, was to be prevented, if at all, by using *the upper class* as a recognised authority—an intermediate power between the master and the body at large—sufficiently near to both, to receive from the one, and transmit to the other, an influence which the master cannot convey direct to the whole, and, least of all, to those very individuals who need it most. Arnold's reliance on this instrument was so entire, that he told the sixth form in one of his last addresses:—'When I have confidence in the Sixth, there is no post in England which I would exchange for this. But if they do not support me I must go.' The theory is a captivating one; and Arnold's evidence ought, perhaps, to be decisive in favor of its effectiveness. But we cannot help having grave suspicions on the possibility of so thoroughly weeding a school of its bad subjects, as to make the sixth

form always, or even usually, worthy of the confidence with which the theory invests it. After all, suppose the sixth form to be made as good as Arnold could make it—What then? How far does his experience warrant us to entertain a hope that the mass will be magnetized and penetrated with higher influences, either through the medium of the upper classes, or through any other means?

Among these means one remains, which Arnold's modesty has not allowed him to particularize, which, nevertheless, he turned to marvellous account. We mean the School Chapel. On the chaplaincy falling vacant, he claimed its duties without its salary, as properly pertaining to the office of head master. To most schoolboys Sunday had been, from time immemorial, a day lost. Arnold made it the most impressive day in the week. But he made it so by having first so far breathed into their week-day life the breath of thoughtfulness and affection, that they saw in his Sunday ministrations only the 'graver face of love,'—that love which characterized their daily intercourse—graver, yet the same. He always addressed himself in his sermons to their particular condition, as far as he could decipher it. 'I never like preaching any where else so well,' he said; 'for one's boys are even more than a parish, inasmuch as one knows more of them all individually than can easily be the case in a parish, and has a double authority over them, temporal as well as spiritual.' In this manner he was able to use the pulpit as a means of communicating with them all upon their real habits, wants, and failings, with the same warmth and sympathy as if he had been speaking with them individually in private—only rising into a more solemn and affecting tone. Mr. Stanley bears witness to the effect of his sermons at the moment of delivery, upon all but the very youngest. What a contrast between the listening looks of Arnold's scholars, Sunday after Sunday, and the listless looks of most schoolboys at their respective places of worship! Take, by way of example, some seven hundred young Etonians, decorously sitting out the routine discourses of an Eton fellow, a stranger to his congregation, preaching in his turn! Nevertheless, the precedent is not to be followed rashly. Arnold the schoolmaster and Arnold the preacher were not only one and the same person, but he was equally admirable in the two capacities. It is not from 'the tongue that truths divine

come mended,' but from the life. The pulpit of a mere popular preacher would be nothing better than Orator Henley's tub, or any other piece of painted wood. While the exhortations of a master, whose practice was in contradiction to his precepts, would be purely mischievous; and mischievous in proportion to the talent he might display.

On the whole, the problem of education, public or private, is left by Arnold pretty much where it was before; a question to be determined, in every case, by its own circumstances—by the character of the master and the character of the boy. The only point which he has peremptorily decided is, that any thing is better than a large private school—that is, a private school with more than thirty boys. On the supposition of our agreeing with Talleyrand, that of all actual modes of education an English public school may be assumed, in most cases, to be the best, we agree still more cordially with him in his limitation, '*Mais c'est détestable.*'

There was little, as we have seen, in the peculiarities of its system to make Rugby an exception. On the other hand, there was not only much, but every thing, in the fact that it was a system administered by Arnold. He had all the qualities which conciliate the love and reverence of boys. There was in him a vigor and a tenderness which aided and controlled each other—which made him feel, that when he could either no longer run up the library stairs, or could receive a boy from his parents for the first time without emotion, he should have no business there; an utter absence of trick, or pedantry, or assumption; a frankness, when ignorant, in confessing his ignorance, and sending the boys to Mr. Lee; a manliness when he made mistakes, in acknowledging and retrieving them; a singleness and straightforwardness of conduct—a sunbeam was not more direct!—that commanded the confidence, which his confidingness would have won; a supremacy of will, that was neither to be wearied, nor baffled, nor subdued; an evident living out of himself for nobler objects than the pomps or vanities of this world, its principalities, or its powers. These irresistible attractions were visible to all—'to the dullest peasant in his camp.' All rejoiced in his superiority, and were proud of being his pupils. To have been taught by Arnold, was like serving under Nelson. All felt that he lived for them, not only in his head but in his

heart. All knew that you had only to be worthy of his friendship, and you had a friend in him for life. No wonder that their schoolfellow should record of them, that many of them would willingly have died for him in return! We have heard it regretted that a man who would have been in his proper place swaying all the Russias, or sitting on the throne of the Antonines, should have been thrown away on the hopeless experiment of reclaiming a public school. No such throne being ready for him, he perhaps got, in the absolute governance of a public school, what was most like it. Among our professions, few would have opened to him a wider field of usefulness; or have exhibited, so fully and successfully, his most characteristic powers. He was himself satisfied with his lot in life. If ever he wished to change it, it was only in the hope of making himself more useful—as, for instance, in the theological chair at Oxford. ‘Do not understand this as implying any weariness with Rugby; far from it. I have got a very effective position here, which I would only quit for one which seems even more effective. But I keep one great place of education sound and free; and unavoidably gain an influence with many young men, and endeavor to make them see that they ought to think on and understand a subject, before they take up a party view about it.’—(1836.)

We should have liked to have kept company with Arnold a little longer—discussing with him his fresh and generous speculations, and sitting by his side, as under a green olive-tree in the court of the Lord. But we must stop. His Thucydides, his history, his sermons, his miscellaneous writings, are all proofs of his ability and goodness. Yet the story of his Life is worth them all.

In what we have written, we have two objects principally in view—that of bringing out his character in its true light; and that of warning good men against quarrelling with each other for differences of opinion. Few of the ways which lead to virtue are more full of pleasantness and peace, than that which brings us to warm our hearts by putting them in close contact with noble natures. ‘I am not the rose, but I live with the rose,’ (says the Eastern apologue,) ‘and so I have become sweet.’ On the other hand, few things are more disheartening than the sight of good men turning their very goodness into a source of strife and bitterness. The poet of the

Christian Year and Editor of Hooker, should have known better. For Hooker has told him, and all, ‘Ye are not now to learn that as of itself it is not hurtful, so neither should it be to any scandalous or offensive, in doubtful cases, to hear the differing judgments of men. Be it that *Cephas* hath one interpretation, and *Apollos* another; that *Paul* is of this mind, and *Barnabas* of that; if this offend you, the fault is yours. Carry peaceable minds, and you may have comfort by this variety.’

THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS OF MILAN.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MILAN, September 30th, 1844.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Scientific Association of Italy is over;—the ‘Congresso Convocato in Milano,’ so long looked forward to has come together and dispersed again, and Milan is returning to its—sooth to say—somewhat unscientific condition again. The first question to be asked and answered is—Has the meeting been a successful one? The partisans of the association point triumphantly in reply, to the list of members, amounting to nearly twelve hundred. It is a larger number than has assembled at any one of the previous meetings, and may fairly be assumed to indicate that an interest in scientific matters, and love for the pursuits of science is on the increase in Italy. The large number of members composing this sixth congress, is the more remarkable, say the managers of the Milanese arrangements, seeing that the eligibility of those who presented themselves for admission to its ranks, was far more severely scrutinized than has been the case at previous meetings. Thus it was laid down as a rule, that the mere fact of having been a member of any or all of the five former assemblies, was no title of admissibility. And much heart-burning, discontent, and jealousy, has arisen from the decision.

But is the mere enumeration of its members, granting them to be all honorable men in the roll of science, a sufficient answer to the inquiry—has the Milanese meeting been a successful one? We think not quite. What are the objects of these locomotive meetings in the different cities of the great nations of Europe? If the *sole* purpose is the assembling as large a number of men

occupied in scientific pursuits, for the sake of intercommunication, and the advancement of science by the opportunity thus furnished them of comparing their experiences, the results which they have attained, and the doubts which have beset them;—if these were the *sole* objects in view, it would seem a better plan to select some most central and otherwise convenient city as the permanent place of meeting. Many advantages would attend this method of organizing the association. But there are other objects in contemplation, and those assuredly not the least important in the scheme of these associations, which all the leading nations of Europe have now copied from each other, that would be lost if their locomotive character were abandoned. Perhaps in Germany, England, and France, the most valuable result of these meetings is the influence they may be expected to exercise on the city in which they assemble. In Italy there can be no doubt that this is the case. Torpid, lethargic, and intellectually dead, as is the society of the cities of Italy for the most part, it is a great matter to awaken the public mind to the fact that there *are* interests and occupations other than the eternal round of intolerable insipidities offered by the boudoir, the theatre, the *casino*, and the *corso*. In a state of society such as that which many circumstances of long standing conspire to render the social life of Italy, where the votaries of science are, for the most part, poor, unappearing, recluse men, exercising absolutely no influence on the social world around them, it is of no small moment to exhibit science majestic in the imposing strength of its united forces, honored by the world, and revered by the great and powerful.

This we conceive to be the most important object of these annual meetings in Italy. And having explained our views on this point, we cannot but confess our opinion that the Milan meeting was not so successful a one as could have been wished.

The contrast indeed between the reception of the scientific men of Italy at Florence, a year or two ago, and at Milan this year was truly remarkable. It was not that the *official* reception was less distinguished for its cordiality and magnificence; though it is worthy of remark that the expenses of the meeting were supplied from a different source in the two capitals in question. At Florence, it was the grand duke, whose liberality and munificence were exerted to the utmost to make the meeting agreeable to

its members, and to do honor to science in their persons. At Milan the government did scarcely any thing. Almost, if not quite, all the expense was borne by the municipality of Milan. This is an extremely rich body, and its expenditure has been very large on the occasion. Every thing was done by the corporation in the most liberal, indeed, magnificent manner. It was not in this point that the contrast showed itself; but in one of unfortunately far greater importance.

It was in the *social* reception which the Congress met with in either city;—not its individual members—that is another matter;—but the Congress as a body. In a word, it was at Florence *the fashion*; at Milan it was the reverse. At Florence ‘every body,’ all the noblesse, the ladies, with the grand duchess at their head, and the ‘world of fashion,’ took pleasure in mixing with the ‘world of science,’ joining its meetings, its dinners, even attending its sectional discussions. The grand duchess attended several. At Milan, a very different feeling was observable. As a body the nobility held themselves aloof. They did, indeed, give, it may be urged, one ball to the members of the congress at their ‘Casino del Nobili.’ But, this duty done, they held themselves aloof. The evening meetings at the Ricardi Palace, in Florence, used to be crowded to overflowing with all the rank and beauty of the city. The rooms of the Palazzo Marino, in which the evening meetings were held in Milan, presented the melancholy appearance of a number of middle-aged gentlemen wandering through the half-filled and nearly silent rooms, with all the symptoms of being out of their element, dying of ennui, and any thing but enjoying themselves. No! the Milan belles would have nothing to say to the wise men. Milan is celebrated for the beauty of its women. But upon this occasion they decided it to be *mauvais ton* to show themselves. It may be very possible that the interests of science were advanced all the more uninterruptedly from the philosophers having been left to their own lucubrations. But the result certainly was that the Congress wore a dull and grim appearance compared to the festive, gala-like meeting of Florence.

Now, that the black-coated disciples of Urania should have been unblest at Milan by the presence of the gaily-decked votaries of Terpsichore, is a matter of infinitely small consequence. In all seriousness the

Congress may have very probably served its purely scientific end all the better for the absence of a number of exclusive, illiterate nobles, and their, if possible, more illiterate and uneducated wives and daughters. But the spirit of the Milanese society, thus manifested, is of no small moment as regards the future hopes and destinies of Italy.

For it must be understood that it was not simply because the beaux and belles of Milan are almost wholly uneducated and illiterate that they, therefore, found nothing to attract them in the society of the philosophers, and for that reason did not go near them. Not a bit of it. They would have shown themselves, and 'talked of Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' or of Galileo and hydropathy, like others under similar circumstances, if the Congress had been a Congress of *nobles* instead of, for the most part, *roturiers*. Here was the point of difficulty.

Yes! the Congress, whatever its other claims to consideration may have been, was deficient in 'quarterings,' and was, therefore, no company for the Milanese noblesse. Nowhere, in Europe, is the effete barbarism of 'castes' more in vigor than at Milan. The result, of course and of necessity, is that the exclusives there are the least advanced in social and moral civilization of all the great cities of Italy. Will it be believed that these noble blockheads have a Casino for themselves and their females, to whose festivities the more distinguished of their non-noble fellow-citizens are invited—after what manner does the civilized nineteenth-century Englishman think? Thus: A gallery has been constructed looking from above into the ball-room. There such more distinguished *roturiers*, with their families, as the privileged caste may condescend to invite—not to share—but to witness their festivities, being duly fenced in with an iron grating, may gaze through the bars at the Paradise that they can never enter. It is at least something! They may there see what it is to be 'noble!' The happy ones, thus permitted to feast their eyes, may, at least, boast to their less fortunate fellow-citizens, of the condescension with which they have been *honored*, and thus propagate, in some degree, the blessings of exclusiveness among the ranks of the swinish multitude! In their happy gallery, at the top of the noble ball-room, they may, at least, inhale the refuse breath steaming up from noble lungs—delicious gales from Araby the blest. Surely this is

something. The wealthy citizens of Milan feel that it is; and they value the so condescendingly granted privilege accordingly.

Yes! the *roturier* citizens of Milan—incredible as it may seem to those whose more civilized social system has given them the feelings of men in the place of those of slaves—do gratefully and gladly accept these invitations. Yes! for one of the curses most surely attendant on the undue separation of a privileged caste, is the degradation of *both* parties—the real abasement of the pariah, as well as the fancied exaltation of the noble.

And these exclusive nobles pretend to feelings of patriotism!—pretend to hate the Austrians!—to sigh for the liberation of Italy from her oppressors! We strongly recommend them to change the tone of their aspirations. They should cling to the Austrian rule. That alone can preserve to them their present social position. They should welcome the domination of a social system, whose principles, and whose plans for the world's future are far more congruous with their own, than those of the men who hope for and await the regeneration of Italy. Of a surety these so aristocratically exclusive patriots are under the influence of a great mistake. If the day should come—or to speak more truthfully—when the day shall come, that shall see Italy once again what she has been, and what she may be, the change so difficult to make will not be made for *their* profit. The revolution which must be brought about by the enlightened minds and stout right arms of Italy's worthiest sons will not be brought about, they may rest assured, for the purpose of pushing backward the social system of young Italy to such a point of antiquated barbarism, as may suit their present privileges, pursuits, tastes, and notions. No! the nobles of Milan had better change either their social habits, or their politics, with as little delay as possible.

Having thus disposed of the social aspect and influences of the Congress at Milan, and expressed our opinion that it cannot be considered to have been successful in this point of view, we have a few words to say of it in its purely scientific capacity.

There were, as will almost always be the case in these things, several 'places in the middle where the paste was not;' but, on the whole, the meeting was not only a full one, but highly respectable also from quality as well as quantity. Humboldt and Arago were among the regretted absentees to whom we have alluded. It was sought to

mitigate our regrets by assuring us that they would be present at the next annual meeting, which is to take place at Naples.

Rüppel of Frankfort, the well-known African traveller, a veritable German Mungo Parke, was there, and read several papers in the Zoological section. Von Hammer Purgstall from Vienna, the historian of the Ottoman empire, was a member of the Geological section. Gräberg von Hemsö, whose name as a geographer has been made known throughout Europe, by his work on Morocco—the most authentic we have—and who is now librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, read a long paper on the recent progresses of geographical science. Orioli, from Corfu, a Bolognese, exiled from his country for liberal opinions, was there, and communicated to the Physical section some remarkably curious discoveries respecting the laws which regulate electrical currents.

The astronomers Plana from Turin, and Amaci from Florence, were there.

The Cavaliere Schmidt of Berlin, who is the son-in-law of our celebrated entomologist Spence, and himself an enthusiastic votary of the same science, read a paper in the Zoological section, which was ordered to be printed in the acts of the Congress.

The Prince de Canino, Charles Lucien Buonaparte, was of course there, and was, it may be said, the soul of the meeting.—He it was who first introduced these annual assemblies into Italy, his adopted country. He was president of the Zoological section.

There were twenty-four Englishmen among the nearly twelve hundred members of the Congress. Among them may be specially mentioned Lord Northampton, Dr. Roget, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Lord de Mawley. But none of the twenty-four took any active share in the business of the meeting. Some of the qualifications assigned to our countrymen, in the printed lists of members, are strange enough, and imply strange misconceptions on the part of the admitting body. For instance, as one gentleman's title of admissibility to a scientific congress, he is stated to be '*The Director of the East India Company.*'

Then we must by no means omit to record among the *notables*, that the Congress counted among its members two ladies—the Baroness Ernesta Kotz, and the Baroness Luigia Kotz, both canonesses, and both of Vienna. They were members of the Physical section.

Lastly, the General President of the Congress was the Conte Borromeo, the lineal descendant of the sainted Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, whose tomb, in the centre of the magnificent *duomo*, is to the present day rarely unsurrounded by a group of worshippers. In fact the worthy president's ancestor is by far the most popular saint in the calendar at Milan. The business of the meeting was opened with a speech by the noble president, which had the effect of reminding the members in the outset, that they were on Austrian territory, under the surveillance of Austrian authorities, watched with Austrian jealousy, and assembled by the grudging sufferance of Austria. In truth there were few there whose hearts or heads required any reminding of these humiliating facts; and the discontent to which the Count Borromeo's speech gave rise was very general, and deeply felt, if not loudly expressed. From the general tone of the speech, it might properly have been addressed to a number of schoolboys, whom their master chose to permit, once and away, as an exercise of their ingenuity, to employ themselves on topics of their own selection, instead of on a set theme. He recommended them to give their attention to such and such subjects, and admonished them to shun such and such others. The Prince de Canino let fall some words in his inaugural address to his section, which were evidently intended to reply to the ungracious and ill-timed observations of the president. The speech was printed by Canino, and distributed to the members of the Congress; but the words which in the following extracts are in italics, were not allowed by the Censor to be printed. We were enabled to obtain a MS. copy of them.

He had congratulated the assembly on the presence of Cardinal Gaisruck of Vienna, among them,—the first dignitary of the church who had attended any one of the meetings of the institution. And from this he took occasion to say: The alliance of religion with knowledge is not a command of human invention, but is the design of evangelical truth. And he who breaks or loosens their connexion, is not only the enemy of man, but the adversary of God! *But since the voice is ever useful, which is raised to maintain the inextinguishable right of free discussion for all men, I turn myself to you, my most worthy colleagues,—to you whose wishes are not for the limitation of thought, but are in favor*

of its unshackled conquests, and the progressive enlargement of its boundaries.'

Canino's speech was received with immense applause. He has, in fact, almost all the qualities most necessary to ensure unbounded popularity among such a body as that composing the Congress—or indeed among any men. His scientific acquirements are well known throughout Europe. He may fairly be classed among the first zoologists of the day. But, if his science is not such as that of princes is usually found to be, the works published by him on his favorite pursuit are truly princely. He holds and professes openly republican principles. And his manners, habits, dress, and address, are far more in keeping with his opinions, than with the social rank which fortune has assigned him. Though somewhat corpulent, he is very active, and even alert. His figure and entire appearance are as far as well might be from that of the beau-ideal of miss-in-her-teens; but a physiognomist would pronounce him still extremely handsome. He wears an enormous beard and moustache, as black as a coal, which yet do not avail to conceal the play of his very expressive and highly benevolent mouth. His eyes are black, bright, piercing, and never for an instant quiet. Every morning, a little before the hour of the opening of the section, he might be seen bustling about the quadrangle of the Palazzo Brera, with his quick but shuffling gait, a load of books, papers, and portfolios under his arm, the capacious pockets of his broad, and somewhat seedy, black coat, stuffed with copies of his yesterday's printed speech, or some new *brochure* of interest to his section, and entering into close confabulation with one or other of the members of it. He talks Italian, French, and English, with equal facility, and almost equal correctness.—With all these qualities, it will be readily conceived that he was indeed the very life and soul of the Congress.

By his help, and that of several other kindred spirits, the Congress passed off pleasantly enough; and we contrived to enjoy ourselves very satisfactorily, despite the cold shoulder of the Milanese exclusives, and the ill-omened opening speech of our apparently thoroughly Austrianized president. There were geological excursions along the course of the Adda, and in the highly interesting neighborhood of Varese, for the geologists;—several extremely curious chemical experiments, by Professor

Schönbein for the chemists; and much information, many novel communications, various pleasant meetings, new acquaintanceships formed, and old friendships renewed, and much good fellowship for all.

The Congress was divided into the following sections;

1. Medicine; with a subsection for Surgery; 2. Zoology; Anatomy; Comparative Physiology. 3. Botany; Vegetable Physiology. 4. Geology; Mineralogy; Geography. 5. Mathematics. 6. Chemistry. 7. Agronomy; Technology.

And the only instance we heard of all concerned not being perfectly contented with this distribution, was in the case of the members of the fourth section. The geographers complained loudly that the geologists took up all the time; and that they had no opportunity to get in a word. The fact is, that the two rival sciences ought each to have formed a section; and such will, doubtless, be the case at future meetings.

Among many matters of interest was the formation of a society for the improvement of Italian wines. The aim and ambition of the society is the exclusion of French and other foreign wines from the peninsula, by those fair and legitimate means, by which only an enlightened commercial code would ever seek to exclude the commodities of rival producers;—by the amelioration, namely, of their own home products. We have very little doubt that nature has been sufficiently bountiful to her favored Italy to enable her to accomplish this great and praiseworthy object entirely. But she has a long and difficult path of improvement to traverse before she can hope to achieve it.—She is probably equally defective in her culture of the vine, and her mode of managing its produce at present. The society of which we are speaking purposes to direct its efforts to both these objects. Several Italian wines, from different parts of the peninsula, were produced at the public dinner-tables of the Congress; and the amount of body and flavor in many of them, was such as to leave little doubt on the minds of competent judges, that judicious improvements in cultivation, vintaging, and making, would enable the vineyards which produced them to compete with the finest products of France or Germany. The prevailing fault was the too great astringency. It was the wish of several members of the society, that one of its laws should bind all those enroll-

ed in its ranks to use no foreign wines.—But this was resisted by the majority;—on higher grounds, we think, than a mere unwillingness to impose privations on their appetite. The true method of stimulating the producer to improve his produce, is not, surely, to persuade the consumer to content himself with that which is inferior.

It would be easy, and not uninteresting, to point out the leading faults of the Italian wine-growers and wine-makers, and to indicate the principal difficulties with which the society for the improvement of Italian wines will have to contend;—but it would lead us too far a-field, at present. It may be mentioned that the best wines produced at the Milan meeting were from Calabria, from Sicily, and from Piedmont.

A very handsome work on Milan and its environs, in two volumes, royal 8vo., composed expressly for the occasion, and printed at the expense of the municipality, was presented to every member of the meeting. A commemorative medal in bronze was also struck by the same wealthy and munificent body, and presented to each member.

We have only one other remark to make in conclusion. It was the opinion of many of those Italians who most deeply mourn the present condition of their country, and most earnestly look forward to its regeneration, that the true friends of Italian progress ought to abstain from attending the Milan Congress. "It is a favor," they argued, "granted by Austria;—it becomes us to accept of none from her. No results, be assured, will be permitted by our jealous tyrant, which can, in any way, tend to the social amelioration of Italy, and every voluntary contact with the government of the stranger, serves but to accustom us to our chains, and thus to rivet them the more firmly."

We cannot concur in the tone of this reasoning. We cannot comprehend any principle of delicacy or honor which should restrain the Italians from seizing and making the most of any and every concession that can be wrung from their oppressors.—And as for the 'favor' granted by Austria, Italy ought to know right well that nothing of this kind would be granted that her tyrant felt she could venture to withhold. But it is exactly herein that lies the hope of Italy and of other peoples similarly situated. It is that by degrees,—all too slow, alas—but still by sure and irresistible degrees the general progress of the world, and of European public opinion, drags on in its re-

sistless march the slowest and most reluctant to move forward. The tendency of these meetings, despite the jealous caution and watchfulness of Austria,—despite the feudal exclusiveness of a semi-barbarous nobility, whose anti-social prejudices are artfully fostered by the common foe,—despite the attempted restrictions of an un-Italian president,—despite the opposition of the church and its head—the tendency of these meetings is to accelerate the period of Italian regeneration. Austria knows it. The Pope knows it. Little Duke of Modena knows it. And fain would they crush the Association to-morrow if they thought they could do so without incurring a still greater danger. But a run-away horse *can* be restrained only to the extent of the strength of the rein. If that *breaks* the driver's position is infinitely worse.

GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

From the *Athenæum*.

Curious enough! What next? The facts will do: but the way of accounting for them! —ED.

SOME time ago the following remarks were communicated to a learned foreigner, who translated them into German, for the purpose of forwarding them to one of the continental periodicals. Should the original be deemed worthy of a place in the *Athenæum*, it is now forwarded to the Editor for that object:—

"It appears to me that intellectual excitement, art and science, commercial and military enterprise, conquest, empire and national pre-eminence have always progressed in a particular direction.

"That the line of progress, which I shall call the line of Cyffrawd, forms a slightly undulating belt, or zone, encircling the globe, intersecting the equator at about 80° east longitude, and proceeding in a north-west direction to near 60° north latitude, when it takes a southern course.

"That the rate of progress has always been regular and uninterrupted, corresponding with the retrogradation of the equinoctial points, which is 50" and a fraction in a year. Something short of a British mile. The following are my reasons:—

"The earliest records we have of the centralization of knowledge and dominion, place its location towards the mouth of the Euphrates, where Nimrod established his empire, A. C. 2247.

"After a time we lose the presence of empire in Asia, and in a period of 1923 years, from the above-named, we find it in Greece, under Alexander, A. C. 324, at a distance from Chaldæa, along the line of Cyffrawd of about 27° , which if, for the sake of precision, I shall be allowed to set down at $26^{\circ}43'$, will, at $50''$ per year, bring us to the identical year above mentioned, *i. e.* A. C. 324; Egypt and Tyre having been visited by the progressing influence.

"From Greece, we find the seat of empire removed to Italy, a distance of about 4° and a half, in the same direction, which, at the same rate of travelling, will give 324 years, and bring us to A. D. 1, the latter part of the reign of Augustus, and perhaps, the acme of Roman greatness.

"In Italy, again, we lose the imperial power, and after 800 years find it in France, in the hands of Charlemagne, A. D. 800, having travelled 11° at the same rate, and in the same direction, and taken Ravenna and Lombardy in its way.

"Again, we lose the presence of empire in France, and now after a lapse of 1043 years, if we apply the compasses to the line of Cyffrawd, allowing as before, $50''$ to a year, the part of the globe brought under our notice, will be the island of Britain; and there, most assuredly, we shall find the requisite characteristics—national pre-eminence, not only in commercial and military enterprise, and domestic institutions, but also in that essential and inseparable distinction, foreign dominion; for in addition to her European political power and her numerous colonies, scattered over the globe, Queen Victoria is at this moment actually sovereign of India, from the Indus to the Himalaya mountains, and can with a word influence the destinies even of China itself.

"It must be acknowledged that the present point of centralization as marked by the foot of the compasses, appears rather far north, but at the same time it cannot fail to strike our observation, that even in Britain, the spirit of enterprise evinces a decided tendency to move in the same direction.—The northwest coasts exhibit an unusual energy. Scotland is taking the lead of South Britain; Wales and Ireland are ris-

ing into importance. Liverpool has fairly outstripped its southern provincial competitors, and is rivalling even London itself, whilst Glasgow is going ahead with still greater acceleration. In fact, as regards commercial enterprise, the Clyde and the Mersey may challenge all the rivers of Europe. So decidedly is the tendency in this direction, that even the Western Islands acknowledge the irresistible influence.

"Thus we find that in 4090 years national pre-eminence has travelled from Chaldæa to Britain, a distance of 56° , about 4000 miles, being near a sixth part of the circumference of the globe, and uniformly in the same direction, affording, according to my judgment, sufficient data to authorize the forming of some opinion on the subject.

"Therefore, from these facts, I infer that there is a certain influence analogous to that of magnetism, but of a more subtle nature, traversing this line of Cyffrawd like a tide, at the above mentioned rate of progress, and acting upon the human intellect, and the finer fibres of the nerves in a manner similar to that in which magnetism and electricity act upon the grosser elements of our composition, exciting and stimulating the mind to increased activity, and causing higher development of the intellectual powers; and the mind, thus excited, is impelled to the formation of more extraordinary designs, and to greater daring in attempting their execution.

"Also, from contemporaneous phenomena, it appears that this influence extends itself all around the centre of its position, but with decreasing power for about 20° , occupying an area of about 40° in diameter, and tracing out in its progress, a belt or zone on the surface of the globe, of that width.

"You will, no doubt, object to all this, and say that there are many phenomena in the civilized world that this system does not account for. I answer, that the progress of this influence resembles that of the tide, and as the tide of the ocean has its waves, its eddies, and its currents, so has this, but in each the main flood holds on its course uninterrupted.

T. PRICE."

GUIZOT AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MACHIAVEL was the first historian who seems to have formed a conception of the philosophy of history. Before his time the narrative of human events was little more than a series of biographies, imperfectly connected together by a few slight sketches of the empires on which the actions of their heroes were exerted. In this style of history, the ancient writers were, and to the end of time probably will continue to be, altogether inimitable. Their skill in narrating a story, in developing the events of a life, in tracing the fortunes of a city or a state, as they were raised by a succession of illustrious patriots, or sunk by a series of oppressive tyrants, has never been approached in modern times. The histories of Xenophon and Thucydides, of Livy and Sallust, of Cæsar and Tacitus, are all more or less formed on this model; and the more extended view of history, as embracing an account of the countries the transactions of which were narrated, originally formed, and to a great part executed, by the father of history, Herodotus, appears to have been, in an unaccountable manner, lost by his successors.

In these immortal works, however, human transactions are uniformly regarded as they have been affected by, or called forth the agency of, individual men. We are never presented with a view of society *in a mass*; as influenced by a series of causes and effects independent of the agency of individual man—or, to speak more correctly, in the development of which the agency is an unconscious, and often almost a passive, instrument. Constantly regarding history as an extensive species of biography, they not only did not withdraw the eye to the distance necessary to obtain such a general view of the progress of things, but they did the reverse. Their great object was to bring the eye so close as to see the whole virtues or vices of the principal figures, which they exhibited on their moving panorama; and in so doing, they rendered it incapable of perceiving, at the same time, the movement of the whole social body of which they formed a part.—Even Livy, in his pictured narrative of Roman victories, is essentially biographical. His inimitable work owes its enduring celebrity to the charming episodes of individuals, or graphic pictures of particular

events with which it abounds; scarce any general views on the progress of society, or the causes to which its astonishing progress in the Roman state was owing, are to be found. In the introduction to the life of Catiline, Sallust has given, with unequalled power, a sketch of the causes which corrupted the republic; and if his work had been pursued in the same style, it would indeed have been a philosophical history.—But neither the Catiline nor the Jugurthine war are histories; they are chapters of history, containing two interesting biographies. Scattered through the writings of Tacitus, are to be found numerous caustic and profound observations on human nature, and the increasing vices and selfishness of a corrupted age: but, like the maxims of Rochefoucault, it is to individual, not general, humanity that they refer; and they strike us as so admirably just, because they do not describe general causes operating upon society as a body—which often make little impression save on a few reflecting minds—but strike direct to the human heart in a way which comes home to the breast of every individual who reads them.

Never was a juster observation than that the human mind is never quiescent; it may not give the external symptoms of action, but it does not cease to have the internal action: it sleeps, but even then it dreams. Writers innumerable have declaimed on the night of the Middle Ages—on the deluge of barbarism which, under the Goths, flooded the world—on the torpor of the human mind, under the combined pressure of savage violence and priestly superstition; yet this was precisely the period when the minds of men, deprived of external vent, turned inwards on themselves; and that the learned and thoughtful, shut out from any active part in society by the general prevalence of military violence, sought, in the solitude of the cloister, employment in reflecting on the mind itself, and the general causes which, under its guidance, operated upon society. The influence of this great change in the direction of thought at once appeared when knowledge, liberated from the cloister and the university, again took its place among the affairs of men.—Machiavel in Italy, and Bacon in England, for the first time in the annals of knowledge, reasoned upon human affairs *as a science*. They spoke of the minds of men as permanently governed by certain causes, and of known principles, always leading to the same results; they treated of politics as

a science in which certain known laws existed, and could be discovered, as in mechanics and hydraulics. This was a great step in advance, and demonstrated that the superior age of the world, and the wide sphere to which political observation had now been applied, had permitted the accumulation of such an increased store of facts, as permitted deductions, founded on experience, to be formed in regard to the affairs of nations. Still more, it showed that the attention of writers had been drawn to the general causes of human affairs; that they reasoned on the actions of men as a subject of abstract thought; regarded effects formerly produced as *likely to recur* from a similar combination of circumstances; and formed conclusions for the regulation of future conduct, from the results of past experience. This tendency is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in the *Discorsi* of Machiavel, where certain general propositions are stated, deduced, indeed, from the events of Roman story, but announced as lasting truths, applicable to every future generation and circumstances of men. In depth of view and justness of observation, these views of the Florentine statesman never were surpassed. Bacon's essays relate, for the most part, to subjects of morals, or domestic and private life; but not unfrequently he touches on the general concerns of nations, and with the same profound observation of the past, and philosophic anticipation of the future.

Voltaire professed to elevate history in France from the *jejune* and trifling details of genealogy, courts, wars, and negotiations, in which it had hitherto, in his country, been involved, to the more general contemplation of arts and philosophy, and the progress of human affairs; and, in some respects, he certainly effected a great reformation on the ponderous annalists who had preceded him. But the foundation of his history was still biography; he regarded human events only as they were grouped round two or three great men, or as they were influenced by the speculations of men of letters and science. The history of France he stigmatized as savage and worthless till the reign of Louis XIV.; the Russians he looked upon as bitter barbarians till the time of Peter the Great. He thought the philosophers alone all in all; till they arose, and a sovereign appeared, who collected them around his throne, and shed on them the rays of royal favor, human events were not worth narrating; they were merely the

contests of one set of savages plundering another. Religion, in his eyes, was a mere priestly delusion to enslave and benighten mankind; from its oppression the greatest miseries of modern times had flowed; the first step in the emancipation of the human mind was to chase for ever from the earth those sacerdotal tyrants. The most free-thinking historian will now admit that these views are essentially erroneous; he will allow that, viewing Christianity merely as a human institution, its effect in restraining the violence of feudal anarchy was incalculable; long anterior to the date of the philosophers, he will look for the broad foundation on which national character and institutions, for good or for evil, have been formed. Voltaire was of great service to history, by turning it from courts and camps to the progress of literature, science, and the arts—to the delineation of manners, and the preparation of anecdotes descriptive of character; but, notwithstanding all his talent, he never got a glimpse of the general causes which influence society. He gave us the history of philosophy, but not the philosophy of history.

The ardent genius and pictorial eye of Gibbon rendered him an incomparable delineator of events; and his powerful mind made him seize the *general* and characteristic features of society and manners, as they appear in different parts of the world, as well as the traits of individual greatness. His descriptions of the Roman empire in the zenith of its power, as it existed in the time of Augustus—of its decline and long-protracted old age, under Constantine and his successors on the Byzantine throne—of the manners of the pastoral nations, who, under different names, and for a succession of ages, pressed upon and at last overturned the empire—of the Saracens, who, issuing from the lands of Arabia, with the Koran in one hand and the cimeter in the other, urged on their resistless course, till they were arrested by the Atlantic on the one side, and the Indian ocean on the other—of the stern crusaders, who, nursed amid the cloistered shades and castellated realms of Europe, struggled with that devastating horde “when ’twas strongest, and ruled it when ’twas wildest”—of the long agony, silent decay, and ultimate resurrection of the Eternal City—are so many immortal pictures, which, to the end of the world, will fascinate every ardent and imaginative mind. But, notwithstanding this incomparable talent for general and characteristic

description, he had not the mind necessary for a philosophical analysis of the series of causes which influence human events. He viewed religion with a jaundiced and prejudiced eye—the fatal bequest of his age and French education, unworthy alike of his native candor and inherent strength of understanding. He had profound philosophic ideas, and occasionally let them out with admirable effect; but the turn of his mind was essentially descriptive, and his powers were such, in that brilliant department, that they wiled him from the less inviting contemplation of general causes. We turn over his fascinating pages without wearying; but without ever discovering the general progress or apparent tendency of human affairs. We look in vain for the profound reflections of Machiavel on the permanent results of certain political combinations or experiments. He has led us through a “mighty maze;” but he has made no attempt to show it “not without a plan.”

Hume is commonly called a philosophical historian, and so he is; but he has even less than Gibbon the power of unfolding the general causes which influence the progress of human events. He was not, properly speaking, a philosophic historian, but a philosopher writing history—and these are very different things. The practical statesman will often make a better delineator of the progress of human affairs than the philosophic recluse; for he is more practically acquainted with their secret springs: it was not in the schools, but the forum or the palace, that Sallust, Tacitus, and Burke acquired their deep insight into the human heart. Hume was gifted with admirable sagacity in political economy; and it is the good sense and depth of his views on that important subject, then for the first time brought to bear on the annals of man, that has chiefly gained for him, and with justice, the character of a philosophic historian. To this may be added the admirable clearness and rhetorical powers with which he has stated the principal arguments for and against the great changes in the English institutions which it fell to his lot to recount—arguments far abler than were either used by, or occurred to, the actors by whom they were brought about; for it is seldom that a Hume is found in the councils of men. With equal ability, too, he has given periodical sketches of manners, customs, and habits, mingled with valuable details on finance, commerce, and prices—all elements, and most important ones, in

the formation of philosophical history. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the man who has rescued these important facts from the ponderous folios where they were slumbering in forgotten obscurity, and brought them into the broad light of philosophic observation and popular narrative. But, notwithstanding all this, Hume is far from being gifted with the philosophy of history. He has collected or prepared many of the facts necessary for the science, but he has made little progress in it himself. He was essentially a skeptic. He aimed rather at spreading doubts than shedding light. Like Voltaire and Gibbon, he was scandalously prejudiced and unjust on the subject of religion; and to write modern history without correct views on that subject, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark. He was too indolent to acquire the vast store of facts indispensable for correct generalization on the varied theatre of human affairs, and often drew hasty and incorrect conclusions from the events which particularly came under his observation. Thus the repeated decisive battles between the fleets of Charles II. and the Dutch, drew from him the observation, apparently justified by their results, that sea-fights are seldom so important or decisive as those on land. The fact is just the reverse. Witness the battle of Salamis which repelled from Europe the tide of Persian invasion; that of Actium, which gave a master to the Roman world; that of Sluys, which exposed France to the dreadful English invasions, begun under Edward III.; that of Lepanto, which rolled back from Christendom the wave of Mahometan conquest: the defeat of the Armada, which permanently established the Reformation in Northern Europe; that of La Hogue, which broke the maritime strength of Louis XIV.; that of Trafalgar, which for ever took “ships, colonies, and commerce” from Napoleon, and spread them with the British colonial empire over half the globe.

Montesquieu owes his colossal reputation chiefly to his *Esprit des Loix*; but the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains* is by much the greater work. It has never attained nearly the reputation in this country which it deserves, either in consequence of the English mind being less partial than the French to the philosophy of human affairs, or, as is more probable, from the system of education at our universities being so exclusively devoted to the study of words,

that our scholars never arrive at the knowledge of things. It is impossible to imagine a work in which the philosophy of history is more ably condensed, or where there is exhibited, in a short space, a more profound view of the general causes to which the long-continued greatness and ultimate decline of that celebrated people were owing. It is to be regretted only that he did not come to modern times and other ages with the same masterly survey; the information collected in the *Esprit des Loix* would have furnished him with ample materials for such a work. In that noble treatise, the same philosophic and generalizing spirit is conspicuous; but there is too great a love of system, an obvious partiality for fanciful analogies, and, not unfrequently, conclusions hastily deduced from insufficient data. These errors, the natural result of a philosophic and profound mind wandering without a guide in the mighty maze of human transactions, are entirely avoided in the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, where he was retained by authentic history to a known train of events, and where his imaginative spirit and marked turn for generalization found sufficient scope, and no more, to produce the most perfect commentary on the annals of a single people of which the human mind can boast.

Bossuet, in his *Universal History*, aimed at a higher object; he professed to give nothing less than a development of the plan of Providence in the government of human affairs during the whole of antiquity, and down to the reign of Charlemagne. The idea was magnificent, and the mental powers, as well as eloquence, of the Bishop of Meaux promised the greatest results from such an undertaking. But the execution has by no means corresponded to the conception. Voltaire has said, that he professed to give a view of universal history, and he has only given the history of the Jews; and there is too much truth in the observation. He never got out of the fetters of his ecclesiastical education; the Jews were the centre round which he supposed all other nations revolved. His mind was polemical, not philosophic; a great theologian, he was but an indifferent historian. In one particular, indeed, his observations are admirable, and, at times, in the highest degree impressive. He never loses sight of the divine superintendence of human affairs; he sees in all the revolutions of empires the progress of a mighty plan for the ultimate redemption of mankind; and he traces the workings of

this superintending power in all the transactions of man. But it may be doubted whether he took the correct view of this sublime but mysterious subject. He supposes the divine agency to influence *directly* the affairs of men—not through the medium of general laws, or the adaptation of our active propensities to the varying circumstances of our condition. Hence his views strike at the freedom of human actions; he makes men and nations little more than the puppets by which the Deity works out the great drama of human affairs. Without disputing the reality of such immediate agency in some particular cases, it may safely be affirmed, that by far the greater part of the affairs of men are left entirely to their own guidance, and that their actions are overruled, not directed, by Almighty power to work out the purposes of Divine beneficence.

That which Bossuet left undone, Robertson did. The first volume of his *Charles V.* may justly be regarded as the greatest step which the human mind had yet made in the philosophy of history. Extending his views beyond the admirable survey which Montesquieu had given of the rise and decline of the Roman empire, he aimed at giving a view of the *progress of society* in modern times. This matter of the progress of society was a favorite subject at that period with political philosophers; and by combining the speculations of these ingenious men with the solid basis of facts which his erudition and industry had worked out, Robertson succeeded in producing the most luminous, and at the same time just, view of the progress of nations that had yet been exhibited among mankind. The philosophy of history here appeared in its full lustre. Men and nations were exhibited in their just proportions. Society was viewed, not only in its details, but its masses; the *general causes* which influence its progress, running into or mutually affecting each other, and yet all conspiring, with more or less efficacy, to bring about a general result, were exhibited in the most lucid and masterly manner. The great causes which have contributed to form the elements of modern society—the decaying civilization of Rome—the irruption of the northern nations—the prostration and degradation of the conquered people—the revival of the military spirit with the private wars of the nobles—the feudal system and institution of chivalry—the crusades, and revival of letters following the capture of Constantinople by the Turks—the invention of print-

ing, and consequent extension of knowledge to the great body of the people—the discovery of the compass, and, with it, of America by Columbus, and doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama—the discovery of gunpowder, and prodigious change thereby effected in the implements of human destruction—are all there treated in the most luminous manner, and, in general, with the justest discrimination. The vast agency of general causes upon the progress of mankind now became apparent; unseen powers, like the deities of Homer in the war of Troy, were seen to mingle at every step with the tide of sublunary affairs; and so powerful and irresistible does their agency, when once revealed, appear, that we are perhaps now likely to fall into the opposite extreme, and to ascribe too little to individual effort or character. Men and nations seem to be alike borne forward on the surface of a mighty stream, which they are equally incapable of arresting or directing; and, after surveying the vain and impotent attempts of individuals to extricate themselves from the current, we are apt to exclaim with the philosopher,* “He has dashed with his oar to hasten the cataract; he has waved with his fan to give speed to the winds.”

A nearer examination, however, will convince every candid inquirer, that individual character exercises, if not a paramount, yet a very powerful influence on human affairs. Whoever investigates minutely any period of history will find, on the one hand, that general causes affecting the whole of society are in constant operation; and on the other, that these general causes themselves are often set in motion, or directed in their effects, by particular men. Thus, of what efficacy were the constancy of Pitt, the foresight of Burke, the arm of Nelson, the wisdom of Wellington, the genius of Wellesley, in bringing to maturity the British empire, and spreading the Anglo-Saxon race, in pursuance of its appointed mission, over half the globe! What marvellous effect had the heroism and skill of Robert Bruce upon the subsequent history of Scotland, and, through it, on the fortunes of the British race! Thus biography, or the deeds or thoughts of illustrious men, still forms a most important, and certainly the most interesting part, even of general history; and the perfection of that noble art consists, not in the exclusive delineation of individual

achievement, or the concentration of attention on general causes, but in the union of the two in due proportions, as they really exist in nature, and determine, by their combined operation, the direction of human affairs. The talent now required in the historian partakes, accordingly, of this two-fold character. He is expected to write philosophy and biography: skill in drawing individual character, the power of describing individual achievements, with a clear perception of general causes, and the generalizing faculty of enlarged philosophy. He must combine in his mind the powers of the microscope and the telescope; be ready, like the steam-engine, at one time to twist a fibre, at another to propel an hundred-gun ship. Hence the rarity of eminence in this branch of knowledge; and if we could conceive a writer who, to the ardent genius and descriptive powers of Gibbon, should unite the lucid glance and just discrimination of Robertson, and the calm sense and reasoning powers of Hume, he would form a more perfect historian than ever has, or probably ever will appear upon earth.

With all his generalizing powers, however, Robertson fell into one defect—or rather, he was unable, in one respect, to extricate himself from the prejudices of his age and profession. He was not a freethinker—on the contrary, he was a sincere and pious divine; but he lived in an age of freethinkers—they had the chief influence in the formation of a writer's fame; and he was too desirous of literary reputation to incur the hazard of ridicule or contempt, by assigning too prominent a place to the obnoxious topic. Thence he has ascribed far too little influence to Christianity, in restraining the ferocity of savage manners, preserving alive the remains of ancient knowledge, and laying in general freedom the broad and deep foundations of European society. He has not overlooked these topics, but he has not given them their due place, nor assigned them their proper weight. He lived and died in comparative retirement; and he was never able to shake himself free from the prejudices of his country and education, on the subject of Romish religion. Not that he exaggerated the abuses and enormities of the Roman Catholic superstition which brought about the Reformation, nor the vast benefits which Luther conferred upon mankind by bringing them to light; both were so great, that they hardly admitted of exaggeration. His error—and, in the delineation of the

* Ferguson.

progress of society in modern Europe, it was a very great one—consisted in overlooking the beneficial effect of that very superstition, then so pernicious, in a *prior age of the world*, when violence was universal, crime prevalent alike in high and low places, and government impotent to check either the tyranny of the great or the madness of the people. Then it was that superstition was the greatest blessing which Providence, in mercy, could bestow on mankind; for it effected what the wisdom of the learned or the efforts of the active were alike unable to effect; it restrained the violence by imaginary, which was inaccessible to the force of real, terrors; and spread that protection under the shadow of the Cross, which could never have been obtained by the power of the sword. Robertson was wholly insensible to these early and inestimable blessings of the Christian faith; he has admirably delineated the beneficial influence of the Crusades upon subsequent society, but on this all-important topic he is silent. Yet, whoever has studied the condition of European society in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, as it has since been developed in the admirable works of Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet, and Guizot, must be aware that the services, not merely of Christianity, but of the superstitions which had usurped its place, were, during that long period, incalculable; and that, but for them, European society would infallibly have sunk, as Asiatic in every age has done, beneath the desolating sword of barbarian power.

Sismondi—if the magnitude, and in many respects the merit, of his works be considered—must be regarded as one of the greatest historians of modern times. His “History of the Italian Republics” in sixteen, of the “Monarchy of France” in thirty volumes, attest the variety and extent of his antiquarian researches, as well as the indefatigable industry of his pen: his “Literature of the South of Europe” in four, and “Miscellaneous Essays” in three volumes, show how happily he has blended these weighty investigations with the lighter topics of literature and poetry, and the political philosophy which, in recent times, has come to occupy so large a place in the study of all who have turned their mind to the progress of human affairs. Nor is the least part of his merit to be found in the admirable skill with which he has condensed, each in two volumes, his great histories, for the benefit of that numerous

class of readers who, unable or unwilling to face the formidable undertaking of going through his great histories, are desirous of obtaining such a brief summary of their leading events as may suffice for persons of ordinary perseverance or education. His mind was essentially philosophical; and it is the philosophy of modern history, accordingly, which he has exerted himself so strenuously to unfold. He views society at a distance, and exhibits its great changes in their just proportions, and, in general, with their true effects. His success in this arduous undertaking has been great indeed. He has completed the picture of which Robertson had only formed the sketch—and completed it with such a prodigious collection of materials, and so lucid an arrangement of them in their appropriate places, as to have left future ages little to do but draw the just conclusions from the results of his labors.

With all these merits, and they are great, and with this rare combination of antiquarian industry with philosophic generalization, Sismondi is far from being a perfect historian. He did well to abridge his great works; for he will find few readers who will have perseverance enough to go through them. An abridgment was tried of Gibbon; but it had little success, and has never since been attempted. You might as well publish an abridgment of *Waverley* or *Ivanhoe*. Every reader of the *Decline and Fall* must feel that condensation is impossible, without an omission of interest or a curtailment of beauty. Sismondi, with all his admirable qualities as a general and philosophic historian, wants the one thing needful in exciting interest—descriptive and dramatic power. He was a man of great vigor of thought and clearness of observation, but little genius—at least of that kind of genius which is necessary to move the feelings or warm the imagination. That was his principal defect; and it will prevent his great works from ever commanding the attention of a numerous body of general readers, however much they may be esteemed by the learned and studious. Conscious of this deficiency, he makes scarce any attempt to make his narrative interesting; but, reserving his whole strength for general views on the progress of society, or philosophic observations on its most important changes, he fills up the intermediate space with long quotations from chronicles, memoirs, and state papers—a sure way, if the selection is not made with great judg-

ment, of rendering the whole insupportably tedious. Every narrative, to be interesting, should be given in the writer's *own words*, unless on those occasions, by no means frequent, when some striking or remarkable expressions of a speaker, or contemporary writer, are to be preserved. Unity of style and expression is as indispensable in a history which is to move the heart, or fascinate the imagination, as in a tragedy, a painting, or an epic poem.

But, in addition to this, Sismondi's general views, though ordinarily just, and always expressed with clearness and precision, are not always to be taken without examination. Like Robertson, he was never able to extricate himself entirely from the early prejudices of his country and education; hardly any of the Geneva school of philosophers have been able to do so.—Brought up in that learned and able, but narrow, and in some respects bigoted community, he was early engaged in the vast undertaking of the history of the Italian Republics. Thus, before he was well aware of it, and at a time of life, when the opinions are flexible, and easily moulded by external impressions, he became irrevocably enamored of such little communities as he had lived in, or was describing, and imbibed all the prejudices against the Church of Rome, which have naturally, from close proximity, and endurance of unutterable evils at its hands, been ever prevalent among the Calvinists of Geneva. These causes have tinged his otherwise impartial views with two signal prejudices, which appear in all his writings where these subjects are even remotely alluded to. His partiality for municipal institutions, and the social system depending on them, is as extravagant, as his aversion to the Church of Rome is conspicuous and intemperate. His idea of a perfect society would be a confederacy of little republics, governed by popularly elected magistrates, holding the scarlet old lady of Rome in utter abomination, and governed in matters of religion by the Presbyterian forms, and the tenets of Calvin. It is not to be wondered at, that the annalist of the countries of Tasso and Dante, of Titian and Machiavel, of Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci, of Galileo and Michael Angelo, should conceive, that in no other state of society is such scope afforded for mental cultivation and the development of the highest efforts of genius. Still less is it surprising, that the historian of the crusade against the Albigenses, of

the unheard of atrocities of Simon de Montfort, of the wholesale massacres, burnings, and torturings, which have brought such indelible disgrace on the Roman priesthood, should feel deeply interested in a faith which has extricated his own country from the abominable persecution. But still, this indulgence of these natural, and in some respects praiseworthy, feelings, has blinded Sismondi to the insurmountable evils of a confederacy of small republics at this time, amidst surrounding, powerful, and monarchical states; and to the inappreciable blessings of the Christian faith, and even of the Romish superstition, before the period when these infamous cruelties began, when their warfare was only with the oppressor, their struggles with the destroyers of the human race.

But truth is great and will prevail. Those just views of modern society, which neither the luminous eye of Robertson, nor the learned research and philosophic mind of Sismondi could reach, have been brought forward by a writer of surpassing ability, whose fame as an historian and a philosopher is for the time overshadowed by the more fleeting celebrity of the statesman and politician. We will not speak of M. Guizot in the latter character, much as we are tempted to do so, by the high and honorable part which he has long borne in European diplomacy, and the signal ability with which, in the midst of a short-sighted and rebellious generation, clamoring, as the Romans of old, for the *multis utile bellum*, he has sustained his sovereign's wise and magnanimous resolution to maintain peace. We are too near the time to appreciate the magnitude of these blessings; men would not now believe through what a crisis the British empire, unconscious of its danger, passed, when M. Thiers was dismissed, three years and a half ago, by Louis Philippe, and M. Guizot called to the helm. But when the time arrives, as arrive it will, that the diplomatic secrets of that period are brought to light; when the instructions of the revolutionary minister to the admiral of the Toulon fleet are made known, and the marvellous chance which prevented their being acted upon by him, has become matter of history; it will be admitted, that the civilized world have good cause to thank M. Guizot for saving it from a contest as vehement, as perilous, and probably as disastrous to all concerned, as that which followed the French Revolution.

Our present business is with M. Guizot

as a historian and philosopher; a character in which he will be remembered, long after his services to humanity as a statesman and a minister have ceased to attract the attention of men. In those respects, we place him in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists, lest the readers, expecting what they will not find, experience disappointment, when they begin the study of his works. He is neither imaginative nor pictorial; he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little eloquence. He is not a Livy nor a Gibbon. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievement. It is in the discovery of general causes; in tracing the operation of changes in society, which escape ordinary observation; in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history, he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, an historian; his vocation and object were different. He is a great discourses on history. If ever the philosophy of history was embodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot.

The style of this great author is, in every respect, suited to his subject. He does not aim at the highest flights of fancy; makes no attempt to warm the soul or melt the feelings; is seldom imaginative, and never descriptive. But he is uniformly lucid, sagacious, and discriminating; deduces his conclusions with admirable clearness from his premises, and occasionally warms from the innate grandeur of his subject into a glow of fervent eloquence. He seems to treat of human affairs, as if he viewed them from a loftier sphere than other men; as if he were elevated above the usual struggles and contests of humanity; and a superior power had withdrawn the veil which shrouds their secret causes and course from the gaze of sublunary beings. He cares not to dive into the secrets of cabinets; attaches little, perhaps too little, importance to individual character; but fixes his steady gaze on the great and lasting causes which, in a durable manner, influence human affairs. He views them not from year to year but from centu-

ry to century; and, when considered in that view, it is astonishing how much the importance of individual agency disappears. Important in their generation—sometimes almost omnipotent for good or for evil while they live—particular men, how great soever, rarely leave any very important consequences behind them; or at least rarely do what other men might not have done as effectually as they, and which was not already determined by the tendency of the human mind, and the tide, either of flow or ebb, by which human affairs were at the time wafted to and fro. The desperate struggles of war or of ambition in which they were engaged, and in which so much genius and capacity were exerted, are swept over by the flood of time, and seldom leave any lasting trace behind. It is the men who determine the direction of this tide, who imprint their character on general thought, who are the real directors of human affairs; it is the giants of thought who, in the end, govern the world—kings and ministers, princes and generals, warriors and legislators, are but the ministers of their blessings or their curses to mankind. But their dominion seldom begins till themselves are mouldering in their graves.

Guizot's largest work, in point of size, is his translation of *Gibbon's Rome*; and the just and philosophic spirit in which he viewed the course of human affairs, was admirably calculated to provide an antidote to the skeptical sneers which, in a writer of such genius and strength of understanding, are at once the marvel and the disgrace of that immortal work. He has begun also a history of the English Revolution, to which he was led by having been the editor of a valuable collection of *Memoirs* relating to the great Rebellion, translated into French, in twenty-five volumes. But this work only got the length of two volumes, and came no further down than the death of Charles I., an epoch no further on in the English than the execution of Louis in the French revolution. This history is clear, lucid, and valuable; but it is written with little eloquence, and has met with no great success: the author's powers were not of the dramatic or pictorial kind necessary to paint that dreadful story. These were editorial or industrial labors unworthy of Guizot's mind; it was when he delivered lectures from the chair of history in Paris, that his genius shone forth in its proper sphere and its true lustre.

His *Civilisation en France*, in five vol-

umes, *Civilisation Européenne*, and *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*, each in one volume, are the fruits of these professional labors. The same profound thought, sagacious discrimination, and lucid view, are conspicuous in them all; but they possess different degrees of interest to the English reader. The *Civilisation en France* is the groundwork of the whole, and it enters at large into the whole details, historical, legal, and antiquarian, essential for its illustration, and the proof of the various propositions which it contains. In the *Civilisation Européenne*, and *Essays on the History of France*, however, the general results are given with equal clearness and greater brevity. We do not hesitate to say, that they appear to us to throw more light on the history of society in modern Europe, and the general progress of mankind, from the exertions of its inhabitants, than any other works in existence; and it is of them, especially the first, that we propose to give our readers some account.

The most important event which ever occurred in the history of mankind, is the one concerning which contemporary writers have given us the least satisfactory accounts. Beyond all doubt the overthrow of Rome by the Goths was the most momentous catastrophe which has occurred on the earth since the deluge; yet, if we examine either the historians of antiquity or the earliest of modern times, we find it wholly impossible to understand to what cause so great a catastrophe had been owing. What gave, in the third and fourth centuries, so prodigious an impulse to the northern nations, and enabled them, after being so long repelled by the arms of Rome, finally to prevail over it? What, still more, so completely paralyzed the strength of the empire during that period, and produced that astonishing weakness in the ancient conquerors of the world, which rendered them the easy prey of those whom they had so often subdued? The ancient writers content themselves with saying, that the people became corrupted; that they lost their military courage; that the recruiting of the legions, in the free inhabitants of the empire, became impossible; and that the semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier could not be relied on to uphold its fortunes. But a very little reflection must be sufficient to show that there must have been much more in it than this, before a race of conquerors was converted into one of slaves; before the legions fled before the barbarians,

and the strength of the civilized was overthrown by the energy of the savage world. For what prevented a revenue from being raised in the third or fourth, as well as the first or second centuries? Corruption in its worst form had doubtless pervaded the higher ranks in Rome from the Emperor downward; but these vices are the faults of the exalted and the affluent only; they never have, and never will, extend generally to the great body of the community; for this plain reason, that they are not rich enough to purchase them. But the remarkable thing is, that in the decline of the empire, it was in the lower ranks that the greatest and most fatal weakness first appeared. Long before the race of the Patricians had become extinct, the free cultivators had disappeared from the fields. Leaders and generals of the most consummate abilities, of the greatest daring, frequently arose; but their efforts proved in the end ineffectual, from the impossibility of finding a sturdy race of followers to fill their ranks. The legionary Italian soldier was wanting—his place was imperfectly supplied by the rude Dacian, the hardy German, the faithless Goth. So completely were the inhabitants of the provinces within the Rhine and the Danube paralyzed, that they ceased to make any resistance to the hordes of invaders; and the fortunes of the empire were, for several generations, sustained solely by the heroic efforts of individual leaders—Belisarius, Narces, Julian, Aurelian, Constantine, and many others—whose renown, though it could not rouse the pacific inhabitants to warlike efforts, yet attracted military adventurers from all parts of the world to their standard. Now, what weakened and destroyed the rural population? It could not be luxury; on the contrary, they were suffering under excess of poverty, and bent down beneath a load of taxes, which in Gaul, in the time of Constantine, amounted, as Gibbon tells us, to nine pounds sterling on every freeman? What was it, then, which occasioned the depopulation and weakness? This is what it behoves us to know—this it is which ancient history has left unknown.

It is here that the vast step in the philosophy of history made from ancient to modern times is apparent. From a few detached hints and insulated facts, left by the ancient annalists, apparently ignorant of their value, and careless of their preservation, modern industry, guided by the light of philosophy, has reared up the true solution

of the difficulty, and revealed the real causes, hidden from the ordinary gaze, which, even in the midst of its greatest prosperity, gradually, but certainly, undermined the strength of the empire. Michelet, in his *Gaule sous les Romains*, a most able and interesting work—Thierry, in his *Domination Romaine en Gaule*, and his *Histoire des Rois Mérovingiens*—Sismondi, in the three first volumes of his *Histoire des Français*—and Guizot, in his *Civilisation Européenne*, and the first volumes of his *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*—have applied their great powers to this most interesting subject. It may safely be affirmed, that they have got to the bottom of the subject, and lifted up the veil from one of the darkest, and yet most momentous, changes in the history of mankind. Guizot gives the following account of the principal causes which silently undermined the strength of the empire, flowing from the peculiar organization of ancient society:—

“When Rome extended, what did it do? Follow its history, and you will find that it was everlastingly engaged in conquering or founding cities. It was with cities that it fought—with cities that it contracted—into cities that it sent colonies. The history of the conquest of the world by Rome, is nothing but the history of the conquest and foundation of a great number of cities. In the East, the expansion of the Roman power assumed, from the very outset, a somewhat dissimilar character; the population was differently distributed from the West, and much less concentrated in cities; but in the European world, the foundation or conquest of towns was the uniform result of Roman conquest. In Gaul and Spain, in Italy, it was constantly towns which opposed the barrier to Roman domination, and towns which were founded or garrisoned by the legions, or strengthened by colonies, to retain them when vanquished in a state of subjection. Great roads stretched from one town to another; the multitude of cross roads which now intersect each other in every direction, was unknown. They had nothing in common with that multitude of little monuments, villages, churches, castles, villas, and cottages, which now cover our provinces. Rome has bequeathed to us nothing, either in its capital or its provinces, but the *municipal character*, which produced immense monuments on certain points, destined for the use of the vast population which was there assembled together.

“From this peculiar conformation of society in Europe, under the Roman dominion, consisting of a vast conglomeration of cities, with each a dependent territory, all independent of each other, arose the absolute necessity for a central and absolute government. One

municipality in Rome might conquer the world; but to retain it in subjection, and provide for the government of all its multifarious parts, was a very different matter. This was one of the chief causes of the general adoption of a strong concentrated government under the empire. Such a centralized despotism not only succeeded in restraining and regulating all the incoherent members of the vast dominion, but the idea of a central irresistible authority insinuated itself into men's minds every where, at the same time, with wonderful facility. At first sight, one is astonished to see, in that prodigious and ill-united aggregate of little republics, in that accumulation of separate municipalities, spring up so suddenly an unbounded respect for the sacred authority of the empire. But the truth is, it had become a matter of absolute necessity, that the bond which held together the different parts of this heterogeneous dominion should be very powerful; and this it was which gave it so ready a reception in the minds of men.

“But when the vigor of the central power declined during a course of ages, from the pressure of external warfare, and the weakness of internal corruption, this necessity was no longer felt. The capital ceased to be able to provide for the provinces; it rather sought protection from them. During four centuries, the central power of the emperors incessantly struggled against this increasing debility; but the moment at length arrived, when all the practised skill of despotism, over the long *insouciance* of servitude, could no longer keep together the huge and unwieldy body. In the fourth century, we see it at once break up and disunite; the barbarians entered on all sides from without, the provinces ceased to oppose any resistance from within; the cities to evince any regard for the general welfare, and, as in the disaster of a shipwreck, every one looked out for his individual safety. Thus, on the dissolution of the empire, the same general state of society presented itself as in its cradle. The imperial authority sunk into the dust, and municipal institutions alone survived the disaster. This, then, was the chief legacy which the ancient bequeathed to the modern world—for it alone survived the storm by which the former had been destroyed—cities and a municipal organization every where established. But it was not the only legacy. Beside it, there was the recollection at least of the awful majesty of the emperor—of a distant, unseen, but sacred and irresistible power. These are the two ideas which antiquity bequeathed to modern times. On the one hand, the municipal *régime*, its rules, customs, and principles of liberty; on the other, a common, general, civil legislation; and the idea of absolute power, of a sacred majesty, the principle of order and servitude.”—(*Civilisation Européenne*, 20, 23.)

The causes which produced the extraordinary, and at first sight unaccountable,

depopulation of the country districts, not only in Italy, but in Gaul, Spain, and all the European provinces of the Roman empire, are explained by Guizot in his *Essays on the History of France*, and have been fully demonstrated by Sismondi, Thierry, and Michelet. They were a natural consequence of the municipal system, then universally established as the very basis of civilization in the whole Roman empire, and may be seen urging, from a similar cause, the Turkish empire to dissolution at this day. This was the imposition of a certain fixed duty, as a burden on each municipality, to be raised, indeed, by its own members, but admitting of no diminution, save under the most special circumstances, and on an express exemption by the emperor. Had the great bulk of the people been free, and the empire prosperous, this fixity of impost would have been the greatest of all blessings. It is the precise boon so frequently and earnestly implored by our ryots in India, and indeed by the cultivators all over the East. But when the empire was beset on all sides with enemies—only the more rapacious and pressing, that the might of the legions had so long confined them within the comparatively narrow limits of their own sterile territories—and disasters, frequent and serious, were laying waste the frontier provinces, it became the most dreadful of all scourges; because, as the assessment on each district was fixed, and scarcely ever suffered any abatement, every disaster experienced increased the burden on the survivors who had escaped it; until they became bent down under such a weight of taxation, as, coupled with the small number of freemen on whom it exclusively fell, crushed every attempt at productive industry. It was the same thing as if all the farmers on each estate were to be bound to make up, annually, the same amount of rent to their landlord, no matter how many of them had become insolvent. We know how long the agriculture of Britain, in a period of declining prices and frequent disaster, would exist under such a system.

Add to this the necessary effect which the free circulation of grain throughout the whole Roman world had in depressing the agriculture of Italy, Gaul, and Greece. They were unable to withstand the competition of Egypt, Lybia, and Sicily—the store-houses of the world; where the benignity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, rewarded seventy or an hundred-fold

the labors of the husbandman. Gaul, where the increase was only seven-fold—Italy, where it seldom exceeded twelve—Spain, where it was never so high, were crushed in the struggle. The mistress of the world, as Tacitus bewails, had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile. Unable to compete with the cheap grain raised in the more favored regions of the south, the cultivators of Italy and Gaul gradually retired from the contest. They devoted their extensive estates to pasturage, because live cattle or dairy produce could not bear the expense of being shipped from Africa; and the race of agriculturists, the strength of the legions, disappeared in the fields, and was lost in the needy and indolent crowd of urban citizens, in part maintained by tributes in corn brought from Egypt and Lybia. This augmented the burdens upon those who remained in the rural districts; for, as the taxes of each municipality remained the same, every one that withdrew into the towns left an additional burden on the shoulders of his brethren who remained behind. So powerful was the operation of the operation of these two causes—the fixity in the state burdens payable by each municipality, and the constantly declining prices, owing to the vast import from agricultural regions more favored by nature—that it fully equalled the effect of the ravages of the barbarians in the frontier provinces exposed to their incursions; and the depopulation of the rural districts was as complete in Italy and Gaul, before a barbarian had passed the Alps or set his foot across the Rhine, as in the plains between the Alps or the Adriatic and the Danube, which had for long been ravaged by their arms.

Domestic slavery conspired with these evils to prevent the healing power of nature from closing these yawning wounds. Gibbon estimates the number of slaves throughout the empire, in its latter days, at a number equal to that of the freemen; in other words, one half of the whole inhabitants were in a state of servitude;* and as there were 120,000,000 souls under the Roman sway, sixty millions were in that degraded condition. There is reason to believe that the number of the slaves was still greater than this estimate, and at least double that of the freemen; for it is known by an authentic enumeration, that, in the time of

* Gibbon.

the Emperor Claudius, the number of citizens in the empire was only 6,945,000 men, who, with their families, might amount to twenty millions of souls; and the total number of freemen was about double that of the citizens.* In one family alone, in the time of Pliny, there were 4116 slaves.† But take the number of slaves, according to Gibbon's computation, at only half the entire population, what a prodigious abstraction must this multitude of slaves have made from the physical and moral strength of the empire! Half the people requiring food, needing restraint, incapable of trust, and yet adding nothing to the muster-roll of the legions, or the persons by whom the fixed and immovable annual taxes were to be made good! In what state would the British empire now be, if we were subjected to the action of similar causes of ruin? A vast and unwieldy dominion, exposed on every side to the incursions of barbarians and hostile nations, daily increasing in numbers, and augmenting in military skill; a fixed taxation, for which the whole free inhabitants of every municipality were jointly and severally responsible, to meet the increasing military establishment required by these perils; a declining, and at length extinct, agriculture in the central provinces of the empire, owing to the deluge of cheap grain from its fertile extremities, wafted over the waters of the Mediterranean; multitudes of turbulent freemen in cities, kept quiet by daily distribution of provisions at the public expense, from the imperial granaries; and a half, or two-thirds, of the whole population in a state of slavery—neither bearing any share of the public burdens, nor adding to the strength of the military array of the empire. Such are the discoveries of modern philosophy, as to the causes of the decline and ultimate fall of the Roman empire, gleaned from a few facts, accidentally preserved by the ancient writers, apparently unconscious of their value! It is a noble science which, in so short a time, has presented such a gift to mankind.

Guizot has announced, and ably illustrated, a great truth, which, when traced to its legitimate consequences, will be found to go far towards dispelling many of the pernicious innovating dogmas which have so long been afloat in the world. It is this, that whenever an institution, though apparently pernicious in our eyes, has long ex-

isted, and under a great variety of circumstances, we may rest assured that it in reality has been attended with some advantages which counterbalance its evils, and that upon the whole it is beneficial in its tendency. This important principle is thus stated:—

"Independent of the efforts of man, there is established by a law of Providence, which it is impossible to mistake, and which is analogous to what we witness in the natural world, a certain measure of order, reason, and justice, without which society cannot exist. From the single fact of its endurance we may conclude, with certainty, that a society is not completely absurd, insensate, or iniquitous; that it is not destitute of the elements of reason, truth, and justice—which alone can give life to society. If the more that society develops itself, the stronger does this principle become—if it is daily accepted by a greater number of men, it is a certain proof that in the lapse of time there has been progressively introduced into it more reason, more justice, more right. It is thus that the idea of political legitimacy has arisen.

"This principle has for its foundation, in the first instance, at least in a certain degree, the great principles of moral legitimacy—justice, reason, truth. Then came the sanction of time, which always begets the presumption of reason having directed arrangements which have long endured. In the early periods of society, we too often find force and falsehood ruling the cradles of royalty, aristocracy, democracy, and even the church; but every where you will see this force and falsehood yielding to the reforming hand of time, and right and truth taking their place in the rulers of civilization. It is this progressive infusion of right and truth which has by degrees developed the idea of political legitimacy; it is thus that it has become established in modern civilization. At different times, indeed, attempts have been made to substitute for this idea the banner of despotic power; but, in doing so, they have turned it aside from its true origin. It is so little the banner of despotic power, that it is in the name of right and justice that it has overspread the world. As little is it exclusive: it belongs neither to persons, classes, nor sects; it arises wherever the idea of right has developed itself. We shall meet with this principle in systems the most opposite: in the feudal system, in the municipalities of Flanders and Germany, in the republics of Italy, as well as in simple monarchies. It is a character diffused through the various elements of modern civilization, and the perception of which is indispensable to the right understanding of its history."—(*Lecture iii. 9, 11; Civilisation Européenne.*)

No principle ever was announced of more practical importance in legislating for man-

* Gibbon.

† Plin. *Hist. Nat.* xxxiii. 47.

kind, than is contained in this passage. The doctrine is somewhat obscurely stated, and not with the precision which in general distinguishes the French writers; but the import of it seems to be this—That no system of government can long exist among men, unless it is substantially, and in the majority of cases, founded in reason and justice, and sanctioned by experienced utility for the people among whom it exists; and therefore, that we may predicate with perfect certainty of any institution which has been generally extended and long established, that it has been upon the whole beneficial, and should be modified or altered with a very cautious hand. That this proposition is true, will probably be disputed by none who have thought much and dispassionately on human affairs; for all human institutions are formed and supported by men, and unless men had some reason for supporting them, they would speedily sink to the ground. It is in vain to say a privileged class have got possession of the power, and they make use of it to perpetuate these abuses. Doubtless, they are always sufficiently inclined to do so; but a privileged class, or a despot, is always a mere handful against the great body of the people; and unless their power is supported by the force of general opinion, founded on experienced utility upon the whole, it could not maintain its ground a single week. And this explains a fact observed by an able and ingenious writer of the present day,* that if almost all the great convulsions recorded in history are attentively considered, it will be found that after a brief period of strenuous, and often almost superhuman effort, on the part of the people, they have terminated in the establishment of a government and institutions differing scarcely, except in name, from that which had preceded the struggle. It is hardly necessary to remark how striking a confirmation the English revolution of 1688, and the French of 1830, afford of this truth.

And this explains what is the true meaning of, and solid foundation for, that reverence for antiquity which is so strongly implanted in human nature, and is never forgotten for any considerable time without inducing the most dreadful disasters upon society. It means that those institutions which have descended to us in actual practice from our ancestors, come sanctioned by the *experience* of ages; and that they

could not have stood so long a test unless they had been recommended, in some degree at least, by their utility. It is not that our ancestors were wiser than we are; they were certainly less informed, and probably were, on that account, in the general case, less judicious. But time has swept away their follies, which were doubtless great enough, as it has done the worthless ephemeral literature with which they, as we, were overwhelmed; and nothing has stood the test of ages, and come down to us through a series of generations, of their ideas or institutions, but what had some utility in human feelings and necessities, and was on the whole expedient at the time when it arose. Its utility may have ceased by the change of manners or of the circumstances of society—that may be a good reason for cautiously modifying or altering it—but rely upon it, it was once useful, if it has existed long; and the presumption of present and continuing utility requires to be strongly outweighed by forcible considerations before it is abandoned. Lord Bacon has told us, in words which can never become trite, so profound is their wisdom, that our changes, to be beneficial, should resemble those of time, which, though the greatest of all innovators, works out its alterations so gradually that they are never perceived. Guizot makes, in the same spirit, the following fine observation on the slow march of Supreme wisdom in the government of the world:—

“If we turn our eyes to history, we shall find that all the great developments of the human mind have turned to the advantage of society—all the great struggles of humanity to the good of mankind. It is not, indeed, immediately that these efforts take place; ages often elapse, a thousand obstacles intervene, before they are fully developed; but when we survey a long course of ages, we see that all has been accomplished. The march of Providence is not subjected to narrow limits; it cares not to develop to-day the consequences of a principle which it has established yesterday; it will bring them forth in ages, when the appointed hour has arrived; and its course is not the less sure that it is slow. The throne of the Almighty rests on time—it marches through its boundless expanse as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step, and ages have passed away. How many ages elapsed, how many changes ensued, before the regeneration of the inner man, by means of Christianity, exercised on the social state its great and salutary influence! Nevertheless, it has at length succeeded. No one can mistake its effects at this time.”—(*Lecture i. 24.*)

* Mr. JAMES's Preface to *Mary of Burgundy*.

In surveying the progress of civilization in modern, as compared with ancient times, two features stand prominent as distinguishing the one from the other. These are the *church* and the *feudal system*. They were precisely the circumstances which gave the most umbrage to the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and which awakened the greatest transports of indignation among the ardent multitudes who, at its close, brought about the French Revolution. Very different is the light in which the eye of true philosophy, enlightened by the experience of their abolition, views these great distinctive features of modern society.

"Immense," says Guizot, "was the influence which the Christian church exercised over the civilization of modern Europe. In the outset, it was an incalculable advantage to have a moral power, a power destitute of physical force, which reposed only on mental convictions and moral feelings, established amidst that deluge of physical force and selfish violence which overwhelmed society at that period. Had the Christian church not existed, the world would have been delivered over to the influence of physical strength, in its coarsest and most revolting form. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it spread abroad the idea of a rule of obedience, a heavenly power, to which all human beings, how great soever, were subjected, and which was above all human laws. That of itself was a safeguard against the greatest evils of society; for it affected the minds of those by whom they were brought about; it professed that belief—the foundation of the salvation of humanity—that there is, above all existing institutions, superior to all human laws, a permanent and divine law, sometimes called Reason, sometimes Divine Command, but which, under whatever name it goes, is for ever the same.

"Then the church commenced a great work—the separation of the spiritual and temporal power. That separation is the origin of liberty of conscience; it rests on no other principle than that which lies at the bottom of the widest and most extended toleration. The separation of the spiritual and temporal power rests on the principle, that physical force is neither entitled to act, nor can ever have any lasting influence, on thoughts, conviction, truth; it flows from the eternal distinction between the world of thought and the world of action, the world of interior conviction and that of external facts. In truth, that principle of the liberty of conscience, for which Europe has combated and suffered so much, which has so slowly triumphed, and often against the utmost efforts of the clergy themselves, was first founded by the doctrine of the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, in the cradle of European civilization. It is the Christian church which, by the necessities of its situation to defend it-

self against the assaults of barbarism, introduced and maintained it. The presence of a moral influence, the maintenance of a divine law, the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, are the three great blessings which the Christian church has diffused in the dark ages over European society.

"The influence of the Christian church was great and beneficent for another reason. The bishop and clergy ere long became the principal municipal magistrates: they were the chancellors and ministers of kings—the rulers, except in the camp and the field, of mankind. When the Roman empire crumbled into dust, when the central power of the emperors and legions disappeared, there remained, we have seen, no other authority in the state but the municipal functionaries. But they themselves had fallen into a state of apathy and despair; the heavy burdens of despotism, the oppressive taxes of the municipalities, the incursions of the fierce barbarians, had reduced them to despair. No protection to society, no revival of industry, no shielding of innocence, could be expected from their exertions. The clergy, again, formed a society within itself; fresh, young, vigorous, sheltered by the prevailing faith, which speedily drew to itself all the learning and intellectual strength that remained in the state. The bishops and priests, full of life and of zeal, naturally were recurrd to in order to fill all civil situations requiring thought or information. It is wrong to reproach their exercise of these powers as an usurpation; they alone were capable of exercising them. Thus has the natural course of things prescribed for all ages and countries. The clergy alone were mentally strong and morally zealous: they became all-powerful. It is the law of the universe." (*Lecture iii. 27, 31; Civilisation Européenne.*)

Nothing can be more just or important than these observations; and they throw a new and consoling light on the progress and ultimate destiny of European society. They are as original as they are momentous. Robertson, with his honest horror of the innumerable corruptions which, in the time of Leo X. and Luther, brought about the Reformation—Sismondi, with his natural detestation of a faith which had urged on the dreadful cruelties of the crusade of the Albigenses, and which produced the revocation of the edict of Nantes—have alike overlooked these important truths, so essential to a right understanding of the history of modern society. They saw that the arrogance and cruelty of the Roman clergy had produced innumerable evils in later times; that their venality in regard to indulgences and abuse of absolution had brought religion itself into discredit; that the absurd and incredible tenets which

they still attempted to force on mankind, had gone far to alienate the intellectual strength of modern Europe, during the last century, from their support. Seeing this, they condemned it absolutely, for all times and in all places. They fell into the usual error of men in reasoning on former from their own times. They could not make "the past and the future predominate over the present." They felt the absurdity of many of the legends which the devout Catholics received as undoubted truths, and they saw no use in perpetuating the belief in them; and thence they conceived that they must always have been equally unserviceable, forgetting that the eighteenth was not the eighth century; and that, during the dark ages, violence would have rioted without control, if, when reason was in abeyance, knowledge scanty, and military strength alone in estimation, superstition had not thrown its unseen fetters over the barbarian's arms. They saw that the Romish clergy, during five centuries, had labored strenuously, and often with the most frightful cruelty, to crush independence of thought in matters of faith, and chain the human mind to the tenets, often absurd and erroneous, of her Papal creed; and they forgot that, during five preceding centuries, the Christian church had labored as assiduously to establish the independence of thought from physical coercion, and had alone kept alive, during the interregnum of reason, the sparks of knowledge and the principles of freedom.

In the same liberal and enlightened spirit Guizot views the feudal system, the next grand characteristic of modern times.

"A decisive proof that, in the tenth century, the feudal system had become necessary, and was, in truth, the only social state possible, is to be found in the universality of its adoption. Universally, upon the cessation of barbarism, the feudal forms were adopted. At the first moment of barbarian conquest, men saw only the triumph of chaos. All unity, all general civilization disappeared; on all sides was seen society falling into dissolution; and, in its stead, arising a multitude of little, obscure, isolated communities. This appeared to all the contemporaries nothing short of universal anarchy. The poets, the chroniclers of the time, viewed it as the approach of the end of the world. It was, in truth, the end of the ancient world; but the commencement of a new one, placed on a broad basis, and with large means of social improvement and individual happiness.

"Then it was that the feudal system became necessary, inevitable. It was the only possi-

ble means of emerging from the general chaos. The whole of Europe, accordingly, at the same time adopted it. Even those portions of society which were most strangers, apparently, to that system, entered warmly into its spirit, and were fain to share in its protection. The crown, the church, the communities, were constrained to accommodate themselves to it. The churches became suzerain or vassal; the burghs had their lords and their seigns; the monasteries and abbeys had their feudal retainers, as well as the temporal barons. Royalty itself was disguised under the name of a feudal superior. Every thing was given in fief; not only lands, but certain rights flowing from them, as that of cutting wood, fisheries, or the like. The church made subinfeudations of their casual revenues, as the dues on marriages, funerals, and baptisms."

The establishment of the feudal system thus universally in Europe, produced one effect, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Hitherto the mass of mankind had been collected under the municipal institutions which had been universal in antiquity, in cities, or wandered in vagabond hordes through the country. Under the feudal system these men lived isolated, each in his own habitation, at a great distance from each other. A glance will show that this single circumstance must have exercised on the character of society and the course of civilization, the social preponderance; the government of society passed at once from the towns to the country—private took the lead of public property—private prevailed over public life. Such was the first effect, and it was an effect purely material, of the establishment of the feudal system. But other effects still more material followed, of a moral kind, which have exercised the most important effects on the European manners and mind.

"The feudal proprietor established himself in an isolated place, which, for his own protection, he rendered secure. He lived there with his wife, his children, and a few faithful friends, who shared his hospitality, and contributed to his defence. Around the castle, in its vicinity, were established the farmers and serfs who cultivated his domain. In the midst of that inferior, but yet allied and protected population, religion planted a church, and introduced a priest. He was usually the chaplain of the castle, and at the same time the curate of the village; in subsequent ages these two characters were separated; the village pastor resided beside his church. This was the primitive feudal society—the cradle, as it were, of the European and Christian world.

"From this state of things necessarily arose a prodigious superiority on the part of the

possessor of the fief, alike in his own eyes and in the eyes who surrounded him. The feeling of individual importance, of personal freedom, was the ruling principle of savage life; but here a new feeling was introduced—the importance of a proprietor, of the chief of a family, of a master, predominated over that of an individual. From this situation arose an immense feeling of superiority—a superiority peculiar to the feudal ages, and entirely different from any thing which had yet been experienced in the world. Like the feudal lord, the Roman patrician was the head of a family, a master, a landlord. He was, moreover, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his family. He was, moreover, a member of the municipality in which his property was situated, and perhaps one of the august senate, which, in name at least, still ruled the empire. But all this importance and dignity was derived from without—the patrician shared it with the other members of his municipality—with the corporation of which he formed a part. The importance of the feudal lord, again, was purely individual—he owed nothing to another; all the power he enjoyed emanated from himself alone. What a feeling of individual consequence must such a situation have inspired—what pride, what insolence, must it have engendered in his mind! Above him was no superior, of whose orders he was to be the mere interpreter or organ—around him were no equals. No all-powerful municipality made his wishes bend to its own—no superior authority exercised a control over his wishes; he knew no bridle on his inclinations but the limits of his power, or the presence of danger.

“Another consequence, hitherto not sufficiently attended to, but of vast importance, flowed from this society.

“The patriarchal society, of which the Bible and the Oriental monuments offer the model, was the first combination of men. The chief of a tribe lived with his children, his relations, the different generations who have assembled around him. This was the situation of Abraham—of the patriarchs: it is still that of the Arab tribes which perpetuate their manners. The *clan*, of which remains still exist in the mountains of Scotland, and the *sept* of Ireland, is a modification of the patriarchal society; it is the family of the chief, expanded during a succession of generations, and forming a little aggregation of dependents, still influenced by the same attachments, and subjected to the same authority. But the feudal community was very different. Allied at first to the clan, it was yet in many essential particulars dissimilar. There did not exist between its members the bond of relationship; they were not of the same blood; they often did not speak the same language. The feudal lord belonged to a foreign and conquering, his serfs to a domestic and vanquished race. Their employments were as various as their feelings and traditions. The lord lived in his castle, with

his wife, his children, his relations: the serfs on the estate, of a different race, of different names, toiled in the cottages around. This difference was prodigious—it exercised the most powerful effect on the domestic habits of modern Europe. It engendered the attachments of home: it brought women into their proper sphere in domestic life. The little society of freemen, who lived in the midst of an alien race in the castle, were all in all to each other. No forum or theatres were at hand, with their cares or their pleasures; no city enjoyments were a counterpoise to the pleasures of a country life. War and the chase broke in, it is true, grievously at times, upon this scene of domestic peace. But war and the chase could not last for ever; and, in the long intervals of undisturbed repose, family attachments formed the chief solace of life. Thus it was that WOMEN acquired their paramount influence—thence the manners of chivalry, and the gallantry of modern times; they were but an extension of the courtesy and habits of the castle. The word *courtesy* shows it—it was in the *court* of the castle that the habits it denotes were learned.”—(*Lecture iv. 13, 17; Civilisation Européenne.*)

We have exhausted, perhaps exceeded, our limits; and we have only extracted a few of the most striking ideas from the first hundred pages of one of Guizot's works—*ex uno disce omnes*. The translation of them has been an agreeable occupation for a few evenings; but they awake one mournful impression—the voice which uttered so many noble and enlightened sentiments is now silent; the genius which once cast abroad light on the history of man, is lost in the vortex of present politics. The philosopher, the historian, are merged in the statesman—the instructor of all in the governor of one generation. Great as have been his services, brilliant his course in the new career into which he has been launched, it is as nothing compared to that which he has left; for the one confers present distinction, the other immortal fame.

HERMANN OF LEIPSIK—At Leipsic, the celebrated Hellenist, Godfreid Hermann, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his nomination as professor of the Greek language and literature in that University—an office whose functions, at the advanced age of 72, he still discharges with unabated vigor. The King, on the occasion, conferred on him letters of nobility—which were presented by a deputation from the Senate of the University.—*Athenæum.*

TRAVELS IN KORDOFAN.

From the Westminster Review.

Travels in Kordofan. By Ignatius Pallme.
J. Madden and Co.

IN 1837 Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian by birth, undertook a journey to Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, on a commission of exploration from a mercantile establishment at Cairo, with a view to commercial objects. Pallme appears to have been eminently fitted for the undertaking. He had resided sufficiently long in Egypt to become familiar with the Arabic and colloquial dialect of the people; and former excursions towards the interior had made him well acquainted with native habits. His objects being strictly mercantile, it was not his intention originally to write, but a nineteen months' sojourn in countries but little known, enabled him to collect so much novel and varied information of a general character, that its publication became a duty, and the result is one of the most interesting books of travels in Africa we have long perused.

Unlike the high table-land of Abyssinia, Kordofan could never be inhabited by an European population. It is formed by the plains lying at the foot of the Nuba and Shillock mountains, and stretching out on the north and west into the deserts of Gondola and Dafur. The soil is sandy, but fertile; its appearance during the rainy season, when vegetation springs up from the earth as if by magic, that of the garden of Eden, but death revels in the paradise. Every spot is rendered unhealthy by the exhalations of stagnant waters; and no hut is then to be met with in which there are not several sick. In the dry season disease disappears, but the extreme heat is almost equally fatal to animal life, while the eye rests with melancholy upon a wide-spread scene of parched desolation.

"During the dry season, every thing in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves, and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps towards the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat: save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another. In this season, however, frightful hurricanes occasionally arise, and fill the minds of those who have not been witness of such a phenomenon in

nature before, with the utmost consternation. A powerful current of air, of suffocating heat, blows fiercely from one point of the heavens to the other, devastating every thing that lies in its course. The atmosphere bears at these times generally a leaden gray appearance, and is impregnated with fine sand; the sun loses its brilliancy, and total darkness envelopes the earth, rendering it even difficult to distinguish objects at a few paces distant. The sky changes suddenly, becomes of a yellow color, then assumes a reddish hue, and the sun appears as a blood-red disk. The wind howls, tears up every thing within its reach; houses, fences, and trees by the roots, carrying them away with it; levels mounds of sand, and piles up fresh hills. In short, the devastation caused by a hurricane of this kind is beyond description. Unfortunate, indeed, is he who happens to be overtaken in the desert by one of these storms. There is no course left for him to save himself, but to throw himself with his face on the ground, in order to avoid suffocation by the pressure of the atmosphere. Respiration is totally impeded; all the fibres are tightly contracted; the chest threatens to burst for want of pure air; and a man of rather weak constitution, overtaken by one of these hurricanes in the open air, generally succumbs. But robust men, even those in full vigor of life, feel depressed in every limb for several hours after exposure to these storms, and recover but slowly, and by degrees. Animals fly and endeavor to conceal themselves; every creature, in fact, seeks a place of shelter. The camels on journeys indicate the storm before it breaks forth by an unsteadiness of gait, and by drooping their heads towards the ground.

"The rains begin in the month of June, and terminate with the month of October. Those who have not spent this season in a tropical country can form no idea of the showers which then drench the earth. The storms generally arise in the east or in the south. A small black cloud is, at first, perceived on the horizon, which increases as it approaches, spreads in a few minutes, with incredible velocity, over the whole region, and then descends. A fearful storm now rages; flash upon flash, and peal succeeding peal, the lightning illumines the whole heavens, and the thunder rolls most fearfully, as if the sky were about to open and the earth to burst; streams of water pour down with violence, which the soil is incapable of imbibing, and torrents are thus formed, destined, however, soon to be lost in the sands. Showers of this description generally last over one quarter of an hour, seldom for a longer period, and very rarely indeed are they repeated on the same day. They remit frequently during two, three, or even six days, and this is the most unhealthy, and even dangerous time, both for strangers and natives; but it is admitted by general consent that those of white color suffer more than the blacks."

Kordofan was originally peopled by nomadic tribes from the Nubian mountains, one of which, called Mount Kordofan, gave its name to the plains below it and most of the surrounding country. These were subjugated in 1799 by the King of Sennaar, (a country bordering upon Shoa,) who in turn was conquered by the Sultan of Darfour; and Meleks governed the country in the name of the Sultan of Darfour from 1784 to 1821. During this epoch the country was prosperous.

"Commerce extended in all directions; caravans brought the produce from Abyssinia, the interior of Africa, and from Egypt, into the two towns of Lobeid and Bara, whence the greater part was again transported into other countries. Abundance might be said to reign every where, and there was no want of any necessaries, whilst all were wealthy, and even the women of the less opulent inhabitants wore golden rings in their noses and ears, and many even golden bracelets and silver anklets round their feet. No other metal but gold or silver was to be seen in the decoration of the women, and many female slaves even wore gold about their persons. Agriculture and cattle-feeding flourished, and there were few inhabitants in the country who did not, to a certain extent, devote themselves to commerce. The whole population, in fact, lived free from care, and was wealthy; singing and dancing resounded from place to place: in short, this was the golden age of Kordofan."

An iron age was approaching. In 1821 Mahomet Ali undertook the conquest of Kordofan. A brigade of 4500 infantry and cavalry attended with 800 Bedouins, and eight pieces of artillery were sent on the expedition. The men of Kordofan defended the freedom of their country with desperate valor; and a severe battle was fought near Lobeid, the capital; but unprovided with fire-arms, all resistance was ultimately in vain. The town was plundered and nearly wholly sacked, and the whole country surrendered, with the exception of a distant mountain tribe.

Kordofan was now annexed to Egypt, and a son-in-law of Mahomet Ali, who had headed his troops, was made governor of the province. This man speedily acquired, under the title of the *Desturdar*, the infamous reputation of a Nero. It is difficult to believe that a monster could exist in human shape capable of the acts of cruelty reported of him by former African travellers, and now confirmed; but we are told that many persons are still living whose testi-

mony could be adduced as eye-witnesses of his deeds of horror, and themselves sufferers by his cruelty. Pallme says:

"I may, perhaps, be permitted to illustrate a few traits in the character of this ruthless tyrant by narrating some of his feats: it will then become evident that this flourishing country could but sink in a very short time, as the natural consequence of his oppressive tyranny; and that a considerable period must elapse before it will be able to recover itself but slightly.

"A soldier who had stolen a sheep from a peasant was caught in the very act. He not only refused to return the stolen goods, but even maltreated the peasant. Confiding in the equity of his cause, the latter thought he should more probably have justice done him by the governor than by any one else, and entered a complaint against the soldier. The *Desturdar* listened very patiently to the story; but, when the peasant had finished, the tyrant accosted him, in an angry voice, with the words: "And with these trifles you trouble me?" Then turning to his attendants he ordered the peasant to be brought before the kadi; they understood immediately that he meant by the kadi, a cannon, carried the poor wretch immediately off, and bound him to the mouth of a gun, which was immediately fired.

"His very servants, consisting not only of slaves, but of free Arabs and Turks, although they might be regarded as his executioners, stood in great awe of him, for he punished the slightest offence of which they might be guilty with every imaginable species of cruelty. Thus it happened that one of these servants was tempted to dip his finger into a dish to taste it. The *Desturdar*, unfortunately, observed the act. He demanded of the unhappy man, in an ironical tone, whether the dish were sweet or sour? The servant was naturally mute with fear. The *Desturdar* now ordered him to be nailed by the tongue to the door and his face to be smeared with honey, in order, as he expressed himself, to stimulate his gustatory faculties. In this position the unfortunate man had to pass two full hours. It took a long time before he recovered, and a variety of remedies were required to heal his tongue.

"A *seyss* or groom, whose office is, according to custom in Egypt, to run before the rider, was incapable of keeping up with the *Desturdar* from absolute fatigue, in a long and quick trot. The tyrant struck him with his whip to quicken his pace. The unfortunate man, who was, however, quite exhausted, as may be supposed, did not become more active after this remedy had been applied. For this crime the unnatural barbarian had his feet bound to the tail of a horse, and ordered the animal to be driven through the streets of Lobeid by two other *seyss*. The unhappy groom would, no doubt, have met his death in this manner, were not the streets paved merely

with fine sand; thus he received many wounds, but none which proved mortal. The horse, unaccustomed to such usage, turned suddenly round, and struck at the unfortunate seyss, who, in desperation, seized the animal with all his remaining strength by the head; and to save himself bit its upper lip. No attention was at first paid to this slight wound, but in a short time the head of the horse began to swell, and eventually died. The seyss, who was covered with wounds, however, survived the torture.

"A man gave his neighbor, in a quarrel, a box on the ears; the latter brought a complaint against him before the Desturdar. 'With which hand didst thou strike thy neighbor?' asked the tyrant. 'With the right,' answered the peasant. 'Well,' replied the Desturdar, 'that thou mayst not forget it, I shall have the flesh removed from the palm of that hand.' This order was immediately executed. 'Now return to thy work,' said the Desturdar to the sufferer, who, writhing with pain, replied: 'In this state I cannot work.'—'What!' exclaimed the tyrant in a rage; 'thou darest to contradict me! cut his tongue out, it is rather too long!' and this operation was also immediately performed, without consideration of the tortures to which he had been previously subjected.

"The Desturdar one day observed, that some one had taken a pinch of snuff out of his box during his absence; his suspicion lighted upon his valet; he therefore, on a subsequent occasion, confined a fly in his box, and leaving it in his divan, went into another room, and ordered his servant to fetch something from the chamber in which he had put down the box. The servant fell into the snare, was really tempted to take a pinch, and the fly escaped without being observed. In a short time the Desturdar returned to the room, found the fly had escaped from its confinement, and immediately asked the servant 'Who had opened the box?'—'I, sir,' he confidently replied; 'I took a pinch.' This liberty he paid with his life: the ruffian had him flogged to death.

"A negro bought milk of a woman for five paras, drank it, but forgot the payment; the woman complained to the Desturdar, who happened to be in the neighborhood. 'Well,' said he, 'I will immediately investigate the affair,' and ordered the offending negro to be instantly brought before him. When he appeared, he asked him if he had bought milk of that woman, and not paid for it? The negro, in fear, denied it. The barbarian immediately ordered the abdomen of the negro to be cut open, to see whether his stomach contained the milk. It was, indeed, found; whereupon he quietly said to the woman, 'Thou art right, take these five paras, and now go thy ways.'

"In his garden the Desturdar had a den, in which he kept a lion: the animal became gradually so tame that he ran about at liberty in the grounds, and followed his master like a dog. Of this tame lion the tyrant made use

to frighten the people who came before him, a species of wanton sport in which he took the greatest pleasure. If it so happened that no stranger came to visit him during the hour in which he engaged himself in his garden, he ordered his attendants to bring any person they might meet on the high roads to him. The invitation was sufficient in itself to frighten any one to death; but when an unfortunate man, in the greatest trepidation, entered the garden, and in absolute fear of his life, creeping along the earth, approached the Desturdar, he set the lion at him, and the poor fellow, of course, fell senseless to the ground at the sight of the wild beast. This was now his greatest delight; for, although the animal did no harm, it was sufficient to frighten the most courageous man to be brought in close contact with a rampant lion.

"Before this animal was quite domesticated, and whilst it was yet kept in confinement, one of the gardener's assistants was guilty of some error, of which the superintendent complained to the Desturdar. In no case dilatory in passing judgment, he ordered the accused, without going into details, or listening even to the full explanation of the case, to be cast into the lion's den. This order was immediately complied with; the beast, however, treated the poor condemned wretch like a second Daniel; it not only did him no harm, but, to the astonishment of all beholders, licked his hands. The gardener's assistant was not the animal's attendant, but had occasionally thrown some of his bread into the den in passing. The noble animal had not forgotten this kindness, and spared his benefactor's life. The Desturdar, on hearing this, was by no means pleased; but bloodthirsty as ever, and without feeling the slightest appreciation for this act of generosity, ordered the lion to be kept fasting during the whole of the day, and the delinquent to remain in confinement, thinking, in the anger of ungratified rage, to force the beast to become the executioner of its benefactor. But even hunger could not overcome the magnanimity of the royal animal, and the poor gardener remained the whole day unhurt in the den with the lion.* In the evening he was liberated, but the unfortunate man did not long escape the vengeance of the tyrant, who, meeting him one day in the garden, where he had brushed up a heap of leaves, accosted him with, 'Dog, thou art so bad that a lion will not eat thee, but now thou hast made thine own grave.' Hereupon he commanded him to carry the dry leaves to an oven, and then to creep in himself. When this order was executed the tyrant had the leaves lighted, and the poor wretch expired under the most horrid tortures.

"A fellah (peasant) owed the government

* This noble animal will probably be found stuffed in the Royal Museum at Munich, for Mehemed Ali presented it to the Conseillier d'Etat Schubert, who was at Cairo in the year 1836.

forty maamle,* the sheikh of his village had his last ox seized, the fellah declaring himself incapable of paying. The beast was slaughtered and divided into forty parts: the butcher received the head and skin for his trouble, and the remaining forty parts were sold at one maamle each, to the inhabitants of the village promiscuously. The meat, as may be supposed, was quickly sold at this low price. The poor peasant now appeared with a complaint before the Defturdar, assuring him that the ox was worth more than forty maamle. The Defturdar proceeded with all speed to the village, to investigate the matter on the spot. Having convinced himself of the truth, he ordered the sheikh, the butcher, and all those persons who had bought a portion of the confiscated ox, to be called together, and reproached the sheikh, in the presence of all, for his unlawful conduct. The butcher now received the order to slaughter the sheikh, and to divide his body into forty parts; every former purchaser was obliged to buy a part; at a price of one maamle, and to carry the flesh home with him. The money was handed over to the fellah as an indemnification for the ox which had been taken from him.

"At the feast of the Baëram† all the servants and seyss, eighteen in number, went before the Defturdar to offer their congratulations, according to custom, and begged at the same time for a pair of new shoes. 'You shall have them,' said he. He now had the farrier called, and commanded him to make eighteen pair of horse-shoes to fit the feet of his servants; these were ready on the next day, whereupon he ordered two shoes to be nailed to the soles of the feet of each of the eighteen servants without mercy. Nine of them died in a short time of mortification; he then had the survivors unshod, and consigned them to the care of a medical man."

It must be said for Mahomet Ali that these atrocities were not perpetrated with his authority or connivance, and that at last he deposed this ruthless tyrant, and had him put to death; but Egypt remains a heavy and fatal incubus upon the prosperity of Kordofan. The government is now more lenient; but in a province so distant and inaccessible as Kordofan, there must always be a wide field for the abuse of local authority, and the system pursued continues to be one which tends not to enrich the country, but to drain it of its resources.

* A coin which is no longer current, but was equal to two piastres ten para, about twelve and a half kreuzer current=eightpence of English money.—Tr.

† A solemn feast kept by the Moslemin; the great Baëram commences on the 10th of Dhu Ihajia; the little Baëram is held at the close of the fast Ramadhan.—Tr.

The people are reduced to abject poverty by duties and imposts of every description; and the old proverb, "Where a Turk sets his foot, no grass will grow," is here fully exemplified. The province is now governed by the Bey, or colonel, of the first regiment of the line; and all inferior government situations are obtained by purchase, the highest bidder among the candidates obtaining the vacant post. The consequence, of course, is, that every officer avails himself of his position to extort as much as possible, in order to reimburse himself for his original outlay, so that when a contribution is ordered to be levied from Cairo, double the amount is usually exacted. Mahomet Ali knows this, and has tried to enforce a more just administration, but without success. A commission of inquiry sent into the province in 1838, checked the abuse for a time, but for a time only, the system remaining unchanged; partly, perhaps, because Mahomet Ali feels the necessity of a cautious policy with the governors of these distant provinces. He knows that a revolt in Sennaar and Kordofan, now that the natives have become accustomed to the use of fire-arms, could only be subdued with an enormous sacrifice of troops: the governors are, therefore, for all merely local objects, practically independent; and finding themselves rarely interfered with, they substitute arbitrary will for the laws and institutions of Mahomet Ali, and exercise a more despotic power over life and property than the viceroy himself.

Abuses of local administration, however, sink into shade when seen by the lurid light of the horrid slave hunts for which Mahomet Ali alone is responsible. Pallme, who is in some sort an apologist for the viceroy when any fair excuse presents itself, pleads for Mahomet Ali that a true account of the inhuman deeds committed in his name on these occasions never reach him, all the parties employed being too deeply criminated to make a faithful report; but common humanity and a slave hunt are inconvertible terms, and by no effort of the imagination could the ruler of Egypt deceive himself as to the true character of these expeditions.

Pallme describes a slave hunt organized in the years 1838 and 1839, when the province of Kordofan was ordered to contribute 5000 slaves. The slaves were to be procured from the mountains of Nubia, inhabited by independent tribes. The inhabitants of the first hill attacked surren-

dered; those of the second had fled, leaving nothing behind them but their huts, which were instantly fired and burned to the ground.

"And now the march was continued to the third hill. The inhabitants of this village had formed the firm resolution of defending their freedom to the uttermost; and, determined to suffer death rather than the horror of Turkish captivity, had prepared for a most obstinate resistance. The hill was charged, but the troops were several times repulsed; the attacks, however, were renewed, and the village was ultimately taken by storm. The scene which now presented itself to view was frightful in the extreme. Of five hundred souls who had been the peaceful inhabitants of the village, one hundred and eighty-eight only were found living. Every hut was filled with the bodies of the aged and the young indiscriminately, for those who had not fallen by the sword in battle, had put themselves to death to elude the dreadful fate of captivity. The prisoners were led away; and the place was given up to the soldiery for plunder, but the dead were left disinterred. A fearful scene for the few who were fortunate enough to escape the carnage by flight! Nothing but the dead bodies of their friends and the ashes of their homes met their eye on their return!

"In order to recruit the troops, a camp was now formed, and a detachment sent out in search of forage. An encampment of this description, which is always erected on the plains, consists of an irregular quadrangle, surrounded by a hedge of thorns, or bushes, or sometimes even by a stone fence, in which the regular infantry, the guns and baggage are enclosed, whilst the cavalry and spear-bearers encamp without the enclosure. Of setting outposts, or of other judicious military movements they have no idea, but confine themselves merely to preparations for defence in case of a surprise, as the negroes frequently venture by night on an attack, which might prove very destructive to the troops, considering their carelessness. Generally speaking, a camp is soon broken up, and this was the case on the present occasion; for no sooner had the soldiers recovered somewhat from their fatigues, and furnished a scanty supply of provisions, than the tents were struck, and the march commanded for the next hill destined for attack. The cavalry was sent about two miles in advance to surround the hill. On its arrival, however, in the vicinity of the village, it was suddenly surprised by the inhabitants, who had received intelligence of the movements of the troops, and was attacked with vigor. The negroes in a very large body, and only armed with spears and shields, broke with impetuosity from their covert, and with a fearful war-cry, augmented by the shouts of the women accompanying them (resembling the *Lu, lu, lu!* of the Arab women), threw themselves headlong upon the enemy. Surprised by this

sudden movement, yet too discreet to sustain the attack of the negroes, the cavalry turned and took to flight. One of the Bedouin chiefs, who was mounted on a restive horse, and could not keep up with his troop, was surrounded; he seized his gun to discharge it at the first man who might attack him, but it refused fire, and before he could make use of his pistols and sabre, or put himself in any other way on his defence, he was torn off his horse and instantly slain. None of his corps made the slightest attempt to save their officer, for each man was intent on his own escape. This flight must not be ascribed to cowardice on the part of the Bedouins; for they generally fight well, provided their interest is not at stake. By fraud, or promises destined never to be fulfilled, these nomadic people are enticed away from their native plains and employed in these frightful slave-hunts. With the exception of very trifling pay, they can expect nothing beyond what they may be able to gain themselves by robbery and plunder; if by any chance, and without fault on their part, they happen to lose a horse—which is their personal property—even on actual service, they cannot reckon upon any indemnification from the government; for should they not have the means of purchasing a fresh animal, they are indeed mounted by the government, but the price of the horse is deducted from their pay, which is always on the very lowest scale, and thus they have to serve for several years gratuitously. Their sheikh, or commanding officer, told me this himself, and assured me that his Bedouins (erroneously termed Mogghrebeen) would act very unwisely in risking their horses on an attack whence nothing was to be gained; for the negroes, in encountering cavalry, are well aware of the advantage of injuring the horse rather than the rider, as the latter falls a certain victim to them when the animal is slain. After the cavalry had again formed in the rear of the infantry, the officer in command ordered a charge by the foot for the following day. If the attack had succeeded, the carnage would indeed have been terrific, for the troops were all eager to revenge the death of the Bedouin sheikh. But it was differently recorded in the book of fate. With the first dawn of morning the infantry were put in marching order for the ensuing storm, and the cavalry placed in reserve. The advance was now made, on the word of command, with the utmost caution, a few cannon balls having been first sent into the village without effect. All remained perfectly quiet, until the advance-guard of the storming party had reached the foot of the hill and prepared for action, when the negroes suddenly broke forth endeavoring to surround the enemy. The position of the Egyptians became now very critical, for bent upon the capture of this hill, they had overlooked two other villages flanking the one attacked, which were densely populated by negroes, who joined the besieged, and threw themselves with the whole strength of their united forces

upon the troops. Not one man would have escaped, for enclosed in a narrow valley and surrounded by hills, the infantry could scarcely move, and no assistance could be expected from the cavalry. The whole brigade, in fact, would have been lost, as the negroes gathered like a black cloud upon the hills, and poured down by hundreds upon the enemy; no troops could withstand their attack, for they rushed into battle with unparalleled frenzy, regardless of shot or bayonet, and used their spears with great dexterity. The commander of the Egyptian forces, however, betimes recognized the danger threatening his troops, and ordered a retreat; when the whole body fled in wild confusion from the vale of death. The cavalry was not behindhand in this movement, and thus the brigade never halted until it was fairly out of the dominions of the foe. Of the renewal of the attack there was now no idea; for nothing in the world can induce these heroes to repeat an advance where they have once been beaten. They know further that the negroes become almost invincible with success; while the musket and bayonet afford but slight advantage over the weapons of the blacks, for the wild inhabitants of the hills rush blindly to the charge, heedless of every wound. I myself had opportunities of convincing myself of the intrepidity of these men.

"After the troops had again collected, order was once more restored, and the march was continued; in the course of a few days several hills were taken, and the prisoners duly forwarded to Lobeid. The expedition now moved in a southern direction from the Nuba mountains, towards a country inhabited by a different race of men. The tribe now attacked differs from the natives of Nuba, both in language and manners; they are easily recognized by the number of brass earrings, which they do not pass through the appendix of the ear, but wear in the upper part of the cartilage, by which means the whole ear is distorted, so that the superior portion covers the meatus. Almost all the men wear the tooth of some animal, one inch and a half to two inches in length, above their chin; it is passed through a hole in the under lip when they are very young, and acquires a firm adhesion with the integument. In their habits they differ but little from the other negro tribes, but it is rather remarkable that they do not, like the negroes, Turks, or Arabs, convey food to their mouths with their fingers, but make use of a shell, or piece of wood, shaped like a spoon, for this purpose. The dwelling place of this tribe was very advantageously situated on the summit of a hill, and very difficult of access; the commanding officer, therefore, on hearing that it was not supplied with water, to avoid a loss, decided upon surrounding the hill, and forcing the negroes by thirst to surrender. The siege lasted eight days, and the poor creatures, who felt themselves too weak for a *sortie*, had not a drop of water left on the fourth day, as was subsequently heard. The cattle were slain in

the early part of the blockade to diminish the consumption of water; on the sixth day, several children and old people had perished of thirst; and on the seventh day the mortality became so frightful that they determined to surrender. Several of them advised a sally, but exhausted as they were, they saw the futility of this movement; and when, on the eighth day, hundreds had fallen in the most fearful torments of unsatisfied thirst, and many of the negroes, in the horrors of despair, had put an end to their miseries by ripping open their abdomina with their double-edged knives, the small body of survivors delivered itself up to the enemy. Of more than two thousand souls, one thousand and forty-nine were only found living, the rest had all perished by thirst or had committed suicide. On entering the village, the huts were seen filled with the dead, and the few unfortunate survivors were so exhausted by fatigue and overpowered by thirst, that they could scarcely stand upon their feet; yet with blows with the butt-end of the musket, or with the whip, these poor wretches were driven from the huts, dragged into camp, with every description of cruelty, and thence despatched for Lobeid, on which march more than one hundred and fifty souls perished from ill usage.

"On the fourth day of the march of this transport, after the caravan had halted, and whilst the prisoners were forming detachments to take up their quarters for the night, it so happened that an aged woman, worn out with the fatigues of the long march, or overcome by the mental sufferings she had endured, was incapable of reaching the spot assigned to her with sufficient alacrity, and a barbarous Turk dealt her a blow with the butt-end of his musket, which laid her nearly lifeless on the sand. Her son, who witnessed this gratuitous act of cruelty, no longer master of his feelings, rushed with fury towards the soldier, struck him a blow with the sheba round his neck, and felled him to the ground. This was the signal for attack; all the slaves, who bore a sheba, threw themselves upon the troops and knocked them down before they could take to their arms or fix their bayonets; thus fifty-six negroes took to flight during the confusion in the camp, and aided by the darkness of night, succeeded in effecting their escape."

More than once Mahomet Ali has pledged himself to put an end to slave-hunting expeditions in all the countries dependent upon Egypt; but the pledge does not appear to have been redeemed. Slave hunts were resumed in 1840 and 1841, and whether the British government has yet finally succeeded, by threats or remonstrances, or the negotiations consequent upon our Syrian campaign, in stopping slave hunts for the future, is a point upon which the public may naturally be skeptical. Assuming Mahomet Ali to be in earnest, we

have little doubt that the local governors would still continue to carry on slave hunts for their own private benefit. Pallme, however, shows satisfactorily that the policy of these expeditions is as mistaken as it is criminal; and that if friendly relations were established with the Nubian tribes, their vast gum forests alone would enable the viceroy to realize a much larger revenue than he has ever obtained by these marauding and hazardous excursions.

Whatever may be the defects of the African character, the treatment the blacks have received at the hands of more civilized races has certainly not been calculated to raise them from the state of brute or savage; yet there is abundant evidence that in many of the qualities which ennoble humanity, the native African is by no means deficient, and their rude notions of justice are certainly entitled to respect; indeed, in many cases, as in the following amusing instance, it is by no means safe to countenance, even in appearance, an infraction of fair and honorable dealing. Pallme was travelling on the borders of the Shilluk's country, along the White Nile, when an incident happened which would have cost him and his servant their lives, but for his knowledge of the true character of the people.

"I pitched my tent on the shore of the White Nile, and sent my servant out in search of the wood requisite for our consumption during the night; for it is necessary in these regions, when encamped in the open air on the banks of the river, to keep up a fire all night long, partly on account of the crocodiles, which swarm in these localities, and are very dangerous, partly on account of the hippopotami; for, although the latter never do any injury, yet they are by no means an agreeable acquaintance. Lions, moreover, and other beasts of prey, might pay a very disagreeable visit in the dark, and they are only to be kept at a respectful distance by maintaining a fire throughout the night. Just as my servant was about to sally forth in quest of fuel, a boat, laden with wood, and rowed by a negro, crossed the river, and landed near my tent. My servant immediately walked up to the negro, and demanded a quantity of wood, as he could find none in the neighborhood. The good tempered black instantly gave him the half of his store; but, as soon as I had turned my back, my avaricious servant asked for more, which the negro flatly refused; the former, hereupon, became abusive, and his opponent by no means remained mute, until from words they fell to blows, and, finally, began to fight in real earnest. The negro, who was the better man of the two, gave my servant a sound

beating, and did not cease, until he roared out most lustily for mercy. I observed the scuffle from the distance; but, unacquainted with what had transpired, and merely seeing that my servant was getting the worst of the affray, I took my double-barrelled gun, presented it at the negro, and commanded him to desist. He instantly sprang on his feet, seized his spear, and threw it at me, before I was even aware of his intention; the missile, fortunately, only grazed my wide papooshes. He was now disarmed, and I again presented at him. The negro remained perfectly cool, and merely said, 'Shoot on! I die; and what of that?' I now saw that nothing was to be effected by intimidation, laid my gun aside, and, walking up to him, inquired into all the circumstances of the case, which he faithfully related. Convinced of the injustice of my servant, I endeavored to pacify the negro, and assured him that I would punish the former. All my persuasion was, however, in vain; he foamed with rage, and replied, 'that we should both suffer for this act.' Seeing he was too weak to offer battle to us both, he ran away in an instant, loudly uttering his war-cry of 'Lu, lu, lu!'^{*} This was an ill omen for us, and put us both in no slight degree of fear. Flight was out of the question, we had no chance of thus escaping. I, therefore, set my wits to work to devise a remedy, to avert at least the first outbreak of our enemies' rage. I bound my servant hand and foot with a cord, and taking up the branch of a tree which lay near me, pretended to beat him most unmercifully; he played his part remarkably well, and screamed as if he were being impaled, whenever I made the slightest movement with my hand; for we already descried a crowd of natives at the distance, running towards us, their lances glittering in the evening sun, and the shouts of the women, who followed in the wake of the men, boded us no good; but the nearer they approached the better we played our parts; and my servant continued his screams until he was fairly out of breath. Those of our enemies, who were nearest, called out to me to desist; and when I obeyed, my servant rolled himself about in the sand like a madman. The negro who had been the cause of the whole scene now walked up to me, took my hand, and said, 'Have no fear, you shall not be hurt, because you have acknowledged the injury your servant has done me, and have punished him for it.' An old man now untied the cord which bound the hands and feet of the culprit, and approached me, to be informed of the whole affair. They proved to be Bakkara.*

^{*} *Lu, lu, lu!* This cry has a triple significance. It expresses joy, grief, and danger, and serves also as an encouragement in battle. The intonation of these sounds determines the difference of their import. It may be readily recognized when it has been frequently heard, but cannot be described.

† Bakkara are a race of Arabs who occupy themselves with breeding cattle.

I invited the old man and the negro, of whom I have before spoken, into my tent, where I entertained them with coffee, and gave them my pipe to smoke. Harmony was immediately restored, and every one conciliated. They asked me whence I came, and where I was travelling to, and then the conversation turned on other topics. When the night closed in, they all gradually retired, with the exception of five men, who remained with me all night as a guard, emptied several pots of merissa together, and kept up the fire, thus consuming the whole of the wood which had been the *belli teterrima causa*. When they took their leave of me in the morning they presented me with a young gazelle, as provision for my further journey."

We regret that our space does not admit of further extracts; but it would be difficult to exhaust the interest of 'Travels in Kordofan.' We conclude by a cordial recommendation of the work. E.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE spending either time or money in hunting for the treasures which nature or art might chance to have bestowed on the various places through which her travels led her, did not enter into the scheme of Mrs. Roberts's economy; unless, indeed, the said treasures had become so notoriously objects of fashionable curiosity as to render the paying some attention to them both a matter of necessity, and a matter of course. The cathedral of Strasbourg was one of these, because Mrs. Roberts had so often heard about the spires being so very high, and so very much like lace-work; and because, moreover, Agatha had written a memorandum in her pocket-book, to assist her in remembering that it was in the cathedral of Strasbourg that the Earl of Oxford and Queen Margaret, according to the unimpeachable Northern chronicle, had their famous interview. In respect to the lace-work, Mrs. Roberts honestly confessed that she was a good deal disappointed. What it was she did expect in that line, she did not explain, but it certainly was not what she saw. However, she confessed also that the spire *was* uncommonly high; and Agatha protested that she was perfectly sure she had found the door at which the

queen made her mysterious exit; so, on the whole, the family declared themselves greatly pleased, and set off for Baden-Baden the next morning, with the pleasantest conviction that they had made the most of their time, and done and seen a great deal more than most people.

Bertha Harrington indeed had a silent thought or two concerning the chances there might be against her ever finding herself within the venerable city again, and perhaps *guessed* that there might be something more there, which she, in her youthful, humble-minded state of existence, would have deemed worth looking at. But she did not think the looking at them worth the tremendous experiment of asking Mrs. Roberts to remain there for another day. Her meditations in the church had done her good, nor was she at all likely to abandon the resolution she had there taken of rousing herself from the state of almost torpid despair into which she was conscious she had fallen since the terrible death of her mother. But although this was likely to produce very considerable effect upon her general conduct, it did not inspire sufficient courage to induce her to enter into discussion with Mrs. Roberts. And so the Roberts family moved on, though it is certain that at this stage of their travels, a single word from the heiress would have sufficed to have made them halt, retreat, turn eyes right, or eyes left, or march forward, at her pleasure. Perhaps it was a pity she did not know this, as it might have enabled her to see many things which were now left unseen; and as "use lessens marvel," it was possible that, as time wore on, they might lose their sense of her greatness, and feel less disposed to prefer her will to their own.

The purpose of the effective leader of the party, however, was in this case, as in most others, in very happy conformity with the inclinations of her family. Her son and her daughters sighed for ball-rooms and public walks, and the estimable father of the race was still so freshly under the influence of the admiration inspired by his adorable wife's last display of good management, in carrying off with her from Paris an extra purse of such considerable value, while rather adding to, than derogating from, the family dignity by the achievement, that the mere circumstance of her making a proposal to do this, that, or the other, was a positive pleasure to him, and he listened with a broad, bland smile upon

his countenance, and as broad and bland a conviction at his heart, that something good and profitable must come of it. So on they went, and found themselves and their well-packed veterino carriage driving along the picturesque defile, blessed by the tepid springs of Baden-Baden, just at the hour when its cosmopolite population begin to display their many-colored wings, in order to see and be seen, for the next twelve hours, under all the various aspects that pleasure can devise.

The spectacle was at once horrific and enchanting. "Gracious! what a beautiful group of women!" exclaimed Edward Roberts, twisting himself round in his seat in the open *coupée* of the vehicle, both for the purpose of addressing his sisters within the carriage, and lengthening his gaze at the party. "I wonder what country they are! But what a confounded bore it is to be seen for the first time boxed up in this beastly tub! Just look at my father's hat!"

"Don't talk of his hat, Edward! Look at Maria's. Look at us all, covered with dust, and as tightly wedged in, with all our boxes and trunks piled up behind us, as if we were a company of strolling players!" said Agatha.

Maria groaned.

"Was there ever any thing so provoking!" resumed her not less sensitive but more expansive sister. "What a set of men those ladies on horseback have got with them! It is really too provoking."

"It is a shame to travel in such a way as this," said Edward, muffling his face in his pocket-handkerchief.

"You are a fool for what you say, my dear, but you are wise in what you do," said Mrs. Roberts, following his example, and as nearly as possible covering her ample face also with her pocket-handkerchief.

The veterino crept on, and for about two minutes the agitated family had the comfort of enjoying the road, with nothing but the dust to annoy them. Mrs. Roberts put the interval to profit, by pronouncing the following oration:

"You are very great fools, all of you. And so you always will be, you may depend upon it, whenever you choose to fancy yourselves wiser than your mother. I know extremely well what I am about—few people better, I believe; and if you were not all of you too young to have your common sense ripened sufficiently to be fit for use, you would know, without my telling you, that it is not very likely such a person as I am

should do any thing without having good reasons for it, or without being perfectly aware of both the risk and the profit. If you were a few years older, Edward, you would know that it was a thousand times less dangerous to come into a new place as we are doing now, which is exactly in the right way to prevent any one from caring a straw about us, than if we were to appear in a dirty, dusty, shabby-looking carriage, with four bony post-horses, with no out-rider, no courier, no servants. Every body always does look up, and begin peering and peeping when they hear and see post-horses, but nobody ever thinks of giving a second glance, or a first either, at a veterino. And you may just ask yourselves if it is likely you should either of you be known again when you come forth, dressing as you did at Paris, for the same shabby set that looks so cross and so dusty now?"

To this point the voice of authority had been listened to with apparent resignation; but exactly as Mrs. Roberts pronounced the word "now," a handsome open carriage, with two elegant-looking women in it, and an exquisitely caparisoned gentleman on each side, was seen advancing towards them. The road was narrow, and the coachman of this gay equipage made an authoritative sign to the veterino, that he was to draw up his vehicle into the hedge, in order to leave good room to pass. The quiet German obeyed, and having lodged two wheels and one horse in a commodious little ditch, patiently awaited the approach of the other carriage and its gay *cortège*. The agony of the trio of young Robertses was then at its climax. The son uttered a very unseemly word indeed. It was now Agatha's turn to groan, which she did, as she buried her face in her hands; while poor Maria muttered, "Diable!" with an accent perfectly French, but a pang at her heart which, under the circumstances, was perfectly English. She retained sufficient self-possession, however, to follow the example of her brother, and to envelope her face very completely in her handkerchief. But the superiority of the mother's genius displayed itself at this trying moment most strikingly. She rose from her seat in the back of the carriage, and, throwing herself forward, seized the head of her husband in both her hands, and twisting it suddenly round towards the hedge, exclaimed, "Look there!"

Of course Mr. Roberts did look there most effectually, concealing his large comely

face thereby, and Mrs. Roberts was rewarded for her presence of mind and admirable *aplomb*, by seeing the dreaded carriage roll by; and feeling certain that though the bright eyes it conveyed were very deliberately directed towards her and her family, there was not so much as the tip of a nose left visible by which they might any of them be known again under the widely different circumstances in which they intended hereafter to appear.

But alas! at the instant that she ventured to replace her person in its seat of honor, and permitted herself, from beneath her sheltering veil, to take a glance both at her own party and that which had passed by them, she perceived that the eyes of Bertha Harrington, caught by the picturesque ruins of the Alt Schloss, were not only wide open and unshaded by any contrivance whatever, but thrown up in eager admiration of the scene on which they had fixed themselves, and looking at that unfortunate moment so infinitely more bright and beautiful than she had ever seen them before, that she exclaimed, in a burst of uncontrollable passion, "Hang the girl! she does it on purpose!"

Maria's conscience told her that this burst of indignation was produced by her own too spirited appeal to the Prince of Darkness, while Agatha bitterly reproached herself, in the belief that the attitude into which she had thrown herself was too likely to attract attention, and both felt very dutifully penitent. Their emotions would probably have been altogether of a different character had they been aware that their young companion, whose appearance they most sincerely believed to be too perfectly insignificant to attract or to fix the eye of any commonly rational human being, while they were themselves present, had, at that most unlucky moment, both attracted and fixed by far the most fashionable pair of eyes of which Baden-Baden could boast that season, and that too with an ecstasy of admiration which left not the hundredth part of a glance for any one else; a fact which would have been rendered more provoking still, could they have also been made aware that the earnestness of that glance, though it excluded all others, men, women, and children, from its speculation, had very satisfactorily ascertained the fact that the most captivating face in the world was making its *entrée* into Baden in a dusty, overloaded sort of caravan! But ignorance is indeed very often bliss, and most assuredly was so on the present occasion, for delight-

ed by the bright specimens of "good company" which they had already seen, and flattering themselves that it was quite impossible they should ever be recognized as the dusty travellers whose faces had been so carefully concealed, they scrambled out of the carriage, and dived into the shelter of the hotel to which they were driven, with a lightness of step that spoke well for the state of their spirits.

Mrs. Roberts herself enjoyed the release from her travelling equipage, fully as much as her daughters could do, but there was more of sobriety and thoughtfulness in her movement. She looked about her, and became immediately aware that the draperies of the window curtains were a great deal too elegant to permit any hope of reasonable charges at the hotel, and therefore that it would be absolute necessary for her to find private lodgings before night. All she had yet seen of the place convinced her that it was exceedingly gay and elegant, and thereupon she naturally determined that she and her family would be exceedingly gay and elegant too, a sort of resolution which never came to her mind unaccompanied with another, for the moment at least, equally strong, that she would be most strenuously economical.

"We must not stay here a moment longer than we can help, my dear," said she, addressing her husband. "Not a bed to be had under three francs, I'll answer for it. Dinner we must have, if it is only to get house-room for an hour or two, and I shall order it directly, and then set off with you and Agatha, to look for lodgings."

"With me, mamma!" exclaimed Agatha, with every appearance of disinclination to the proposal. "You don't suppose that I intend to show myself in such a place as this dressed as I am now? I neither can nor will do it, and that's flat."

"You know, Agatha, that you speak better French than any of us," replied her mother coaxingly, "and, depend upon it, my dear, that it will be greatly for your comfort and advantage to go with me. Girls have always such a quick eye for closets and wardrobes, and all that; besides, the fact is, that I won't go without you. I never can speak French in my best manner when I am as hot and tired as I am now, and unless you mean to go back to Strasbourg or some of the little villages near it, to pass the summer, you *must* come with me; so don't make any more difficulties about it, there's a dear girl."

"If I do go, then, it shall be without papa," returned the young lady, "for change of dress, you know very well, never can make such a difference in him as to prevent his being known again. The best way, if I must go, will be for Bertha to lend me her crape bonnet and mantle, and with this old black gown every body will fancy, of course, that I am somebody in mourning, and then I certainly shall have a tolerable chance of not being known again, for I shall first come out visible in my *préjugé vaincu* bonnet and scarf. And as for you, mamma, I will positively not stir a step unless you will let me take every atom of ribbon out of your bonnet, and that flower out of your cap, and you shall have Maria's thick green veil and your own horrid old travelling shawl, and then I think we may venture. But, remember, never as long as you stay here shall you ever put on that striped gown again."

All these conditions being complied with, the dinner was ordered, and while it was preparing the masquerading apparel of the two ladies was prepared also, and having performed their parts at the repast, they sat off immediately after it, looking, as Maria assured them, so very queer and unlike themselves, that she did not conceive there could be any danger of their ever being recognized afterwards.

Had the landscape-loving Bertha Harrington been of the party it is likely enough that the lodging-seeking might have proceeded but slowly, for it is difficult to take a single step at Baden-Baden without coming in sight of tempting paths which so evidently lead to what is beautiful, that it is difficult to turn away from them. Fortunately for the family convenience, Mrs. Roberts and her daughter Agatha were free from all such wandering weakness. Mountains and forests were to them no more attractive than Salisbury Plain would have been under similar circumstances, and the murmuring Oelbach on one side, and the massive walls that enclose and conceal the chambers of the secret tribunal on the other, stole not a single glance from the square little painted boards which here and there volunteered the agreeable intelligence that "*appartements garnis*" were still to be had. Not one of these welcome notices was neglected; even where the outward appearance of the accommodation offered

was such as to produce from the young lady a very eager exclamation, such as, "For dear life do not go in there, mamma!" or, "How can you suppose, ma'am, that we can all be packed into such a hole as this?" the indefatigable Mrs. Roberts replied, "It is impossible to judge, Agatha, till we have seen every thing." In many cases the little square boards led them to the examination of little square rooms, too miserably small to afford any hope to the heated and weary Mrs. Roberts that her party might be coaxed into enduring them. The heart and soul of this excellent parent and admirable manager were about equally divided between vanity and economy, though sometimes the one, and sometimes the other seemed to have the preponderance, which, of course, depended upon the particular circumstances in which she found herself placed; but when she set out upon this quest in search of lodgings, economy was decidedly in the ascendant. She had not yet forgotten, good lady, all she had suffered at Paris from having permitted her love of practical elegance to overpower the influence of her theoretical economy, and although her admirable management in obtaining Miss Harrington as an inmate had saved her from the immediate consequences of this indiscretion, she was really and truly doing all she could to keep the scales which indicated the state of her mind as to prudence and splendor, as evenly balanced as possible: nay, she fancied at this particular time she rather wished to give the preponderance to prudence, either as a sort of private atonement for her Paris blunders, or because she had some indistinct visions of Roman greatness in the distance. Accordingly, she repeatedly endeavored, or appeared to endeavor, to prove that many of the little lodgings they now went over would be good enough, quite good enough, if they could but contrive to have an additional bed or two added to the accommodation they offered.

"How can you say so, mamma?" exclaimed the vexed Agatha, upon one occasion, when the apartment under examination was not only exceedingly small, but situated at the extremity of a long dark passage, which gave any thing but a distinguished air to the approach. "How can you talk of bringing Miss Harrington into such a place as this? You know she can be obstinate when she takes it into her head. I would advise you to remember the resolute stand she made against our either

of us sleeping in the same room with her. It would be very short-sighted economy if you were to disgust her, just at the beginning, in this manner. I think from what I know of her that she is quite capable of writing to her relations to tell them that she is so extremely uncomfortable that she cannot bear it."

"And I think, my dear, from what I know of her relations, that if she did, she would get nothing for her pains but a good scolding," replied her mother.

"Very likely, ma'am," returned the acute Agatha, "if she were such a fool as to write to that impertinent old lady in Paris. But that is *not* what she would do, you may depend upon it; she would write to her father, ma'am, and such an application as that might answer better, perhaps."

"Good gracious, child! what could have put such a very disagreeable idea into your head?" returned Mrs. Roberts. "I would not have such a thing happen for a hundred pounds, or more too, perhaps. Suppose we go back, Agatha, to that pretty house that looked out upon a garden? It was most abominably dear, certainly, but it might, after all, be better economy to give a high rent just for one or two of the summer months, than run the risk of losing this girl. Don't you think that house would do very well, my dear?"

"No, mamma, I do not," replied Agatha, feeling her courage strengthened by her easy victory. "Though the fine folks we met as we came into the town did not see much of us, I should think that you must have seen enough of them to be very sure, that let us dress and look as well as we may, they would see us all at the bottom of the sea before they would come to call upon us in such a little bit of a cottage as that. I suppose you have forgotten, mamma, that you have brought a letter to the dowager grand-duchess! Just fancy any of her people bringing an invitation to such a house as that! and also fancy, if you can, two such men as those we saw riding with that carriage being introduced to us, perhaps at a ball, and then inquiring where we lived! Only fancy how pleasant it would be to tell them that we lodged at a little low house with two small windows in front of it."

"For goodness sake, Agatha, what *would* you propose then?" said her mother, looking a good deal provoked at her pertinacity, and the more so, perhaps, because she felt such very perfect sympathy with all she said.

"I will tell you at once, ma'am, what I should propose, if you wish to hear it," replied Agatha, who was really becoming every day cleverer and cleverer; "I would not propose that you should take a house that is most abominably dear, but on the contrary, that you should take the house which is beyond all comparison the cheapest we have seen. I should propose that without trotting about in this horrid manner any more, you should at once go back to the house with the balcony, and secure that for as many months as you think we are likely to stay."

"The house with the balcony, Agatha!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, in dismay. "You must certainly be joking, child. You know very well that they asked exactly double for that house of the price we might get the cottage for; you cannot possibly suppose that I would give such a rent as that?"

"Very well, ma'am. Of course you must do what you like; I am sure I do not mean to dictate. You asked for my opinion, and I have given it. You cannot blame me for saying what I think, when you desire me to do so."

"But, Agatha, how is it possible that you can call the very handsomest lodging we have seen in the whole place, the cheapest? Why they asked three hundred francs a month for it, my dear. I really believe you do not know what you are talking about."

"Oh yes, I do, ma'am. I beg your pardon, but I know perfectly well what I am talking about. The Balcony House is three hundred francs a month, and the little hole of a cottage that you talk of, is one hundred and fifty, and such being their respective rents, my opinion most decidedly is, that the Balcony House is the cheaper of the two."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are right after all, as a matter of comparison, which, to be sure, is the only fair way of judging any thing. But, nevertheless, you must allow that three hundred francs a month is a great deal for us to pay for a mere summer lodging, where, of course, we should never, with our present strict plans of economy, think of giving a party."

"Whether you give parties or not, mamma, makes not the slightest difference in the question, which is simply whether it will be best and most prudent, under all the circumstances, to cram your family into such an oven of a place as the cottage, during the vehement heat of a German summer, without the slightest chance of their dismal

imprisonment being enlivened by a single acquaintance, and that for the sake of saving about thirty pounds upon the expenses of the whole year."

"Why, to be sure, Agatha, as you put it," replied her mother thoughtfully, "it does seem almost a pity to deny ourselves what would be so very agreeable, for the sake of thirty pounds upon the whole year, and it is impossible to deny that it would make a wonderful difference in the style of our appearance; and Bertha Harrington certainly does pay a very handsome sum, which of course I know must help us greatly. But I am terrified, Agatha, at the idea of getting into trouble again."

"Nonsense, mamma, there is not the least danger of it," replied Agatha, increasing in energy as she perceived the success of her efforts. "The only real danger of your getting into trouble, as you call it, arises from your not keeping constantly before your eyes, the ruinous mischief which must ever be sure to arise from half measures. Now just observe, for one moment, while the proprietor of this elegant apartment is engaged in shutting up her squalling child, how frightfully great is the danger you will run if you do fall into half measures at this very critical moment. In the first place, the continuance of Bertha Harrington's four hundred a year, of course depends upon her being *decently* lodged and accommodated. In the next, you must be aware that the prospects of Maria and myself depend altogether upon the class of people among whom we take our place in every new circle we get into. How perfectly absurd it would be for us to put down our names at the residence, and transmit to the lady in waiting our letter of introduction to the dowager grand-duchess, with no better address to give than your thirty-shilling a week lodging, next door to the butcher's!—that is what I mean by a half measure, mamma. If we are to lodge next door to the butcher, burn your letter to the duchess, and let us creep in and out of our hole in a manner to be as little noticed as possible. Another half measure, observe, is the absurdity of straining every nerve, and running to the very brink of destruction, in order to obtain elegant dresses, and then to come here and take such a lodging for us, as will give us a very equivocal appearance in point of character if we put them on. If saving up money, ma'am, is really your only object, what you ought to have done was to buy each of us, and yourself into the bargain, two

or three decent-looking colored calico gowns before we left England—they wear an immense while, you know, and would have been as good as new now—a good stout shawl, and a straw bonnet for each of us would have completed our costumes, and *then* we might, with perfect propriety, have taken your favorite lodging next the butcher, and perhaps, as I believe we are rather well-looking girls, we might, if we had any luck, have got up a little flirtation with his sons or nephews."

"Good gracious, Agatha, how you do run on!" replied the fully convinced, yet high-spirited Mrs. Roberts. "As the woman of the house has thought proper to run away and leave us to ourselves, I have not the slightest objection, my dear, to sit here and listen to you, for you express yourself very much in my own style—I mean to say that you speak with a good deal of eloquence and good sense. It is a sort of inheritance, Agatha, and you ought to be thankful for it. But to be quite honest with you, my dear child, I never did really think that poor-looking place would do for us—only, you know, I always consider it right to check your lively imagination a little. However, on the present occasion, I believe we agree tolerably well on the main points of the case, and if this tiresome woman would but come back to take our answer about this dismal place, the best thing we can do, I suspect, will be to return to that abominably dear Balcony House at once, and secure it; for I really cannot trot about all the evening without knowing where I am to lay my weary head at night. I am always ready, Heaven knows, to do all I can for my family, but there is reason in every thing. But you must observe, Agatha, that in taking the Balcony House, I make a great effort for the gratification and advantage of my family, and the high rent must be made up by economy in other things. You and Maria must be very careful about your washing, and I most certainly shall not allow any fruit after dinner, nor any cream, except just for your father and me at breakfast."

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This important discussion being thus happily brought to a conclusion, the mother and daughter descended from the apartment in which they had been left by the civil Alsatian hostess, in order that they might discuss, without interruption, the merits and demerits of her neat little house, and meeting her at the bottom of the stairs in the act of returning to know their pleasure, Mrs.

Roberts announced to her with great dignity that "*Son maison était atominablement petit, et qu'il fallait chercher une autre plus convenable à leur rang.*" The good frau made an extremely low courtesy, not quite sure that she rightly understood what the lady said, but construing, by a sort of instinctive consciousness of disappointment, the repeated noddings of Mrs. Roberts's head into a civil assurance that she liked her house very much, but that, somehow or other, it would not do for her.

The return of the purveying detachment, which had seemed to the party they had left to be most wonderfully long, delayed, was hailed almost with a shout.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Roberts, "what's the news? Are we to stay in this dull, and, doubtless, equally dear house? are we to lodge with the wolves in those dismal-looking woods up yonder? or have you, with your usual cleverness and care for us all, been able to find some tolerably pleasant little lodging, where we may be quiet and comfortable, and save money till the winter and the balls come again?"

This speech was pronounced with so much good humor, and such a very evident intention to be amiable, that Mrs. Roberts, though excessively hot, very tired, and with her conscience in that uncomfortable, irritable sort of state which tends to ill-humor, if not to repentance, could not avoid bestowing about three-tenths of a smile upon him as she replied, "You may be quite sure my dear, that I have not fagged myself into this state for nothing. When I undertake to do a thing I believe I generally do it well. You will neither have to remain in a nasty, cheating, vulgar inn, Mr. Roberts, nor yet will I condemn you to sleep with the wolves. But for mercy's sake give me something to drink. The fatigue I have gone through since I left this house is something past belief!"

"Ring the bell, Maria!" replied the attentive husband, himself hastening to disencumber his panting helpmate from all such parts of her drapery as it was convenient to part with.

"Moselle, my dear?—shall it be moselle?—mixed with a little water, I suppose. I do certainly think that they have got the brightest sunshine here that is to be found any where. It would almost be a relief, wouldn't it, to fix one's eyes for a few minutes upon the deep shade of some of our London streets?"

"Do go and get me a towel, Maria, out

of the bed-room; I feel as if I should die with the heat," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, suiting the action to the word, as soon as the light step of her obedient daughter had procured for her the ample instrument which she required for her relief, and appearing to be greatly relieved after continuing the use of it for some minutes. Agatha, meanwhile, who had shared her labors, though apparently without suffering quite so much from it, contented herself by stretching her length upon the sofa, and regaling herself with a refreshing draught similar to that of her mamma, and obtained by the flattering aid of her brother, who, though by no means particularly famous for waiting upon his sisters, condescended to do so in the present instance, for the sake of indulging in a few whispered inquiries as to the result of the lodging hunting.

"I hope, Agatha," said he, "you have not let my mother indulge in any very violent economical whims in finding a house for us? You don't imagine, I suppose, that I have been enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with my papa all the time you have been away. This costume, you know, is perfectly *comme il faut* for a travelling man of fashion, and adorned as you now see me, I have already found my way into the very centre of the fashion and gaiety of Baden; and a nice place it seems to be; much too elegant, I can tell you, for me to submit to be seen coming out of a barrack by way of a lodging. What sort of a place has she got for us?"

"She has got, or rather, Mr. Edward, I have got, what I conceive to be the most stylish lodgings in the town. I suspect by what I saw as we walked about, that many of the best people stay at the hotels, but I knew it was no good to try for that, so, after a monstrous tough battle, I fairly badgered her out of taking a horrid little house with a parcel of cupboards in it, and now we have got a very genteel-looking concern, I assure you; in short, it is a sort of place that you need not be ashamed of if you happen to make any young man acquaintance that you may like to bring home. I thought of that, I assure you."

"You were quite right, my dear, for more reasons than one," replied her brother, displaying his pretty, regular, and particularly small teeth, by a satirical sort of one-sided smile, which he had for some weeks past been very successfully practising before his mirror—"quite right, 'Gatha; nothing in nature is so horrible as for a fellow to make

play and get into the dwelling of a pretty well-dressed girl with whom he has danced at a ball, and find her esconced in a vulgar one-windowed parlor, looking more like a dungeon than a fitting abode for beauties. Therefore, my dear, though I am vastly obliged to you for my share of your good deeds, I give you credit for sufficient common sense to have made you do all you have done for your own sake or Maria's."

"And I declare to you, Edward, whatever you may think of it," returned his sister, "that the doing what is right and proper by that little dreamy thing, Bertha, had some share in making me stand such a battle against mamma's economy. I do think that she pays enough to give her a right to expect decent lodgings. Don't you?"

"Why, as to that, my dear, I cannot say that my conscience would trouble me if the young lady were lodged in a tea-kettle. Her situation is quite different from that of yourself and Maria. You have both of you got to find husbands, and find them you must, or I shall kill you, for the having a pair of old maids for sisters would be considerably more than I could stand. Yet it is no very easy matter either, though you are pretty looking girls too. But as I suspect that you will have precious little money, and as the daughter of a *ci-devant* banker has no very illustrious rank to distinguish her, I know the thing won't be easy, especially as there are a pair of ye. But as to Bertha, the affair in her case is altogether different. She is already provided for. I have quite made up my mind to marry her, though I certainly do think that she is altogether the most uninteresting little animal that I ever saw in the shape of a young girl. I feel, however, that it is a duty to my family, as well as to myself, and I shall do it. But I do wish she were a little more attractive."

"Surely, Edward, you must allow that she is rather pretty," said his sister.

"I don't know what you mean by *rather pretty*," replied the young man. "Her eyes, nose, and mouth, are all in their right places, I suppose, but there is nothing in the very least degree attractive about her. She is not ugly, certainly, I do not mean to say she is, and I know well enough that her fortune, for a young fellow without title, would make her a capital good match even if she were. So that I have no notion of complaining of what chance has thrown in my way—far from it. I am, on the whole, very well pleased about it. But what I should LIKE, Agatha, if I could have every

thing quite my own way, would be to see her admired by all the men that looked at her; and then you know there would be some fun in snapping my fingers at them all, knowing that I had the game in my own hand. Besides, it would render the love-making, which *must* come some day or other, you know, so much more easy. If I could but see one really fine fashionable fellow admire her, I should begin the business at once. And I think I will venture to say, that I should not be very long before I brought her into a proper frame of mind. But now I confess, I never think of the job without yawning. I positively dread the having to dance with her. But you need not look so frightened, Agatha; I know it must be done, child, as well as you do, and do it I shall, all in good time."

By the time the cautiously muttered conversation between the brother and sister had reached this point, Mrs. Roberts began to find herself in a considerable degree relieved from the superabundant caloric produced by her vehement exertions in the service of her family; and having drained the last drop from her second goblet of moselle and water, and her towel being exchanged for her pocket-handkerchief, she indulged in a sprinkling of eau-de-Cologne, and said, "Now then, sir, you must please to exert yourself a little. You must ring the bell, and order the bill to be brought. You must also see about finding a porter to carry our luggage. The place they are to carry it to is the Balcony House, just before you come to the hotel with the sign of the Black Eagle. That is very easily settled," she continued, after the thoughtful pause of a moment, "we know the worst of it; it will cost us a few francs, and there's an end of the plague of baggage for the next three months or so—but the difficulty lies in finding out how we are to convey *ourselves*. The daylight will last for hours yet, and I can't stay here wasting my time, when I might be settling myself comfortably in our beautiful new lodgings. As far as I am concerned, however, there is no difficulty. I can go wrapped up as I did before. Nobody will know me again, I'll answer for it. But I don't know what to do about the girls. Agatha must give up her mourning bonnet and cloak, I suppose, to Bertha, and without the thick crape veil there will be no safety for her, she is so very striking; and you sir, I am sure I don't know what in the world we are to do with you. Upon my word you are too bad

to be seen, and I really would not have you known again, when we set off properly in our own character, for fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds, my dear! Well, that is a good deal, to be sure, in order to keep a man from being taken for himself. However, you may do with me exactly whatever you like; I am ready and willing to get into a sack, or into a basket, like old Sir John Falstaff, if you can but manage to have me carried along," said Mr. Roberts, with great good-humor.

"There is no joke in it, sir, I can tell you," replied his wife, with a good deal of severity. "What is the use of my exerting myself as I have done, or making such an effort as I must do, in order to enable me to pay for the beautiful lodgings I have taken, if we are all to be brought down *slap* from the air and style of a family of fashion, which, for the sake of my children, I am quite determined to keep up, by your being seen such a figure as you are now?"

"Well, wife, well!" returned the *ci-devant* citizen, giving an expressive look to the sleeve of his coat, which was still a very respectable garment, "I have told you that you may do what you like with me, and so you may, my dear, for I don't care a farthing how you manage it, so that you do but contrive to bring me to the bed I am to sleep in, by ten o'clock or thereabouts, for I really am very tired. But still, though I don't want to oppose you in any thing, I can't help saying, that I do think travelling about has turned your head a little. Why, in Heaven's name, wife, should you set us all up for a *family of fashion*? How can a London banker's family, with seven hundred a year, ever be mistaken for any such thing? A family of fashion means a nobleman's family, as I take it; or, may be that of a wealthy aristocratical Member of Parliament, or that of a long-descended tip-top baronet. But I do not believe, wife, that any body in the whole world ever dreamed of a family like ours being taken for *people of fashion*. I wish you would not say that any more, my dear, because it makes me afraid that we shall all get laughed at."

"You may take my word for it, Mr. Roberts, that you would get laughed at, and most deservedly too, if any body could hear you putting forth such fusty, musty, old-fashioned nonsense, by way of law. All that sort of stuff might have done very well, good man, some half a century ago, but now you might as well expect people to wear full-bottomed cauliflower wigs, pow-

dered white as snow, as listen to such humdrum."

"Well, my dear, I always like best that you should have your own way, because I think it makes us all more comfortable, and therefore I shall never make any objection to your calling yourself a lady of fashion, and all the rest of us a family of fashion, if you like it. But you will not persuade me, nevertheless, Sarah, that we *are*, any of us, at all of the same class as those who are called people of fashion in England."

"And what on earth do you suppose made me decide upon leaving England, Mr. Roberts?" returned his lady, with a very expressive smile, which said, as plainly as a smile could speak, "Silly man! you have stumbled upon the truth without knowing it!" But plain spoken as the smile was, Mrs. Roberts would not trust to it, but rising from her seat, and shaking her garments into proper order for again setting forth into the grayish daylight of Baden-Baden, she said, "Depend upon it, Mr. Roberts, and take it into your mind once for all, that I would have seen all the foreign countries we have passed through already, and all that I intend to pass through into the bargain, one and all of them, swamped and sunk for evermore to the bottom of the sea, before I would have left my English comforts, my tidy store-room, and my stair-carpets, and all the rest of it, to scramble up and down the world as we are doing now, unless I had happened to know from good authority, that we *might* be taken for people of fashion abroad, though we could not at home. You might have known me well enough to be quite sure that I had pretty strong reasons for what I was about. I suppose it is because you don't give yourself the trouble of thinking, Mr. Roberts, or you might have found out yourself, even before we had seen it with our own eyes, by merely listening to those who had done the same thing before us—you might have found out that when a set of English people set off upon their travels, with money enough in their pockets to dress smart, and to make a little show now and then, by driving about like regular *milors*, they very soon get jumbled together both with those above and those below them, so that it is one of the most difficult things in the world for the natives, or even for other English travellers themselves when they are all whirling about together, to find out (if people don't stay too long in one place) who *are* really people of fashion, and who are not. At any rate, it's

the best chance there is for us, and that is quite enough to make me feel that it is my duty to my family to go on as I have begun. And you will think so too, sir, when your children have all made the connexions which I anticipate for them. And now, I hope, you understand what I am about, and no more need be said on the subject."

"If it is all the same to you, my dear," said Mr. Roberts, who had very meekly listened to his lady's long harangue, but who now certainly did look very tired indeed; "and if you could contrive to let me be put into the first set that goes, I shall be very thankful, for, somehow or other, I do feel so sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open. Do manage, my dear, to let me be one of the first."

"First or last, my dear," replied his wife, "you will be the most difficult person to manage of the whole party, you may depend upon that."

"I am sure, Sarah, I am very sorry for it," said the worthy man in the most penitent tone imaginable. "I would do any thing in the world that I could to help you out of your trouble, if I did but know how; but really I do not, any more than if I was a child born yesterday."

"Of course you don't, sir," returned Mrs. Roberts, "we all know that, and what you cannot do for yourself we must do for you. By the bye, Edward, don't you think that your father could put on your Greek cap? the red one I mean, with the blue tassel. You will never wear it here, I'll answer for it, nor your father either, poor man, for, to be sure, he will look queer enough in it, won't he? But if he was to put that on, and just walk with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, he might meet all the fine folks in the place, and defy any one of them to know him afterwards—he that never smokes and never wore a Greek cap in his life. Don't you think it would do, Edward?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," replied her son, "I think he would be perfectly safe. Only, if you please, you must not insist upon my attending upon him in person. He is perfectly welcome to my cap, but I cannot promise for my gravity."

After a few minutes further conversation the matter was settled by Mr. Roberts adopting, with the most scrupulous exactness, the costume above mentioned, and in this guise following his still muffled lady, at the distance of a few yards, till he saw her safely concealed in the Balcony House. He then boldly entered after her, and as

soon as she had deposited him in the hands of the landlady she returned with all speed to the hotel, and having seen the baggage of the party set off before her, she sat about marshalling the young ladies in the most prudent style her fertile imagination could suggest.

During the whole of these domestic discussions and manœuvres, Bertha Harrington had been seated at a little side window of the hotel, which, opening from one of the most obscure bed-rooms in it, commanded a view that made her nerves thrill with delight, and caused her with deep sincerity to bless the benignity of Providence which, notwithstanding her dreadful sufferings, permitted her to feel with all the keenness of youthful sensation, that she had still the power of enjoyment left within her, and that it was only necessary for her to look out upon the lovely face of nature, to taste it. Had poor Bertha suffered less, she would probably have borne with less philosophy the annoyance of being associated with people to whom, with all her gentleness, she found it was quite impossible to attach herself. But the fearful agony which every thought turned back upon her Irish home was sure to bring back with it, and the horrible dread which occasionally occurred to her, that it was possible that her father might command her return, for the purpose of placing her again under the care of her deeply suspected governess, made her shrink from every thought of complaining of her present quarters, or of doing any thing that might suggest the idea of recalling her. Deep sorrow, or indeed vehement emotion of any kind, develops the faculties and the feelings at Bertha's age with wonderful rapidity, and could the mother, so suddenly and mysteriously snatched away from her, have been permitted to look back upon her as she was now, she could hardly have recognized the playful thoughtless creature she had left, in the deeply meditative eye, and the calm and steadfast composure of countenance and demeanor, which her desolate child now exhibited. Poor Bertha! She must by nature have had a loving heart, or she could not have doted on her mother with such fond devotion; but now it would have been difficult to find any human creature, of any sex or age, so thoroughly isolated in feeling, or in a state of such perfect mental solitude as

herself. She thought of all this as she sat alone at the little window of the hotel at Baden: but instead of sinking under the oppressive feeling which this worst species of solitude is sure to produce, she called into action the more than common moral courage with which nature had happily endowed her. She felt that her position was singular and very painful, and that whatever consolation she could hope to find in it must be sought in herself alone. That the poor bereaved girl could, under such untoward circumstances, be conscious that any source of enjoyment still existed for her, was a great blessing; that this consolation presented itself in the innocent shape of enthusiastic love for the beauties of nature, was also a great blessing; but whether the firmness of determination which was mixed with it, and which led her to resolve that she would indulge herself in this without fear and without restraint, however much the doing so might oblige her to insist upon freedom of will to the people among whom she was so strangely thrown—whether this too was likely to be a blessing to her, may be doubted, as it could hardly fail to lead also to some eccentricity of conduct, and this, however innocent in each individual instance, can rarely be indulged in by a youthful female without peril.

At present, however, the absorbing feeling of admiration with which she sat gazing upon the objects visible from the window of the little room into which she had retreated, while the Roberts family were discussing their movements, and the masquerading manner in which they were to be performed, did her nothing but good; for there was that in the landscape which awakened too many fanciful thoughts and memories to leave her any leisure to mourn over the perversity of the destiny which had thrown her into companionship with so much absurdity. From the time the imperial Mrs. Roberts had made it a matter of family notoriety, that her summer plans included a residence of some months at Baden-Baden, Bertha Harrington, who was by no means an ignorant girl for her age, and who already knew pretty nearly as much about this celebrated bathing-place as ordinary books could teach her, had not only fixed her fancy very ardently upon sundry exploring projects, which she fancied would be easily within her reach when she got there; but, as the information was fortunately promulgated before the party left Paris, the young romancer and antiquary

had found time and opportunity to furnish herself with more than one rather recondite volume treating of Black Forest legends, of the fairy lore and diablerie of the *Herrnwiesse*; and though last, not least, (but rather very decidedly of foremost value amongst these new acquisitions,) of every thing she could manage to get at respecting the records of the *HOLY VERME*. This last subject had long ago, while still the happy pupil of her reading mother, taken strong hold of her fancy, and the idea that she was about to pass three long-dayed summer months, when rambling is so easy and delightful, in a region celebrated for having been the stronghold of some of its most mysterious practices, so filled her young head with visions of castles to be visited, and dungeons to be explored, that she had wondrously little attention left for the petty annoyances which surrounded her. The excellent and truly pious resolutions which had arisen during her solemn and solitary walk in Strasbourg cathedral, contributed rather to assist than check the effect of the scenes among which she now found herself, for they led her to cherish every thought and every feeling possessed of sufficient interest to lead her meditations from the fearful theme upon which, as she well knew, she had brooded more than was good for the health either of mind or body. Never, since the terrible event which had caused her banishment from her native land, had Bertha experienced any emotion so nearly approaching to happiness as that produced by the sight of the dark forest, amidst whose shades lay hid the awful dungeons of the secret tribunal. Her mind was in no state to enjoy scenes of gay dissipation, even had she been surrounded by companions as agreeable to her taste as those now around her were the contrary. Pleasure, commonly so called, she felt to be repugnant to her inclination and unsuitable to her condition; but her imagination seemed to have gained all that her other faculties had lost. She longed to turn from what was present, but in which she could take no interest, to what had passed, ages and ages ago, on the spot so widely distant from her native home, and to which accident had thus strangely brought her. And there she sat at the little window, most luxuriously forgetting how she got there, and with her fancy as free from every image connected with the race of Robertses as if none of them had ever been born. There she sat while that high-minded

family were arranging their plans, and there she would most contentedly have sat for hours longer, had not Mrs. Roberts suddenly burst in upon her, in order to summon her to take her place in the procession which had been at length arranged.

Mrs. Roberts always made a point of being very civil to Miss Harrington, and upon this occasion had addressed her in an accent of commiseration, which was quite affectionate.

"Dear me—dear me! I am afraid you must have been moped to death, my dear, sitting here so long all alone," had been her exclamation on opening the door, civilly adding, "but you must please to excuse us all, my dear Bertha, for we have been too busy to have any time left for politeness."

Bertha first started, as if a pistol had been fired off at her ear, and then said, very eagerly,

"Oh, dear, no ma'am, not the least in the world! I have been very happy indeed."

At that moment an idea which had more than once before suggested itself to the sagacious mind of Mrs. Roberts came upon her anew, with all the force of conviction.

"That girl," thought she, "is more than half an idiot; but no mortal living shall ever find it out by my help. Poor dear creature! It will be a mercy to marry her, whether she likes it or not, to the son of such a family as ours, where she will be so sure to be taken care of. Poor dear creature!"

As she mentally breathed this exclamation, Mrs. Roberts felt a pleasing sensation at her heart, not very easy to be accurately defined. She would herself, and quite sincerely, have described it as a feeling of benevolence, arising from the conviction that this weakness of mind in poor dear Bertha, would render her own watchful care of her destiny invaluable, and make the adopting her into the bosom of her happy and highly-gifted family, one of the most amiable acts that ever was performed. Other people might have fancied the agreeable sensation to have taken its rise from a sort of prophetic consciousness that there could be no great difficulty in making such a fool marry whom-ever she chose to put in her way; or the source of this complacent feeling might have been twofold, and compounded, though not quite in equal portions, of both. However this may be, Mrs. Roberts did set off from the hotel to take possession of her nice lodgings in the Balcony House, in

very particular good humor with herself and all the world, and with the happy persuasion that none of the fine people whom she speedily meant to adopt as her intimate friends would ever find out how she got there.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

From the Court Journal.

WHAT a fuss have people made about the lost Pleiad; as if the absence of one star could impair the glory of heaven. Who, on a clear night, thinks the firmament wants lustre? Yet have men passed all its brightness by to look for the one pale spangle, which attracted the gaze of poets and astronomers of old. Thus it is with the things of heaven and earth, that what is lost to us becomes of greater value and importance.

The world of fashion was in despair when Lady Normanville suddenly shot from her glittering sphere. So lovely, noble, wealthy, and admired, what could be her motive for quitting London in May? Say, there were whispers against her reputation, could she not afford to slight them? Was it necessary she should lose the delights of a London season—the triumph of conquest—the incense of adulation—the breath of worship—the enjoyment of all the world can show of luxury and splendor, because a light cloud, which she might have laughed away, began to collect about her name? How absurd to think of burying herself at Dresden, because her husband had taken up with a passion for diplomacy. Why, it was reasoned in the lightest and gayest circles, might not she seek pleasure in her own way, as her eccentric lord was bent on pursuing it in his? She was formed for society; all her friends declared she could not live without it. Had she not departed so hastily, they would assuredly have prevented her making so great a sacrifice. What was a husband in comparison with St. James's, Almack's, the Opera, the brilliant fêtes, the delicious excitement, the ever-varying round of delightful dissipation, that courted her presence in town; and when an Emperor, too, the most magnificent monarch of his age, came to heighten the festivities of the Court, and increase the lustre of the innermost orbit of fashion?

All this wonder was soon changed to pity. The melancholy truth was disclosed before Lady Normanville had left town a week. Ruin had overwhelmed her noble house. The estates were mortgaged, and the debts were enormous. Horses, plate, carriages, furniture, jewels even, must come to the hammer. All the treasures collected with so much cost and care must be dispersed—to be sold without reserve. The auctioneer was a happy man; he could never adequately express his satisfaction at the honor conferred upon him. This wreck of a princely fortune was to him as perfectly providential as a flaw in a will seems to a hungry proctor, or the death of a monarch to the court undertaker. He catalogued the costly articles of art and vertu with the same pleasure that the one files affidavits, and the other chases coffin handles.

Poor Lady Normanville! No one could mention her name without the raising of eyes and the clasping of hands, with a desperate expression of sympathy. Some had foreseen in what such a career of extravagance must end; but still they could not help pitying her. Such a change—to fall from such a height, and to fall so low. Every one pitied her; the feeling became as general and as contagious as influenza. Pity was the prevailing endemic for a fortnight at least. It extended to the servants' hall, and beginning with butlers and ladies' maids, ended at last by even footmen and scullions exclaiming, "Poor thing!"

The luxurious and indolent lady of Hallingdon House, as she reclined on a pile of eider-down cushions, said quite unaffectedly, "How dreadful it must be to live in a German house, with sofas and chairs stuffed as hard and as shining as an oaken floor."

"And worse still," broke in a fair epicure; "think of the misery of a German *cuisine*, with every dish smothered in grease and garlick!"

"How horrible! No balls, and early hours," added a young beauty in her first season.

"I do not know how people can live without company," said an experienced coquette, who had been the cause of a couple of duels and half a dozen separations.

A lovely young Amazon, in hat and habit, with eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing with animation, exclaimed, "No more riding; all her beautiful horses are to be sold. I am sure that would break *my* heart."

"Ah!" sighed they all, intimating that

Lady Normanville's nature must be of a very stony kind, and quite different from their own.

"Well," said the Lydia Languish of the party, in the tone of a judge, who having summed up against a prisoner, points to his wretchedness as a warning to criminals—"well, after all, I will say she's much to be pitied."

The sentence was chorused round with unanimous approval—"Yes, she's much to be pitied."

How false are often the world's verdicts, and the world's estimates of felicity. Splendor is not joy. The circling coronet, that flashes radiance abroad, is known to the wearer only by its pressure on the brain. Act as we will, our existence must still be passed within ourselves. The soul of each being must be the fountain which gives to the waters of life their sweet or bitter flavor. Great but neglected truth! when will mankind be wise enough to nourish it within their breast?

In a room, large and lofty, but very scantily furnished, and utterly destitute of luxuries, sat the much pitied Lady Normanville. There was not much to attract attention within, but without all was sunshine and cheerfulness. The houses in view were large enough to lodge all the generations of a family, from the great-great-grandparents downwards. When in the distance you caught view of the street, you could see the people were not too busy to greet each other as they passed, nor too affected to print on well-loved cheeks a loving kiss. The men did not look worn by toil and anxiety, nor the women faded by care and confinement. Each face, however humble, wore an air of content. A Londoner meeting them would at once have said, "These people are not in haste to be rich:" nor were they; for they thought life had other objects than wealth.

Farther off was a sweet country. Over mountains and plains swept the pure air, entering that room with a grateful rustle through the screen of flowers and plants that shaded the window. Lady Normanville held a child in her arms. Sometimes they looked on each other in silence, and then broke out into romping play. Surely there is a language of the eyes which only mothers know: they speak with it to their offspring before words are understood. The child, with its large, clear, and beautiful orbs, answers to its mother's joy and caresses. When together they are hushed in si-

lence, and seem perfectly still, their eyes meet with glances of intelligence; the mother's soft and liquid with holy love, the infant's sparkling with the joy of existence, and the pleasures of the new and sweet sensations that are continually rising in its heart. Thus for a time they will laugh, play with, and talk to each other, till at last the mother presses the child to her breast, imprints her lips upon its brow, applies to it every term of endearment, and shakes her hand above its lively features. The infant laughs, perhaps stretches out its little hands, and then there is an outburst of delight half stifled in blandishments.

For the moment that child was all the world to Lady Normanville. She did not see standing opposite to her the mild and benevolent face of the good nurse, beaming with satisfaction. She did not see that her lord leant above her, with features reflecting the happiness of her own. Twice had he to touch her shoulder before she looked up, and then he said with pleasant irony,

"This is a dull life for you, Caroline."

"Dull! you are jesting, I know. But I will not have you jest on such subjects. Look, does she not grow a perfect angel?"

For ever blessed be the bonds that unite the past to the present, and bind all the generations of man into one great family. With the self-same feeling that Hector took his child from Andromache's arms, when Troy was an empire, and the forces of the Greeks besieged it, Lord Normanville tenderly held the babe, and brought the cherub-like face to his lips, before he consigned it to the care of the ready nurse. She withdrew, and the noble pair stepped from the window into the open air of the balcony.

"And do you really forgive me, love, for having brought you to this retirement? Reared in splendor, can you be content with a life so quiet and humble?"

"Content!" she answered, "is not that too poor a word to express the bliss I have felt since I had courage to escape from a false position? Charles, before I came here, for two years I never knew one easy moment."

"What, not at that fête of Queens, of which I heard so glowing an account, and where you reigned the chief star of the night?"

"I knew nothing of pure joy there. Some minutes of feverish excitement I tasted, which made my pulses beat quicker; but how unspeakably bitter was the penalty I paid—how dreadful the blight that settled

on my name—how agonizing the persecutions of that bad man, who boasted that he held my reputation, like my jewels, in his power. I dwelt then on the edge of an abyss; and now, Charles, standing here in the glad sunshine, feeling thy heart beat calmly beneath my hand, I look back to that time of peril and anxiety as one does to the hour when in sleep we walked to the edge of a precipice, and woke at the instant that another forward step would have plunged us into the chasm below."

"Yet to me, Caroline, your faith never wavered, though I was the cause of all your sufferings."

"Oh! never, never; it was our mutual love that sustained me. But think how dreadful to live always in the fear of exposure, to have calls made upon my purse I could not meet, yet dared not refuse; often to have at my side a living witness of my disgrace; to hear taunts hurled at others which I knew applied with tenfold greater bitterness to myself; and, at last, to have my fame assailed, the motives of my economy misrepresented. But now let us think of that as a bad dream, and speak of other things."

"Yet, tell me truly, are you happy now?"

"Must I, in very sooth, reveal all my thoughts to you?"

"Yes, for once I must be master of your mind, as you tell me I am of your heart."

"Then I must avow I have one cause of uneasiness."

"That I can remove?"

"Nay, that I know not. It is this. Lately I have observed a cloud upon your brow. You rise early; you are at your desk constantly. I see signs of impatience and care on your features, when you think I do not note you. You are troubled even in sleep. Something, I am certain, has gone wrong with you. The intricacies of diplomacy are new to you; perhaps you have been entangled in them, and designing men have taken advantage of your open nature and clear honor. Is the affair so delicate that I cannot be trusted with it?"

"What, shall I betray to you state secrets! Say, I am vexed, dis—; no, disgraced I cannot be; but overreached. Shall I be easier because my wife knows my simplicity?"

"It is then as I feared. You are too honest to be a match for these old statesmen."

"Hush! my love, I used to think as you do, that diplomacy was a game of craft and

cunning. I am now wiser; in my intercourse with the ministers of all but one state, with which, in truth, I have had little to do, I have found only the most open candor, the purest honor. If I have failed, it must be from my own lack of ability, and not from unfair opposition, not even from want of generous assistance.

"And will you not tell me the cause of your uneasiness? You do not fear to trust your mind with the impressions of your eye. My soul shall be as secret as your own."

"Well, I will be more open to you than Hotspur was with his Kate, though, indeed, if this vexatious affair was not closed, I could not trust it even to your ear. A dispute, disastrous, perplexing, arising out of family matters, and involving all the northern courts, was referred to me for an opinion, as the representative here of England. Had the question, Caroline, been one of territory or of debt, a clear mind might soon have fathomed its intricacies, and have come to a just decision; but here were delicate considerations of personal honor to be adjusted; I had to reconcile opposing feelings, which are much more difficult to soothe than interests. At every step I took to adjust this quarrel, some new and unexpected difficulty rose up before me. My reputation, I saw, depended on my conduct of this delicate affair, and yet I became hopeless of a successful result. In prospect, I saw all my hopes of eminence in diplomacy blasted, while I had to labor unceasingly, and to keep up a constant correspondence with half-a-dozen different cabinets, expecting each hour some angry answer, which would have rendered my toil worse than fruitless, because it would have thrown discredit on my skill. Can you wonder I was uneasy? Had I not a thankless office to fulfil?"

"You had indeed! And the result—that has been unfortunate?"

"Read!"

He handed her a despatch received that morning. It was an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria, expressing in the strongest terms his high sense of the eminent zeal, talents, and honorable feeling Lord Normanville had shown in bringing a most difficult and complicated question to an arrangement entirely satisfactory to all the parties concerned. In this letter, too, there were expressions of personal esteem and regard for his lordship's high character, firmness, and pure sense of justice, as well as of respect for his ability and his services.

It was accompanied with the highest decoration of the empire.

The lady's eyes filled with tears—tears of delicious joy, as she read this tribute to her loved husband's worth. They clasped each other in a dear embrace.

"I am afraid, Caroline," he said, "that your London friends will pity you. The gold of life is never without alloy; if it were, we might become too soft and ductile for its duties."

"Oh, there is no alloy in moments of happiness like this. I never felt so blest as in this hour. What can those want who possess the most precious gifts of Heaven—love and honor?"

Upon that scene of exquisite pleasure it is fit that our curtain should fall.

UMBRA.

BOWEN'S SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

From the Examiner.

Critical Essays on a Few Subjects connected with the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy. By Francis Bowen, A.M. Williams, Boston (United States).

It is questionable if an Englishman is in a proper condition to judge of this book, which consists of a number of Essays originally published in the *Christian Examiner* and the *North American Review*, mainly to attack what is called "Transcendentalism" in the United States. To an actual reader of German philosophy the author will hardly appear to have grasped the grander subjects of speculative philosophy, or to have seen the difficulties involved in the system he has adopted. But it is not according to a German standard, that Mr. Bowen's book should be judged. The book of an accomplished, acute, and thoughtful man, we are to consider the circumstances in which it has been written.

Of American "Transcendentalism" we have read little; but from that little, and the knowledge of divers phenomena connected with it, we fancy that we know sufficiently the sort of thing it is. No authors require a more careful study than the German philosophers. They may not be read and put down, like a volume of Paley or

Locke, and there an end. They must be worked into—*lived* into. He who undertakes to read Hegel must make up his mind to a task which will more or less occupy his thoughts for years. He will at first stagger on, as though, with a very indifferent knowledge of some foreign language, he should attempt a book in that language with no dictionary at hand; but if light does not gradually break upon him—if he does not find himself possessed of new and extraordinary ideas, though he may not have penetrated to the meaning of every phrase of the writer—we are greatly mistaken. This difficulty, subtlety: call it by the improper term of “mysticism,” if you please: which distinguishes the German philosophers, we do not mean here to attack or defend. It is sufficient for our purpose that it exists.

At the same time, however, that the Germans are so difficult to comprehend; and require so much greater attention than an active population like the English cares to bestow on any thing; they contain many incidental thoughts which can be picked up with comparatively little reading, and serve best to dazzle an unreflective multitude. Hegel, in particular, abounds with brilliant “bits” which the merest block-head can turn to account: while even to get a faint notion of the organization of his system, requires an intensity of purpose, and a silent love of the subject, which, in an unspeculative country, might almost amount to what Socrates would call a *θεῖα μοῖρα*.

Unfortunately, silence is the very thing which the pretenders to a knowledge of German philosophy detest. Noise seems the final cause of their existence. A few pages of Kant enable them to come forward with immense rhodomontades about “categorical imperative,” “phenomena,” noumena,” &c., &c., &c. It has thus been the ill fortune of German philosophy to find nominal disciples in those who know least about it, and who have labored hardest to bring their idol—to themselves, but a veiled idol after all—into utter contempt.

How often have we not heard eccentric folly and want of logic ascribed to a too great study of German philosophy, when the error really lay in the recklessness and ignorance of the *soi disant* disciple! Close, cautious, patient Immanuel Kant! what trash has not been uttered in thy name by those to whom thy *Critique* was as deep a mystery as a Babylonish brick!

Even the cleverest people fall into the er-

ror of passing themselves off as deep philosophers. Possessed of a trifling unscientific knowledge of a system, they are prepared to declaim upon it before mixed audiences. But it is a very different thing to be a scientific speculator; and an orator on a system, or part of a system, found elsewhere. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Bowen's countryman, seems to be a case in point. His essays abound with brilliancies, and with acute isolated thoughts; but either he has no system, or his system must be sought out of himself. The late Mr. Coleridge, taken apart from his exquisite poetry, was an instance in this country of an utterer of brilliancies based on something picked up from other philosophers, and very imperfectly digested. Even Victor Cousin has a good deal more the appearance of an orator on philosophy than of a philosopher himself. His learning is no proof to the contrary. We may read all the Greeks and all the Germans, but till we have re-constructed what we have read, or constructed something new, we are no more speculative philosophers, than he who has a collection of natural curiosities, and knows their names, is an adept in natural science.

Mr. Bowen's book is essentially polemic, and is apparently directed, as we have said, against a class of orators on philosophy who have become prevalent at Boston under the name of “Transcendentalists.” Considered as an attack on this class, for their arrogant pretension, and hasty contempt of Locke—for such we assume to be among their characteristics—the work is managed with remarkable skill. Nothing could be neater or more clear than Mr. Bowen's brief exposition of Kant's system, under the head of “Kant and his Philosophy.” And in warning his public against the flashy semblance of religion which the “Transcendentalists,” are in the habit of assuming, he discovers not a little acumen and shrewd detection of empty show.

Excellent service has Mr. Bowen also done his countrymen, in his earnest suggestions, and efficient illustration, of the value of a simple and unaffected style. He writes with a clearness, force, and animation, of which his papers on Locke and Berkeley may be named as admirable examples. We propose to close with some remark on matters of dissent between ourselves and Mr. Bowen; but we must first show he well he writes, and what various and interesting points are touched on in his thoughtful little volume.

PHILOSOPHICAL LANGUAGE.

"A painting may be *true* to nature, when the whole composition is ideal, and no archetype is to be found in the works of creation. We say, that Shakspeare does not violate *truth* in his most imaginative creations—in his Calibans and Ariels—his witches, fairies, and ghosts. But the reference is to the *keeping* of the portraiture, to its consistency with itself. Philosophical truth, of which the subject is man and the end is action, is the exhibition of things as they are, and demands the utmost severity of expression. The value of a principle consists in its unity and entireness. An error in part vitiates the whole. Algebraic simplicity of language is therefore required in its enunciation. All truths are linked together by innumerable relations into an infinite series, the complete exhibition of which would constitute the only perfect scheme of philosophy."

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

"Philosophy and theology are sister sciences, so closely allied, that it is often difficult to determine the boundaries between them. Every person must hold some opinions relative to each, and these opinions form two mutually dependent creeds, that are in a greater or less degree peculiar to himself, and of which the action and reaction are so nearly equal, that it is often difficult to determine which is the parent of the other. Every theory respecting the origin and first principles of human knowledge must bear a close relation to that subject, on which of all others knowledge is the most important—the doctrine of God, duty, and immortality."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

"The fascination of Berkeley's private manners aided the power of his moral character, in acquiring the friendship of distinguished individuals. Promotion in the church was thrust upon him by enthusiastic patrons, though not so frequently as he contrived to evade or decline it. The universal satirist changed the burden of his theme to praise, and ascribed

'To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.'

Warmly attached from sentiment and conviction to the leading party in the state, whose principles and measures he actively supported with his pen, he never lost the private friendship of his political opponents, nor was he ever compelled, in matters relating to politics, to defend himself against assaults in print. The moral beauty of his life silenced calumny, and deprived envy of its power to wound. Swift laughed at the metaphysical vagaries of his friend, but, contrary to his usual practice, the ridicule was gentle, and had no effusion of bitterness or scorn. Addison made converts among his Whig friends to his love for Berkeley; and the turbulent Jacobite, Atterbury, after an interview that he had solicited, gave his opinion,

that 'so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman.'

"The accomplishments of this remarkable man were more various than are often found united in an individual. A profound classical scholar, the quiet Platonism of his metaphysical writings attests his constant study of the master mind in Grecian philosophy. His acquaintance with the exact sciences enabled him to maintain a controversy with the ablest mathematicians of his time. A love for the fine arts, which he cultivated during his travels in France and Italy, added to the graces of his conversation, and promoted the union of a rich fancy and an elegant imagination with the severer qualities of his written style. On a single occasion only he tried his abilities in verse, and the attempt was inspired by his heroic scheme of benevolence relating to this country. Recollecting that the lines were written a century ago, the last stanza seems to present again the old combination of the poetical and prophetic character:

'Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already passed,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.'"

A PLEA FOR PERPETUAL COPYRIGHT.

"The opponents of the natural right rest their argument on the analogy between the making of a book and the invention of a machine. Yet the distinction between the two cases is perfectly obvious. The duration of a patent right is properly limited to a term of years, because it is very possible, that, within this time, another person may hit upon the same invention. No monopoly is justifiable, that deprives the community of an article, which they would otherwise have enjoyed. If Faust and his associates had never lived, the invention of the art of printing could not have been delayed for many years. If Watt had not effected his improvement of the steam-engine, our countryman Perkins, or some other ingenious mechanic, would doubtless have accomplished the same end. The latter cannot be barred of his right for ever, because the former anticipated him by a short period; for, in civilized society, no rights can be enjoyed, that are not compatible with the equal rights of others. The natural duration of a patent is the time by which the first inventor has anticipated the second. As this period cannot be accurately ascertained for each case, an arbitrary portion of time is selected, that may be considered as the average interval between the first and second invention. But this reasoning is wholly inapplicable in the case of authorship, for there is no possibility, humanly speaking, that two men, without concert or knowledge of each other's labors, should chance upon making the same book. If John Milton had not written *Para-*

disc Lost, it never would have been written. If Shakspeare had not lived, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello* would never have been represented. The public lose nothing, therefore, by the perpetuity of the author's privilege, for they are wholly indebted to him for the work; as they never could have enjoyed it without his agency, he has a perfect right to dictate the terms on which it shall be received. If he chooses to keep the manuscript in his desk, instead of printing it, they cannot wrest it from him. If he prefers to publish it, the act is a benefaction to the community, of greater or less value, in proportion to the importance of the work. But they cannot make the partial gift a total one, and insist on receiving the book upon their own terms; any more than they can take by force from the mechanic an article, which he has completed with his own hands, assigning him whatever value they see fit in exchange. The right of an individual to the products of his manual labor, and that of an author to the fruits of his mental toil, rest upon precisely the same footing; they do not abridge any previously existing rights of the public. By natural law, then, the exclusive and perpetual privilege of the writer is demonstrable."

If on the other hand, passing from these evidences of a well-stored, intelligent, and highly cultivated mind (in which the volume abounds), we consider Mr. Bowen's essays as contributions to the study of speculative philosophy itself, and not as mere treatises on certain spurious manifestations of that philosophy, we must confess that they appear to us of less value. Kant having been set up as a sort of idol by the "Transcendentalists," it is against Kant that the attack is most frequently directed. As the Americans have got very little beyond Kant, and Hegel is not much more than a name among them, we presume that Kant is the American representative of what is called German philosophy. Fichte makes his appearance in the title of one of Mr. Bowen's essays, but it is only as the author of that work on revelation which was attributed to Kant, and which preceded his own system. Now we think that, instead of attacking Kant, Mr. Bowen might have waged a more successful war against his arrogant "Transcendentalists," by proving, as once he seems inclined to do, that there is after all no great difference between the philosophical results of Kant and Locke.

Mr. Bowen takes up the cause of the Empirists, and deduces every thing from sensation and reflection; and yet, strange to say, he finds fault with Kant for not allowing speculation to be employed about

things that lie beyond the reach of experience. That this merely subjective result of Kant should dissatisfy a Hegelian who attaches an objective value to thought, is a matter of course; but that the Empirist should struggle against it, seems to betray a non-acquaintance with the consequences of his own system. Novalis acutely remarked of the *Wissenschaftslehre*—the technical name given to Fichte's system, which makes all sensation only a passivity of the *ego*—that it was the only consistent Empirism. A sensation teaches us that we have a sensation, nothing more; and there is nothing in mere Empirism that will take us beyond it. Reflection, in Locke's system, acquaints us with the operations of our own minds—nothing more; and as these are the only two sources, the *ego* remains locked up in its own limits, and cannot stir out of them. Mr. Bowen would save this consequence, by observing that we get our knowledge *through*, not *from*, sensation.

This is very well for him who has already assumed an external world, either by faith or some other method; but it is no consequence of Empirism. The sensation is all that is manifested to the Empirist of what he calls the external world, but he has no means of getting on the other side of it to distinguish the source from the medium: the "from" from the "through." If he assumes an undefined something, he is in the condition of Kant; and Mr. Bowen would do well to consider whether there is any great difference between the substance of Locke, as cited at page 140 of his volume, and the Thing in itself (*Ding an sich*) of Kant. Whether Locke *thought* this or that is of very trifling importance in a philosophical point, however it may concern his biographer. The question is whether his doctrine implicitly contains such and such results.

Much of Mr. Bowen's book is occupied with proving the non-identity of Locke and Condillac. The men and the articles of their faith were doubtless different, but it does not follow that one is not a legitimate consequence of the other. Locke, consistently pursued, never takes us out of the world of experience; and Kant pins us down to it, except when he appears in the character of a moral postulator, and then he avowedly contributes nothing to theoretical knowledge. The spur which he gave to speculative philosophy—as for instance, by the antagonism in the results of pure

reason—was an indirect one; his only object being to limit. And it is this indirect influence, which threw open the door to new speculation, and not his own limiting tendency, that divides him from Locke.

It is that limit, let us also add, which seems to displease Mr. Bowen; yet he is disposed to resist any attempt to introduce objective thought, by which alone the limit can be passed. The arguments used by the old metaphysicians to prove, *à priori*, the existence of a God, he impugns with great severity; adopting the mode of reasoning employed by Kant in combating what is called the ontological proof. The conception of a Deity, as a perfect being, involves the attribute of existence, and therefore God exists. This is the argument of Anselm of Canterbury.* Kant denies that the subjective presence of such an idea is any proof of its objective existence, and Mr. Bowen denies it too. At the same time, with his predilection for Paley, he would set up the physico-theological argument as of great value, and here Kant and he are essentially at variance.

The fact is, that unless there be identity, harmony, or whatever it may be, between thought and being, all speculation beyond the limits of experience is nought; and we must remain in the limits of Kant, whether or not we like his table of categories. If a necessary *à priori* thought, forced upon us by the condition of our minds as reasonable beings, and not by constitutional peculiarity, is utterly without objective value, why, when we look upon the face of the world, and say we are forced to acknowledge a design, should this state of being "forced" have more objective value than the *à priori* method? It is very strange that the demonstrative mode should be repudiated as leading to a mere abstraction, and the *à posteriori* mode adopted as leading to something more concrete. The *à priori* method, or the development of any single conception, begins indeed with that which is most abstract, but ought to become concrete in its progress. The *à posteriori* method is merely the arbitrary supplying of a deficiency left by inductive science: and we cannot see how natural theology, in the Paley sense of the word, is capable of an advance. A peal of thunder is heard. "That is because God pleases," says the ignorant rus-

tic. "That is on account of certain electrical causes, which show the wisdom of God," says the *learned* physico-theologist. Wherein is the latter, who, as it were, places the Deity behind his electricity, which he cannot account for, better than the former, who places Him immediately behind the thunder? With both the Deity begins where their knowledge ends.

Much of what we have written may seem to be written hastily, as we have not space to consider this important subject at its proper length. But we wish to convey the impression, that physical theology has been shining for a long time with a borrowed lustre. If the absolute condition of our having thinking minds did not lead us to the infinite, when we allowed thought free play; or if positive religion did not come in to the aid of those who are not inclined to speculation; we should get very little theology out of our geology, chemistry and botany. It was the unexpected combination of material and spiritual in philosophic reasoning, which we so warmly welcomed in the wise little volume, recently published, of *Vestiges of Natural Creation*.

DR. WIGAN'S DUALITY OF THE MIND.

From the Spectator.

THE object of Dr. Wigan's work is to prove that the two hemispheres of the cerebrum or true brain are two organs, not different, but double or *dual*, like the eyes, the hands, and so forth. And the Doctor holds, that although their action is united in a healthy and vigorous state, especially in the case of a well-trained person, yet that each brain is capable of receiving separate impressions, as the two hands may be differently occupied at once, or as we may see a distinct object with each eye. To this alleged constitution of the brain Dr. Wigan attributes many mental phænomena. In fact, by means of it, *he* resolves all the puzzling moral and metaphysical questions that may arise between raving madness and the sound mind of the well-constituted, well-educated, mathematical and classical scholar. The scholar exhibits both hemispheres of the brain, (or, in Dr. Wigan's phrase,) both brains in a healthy state, the weaker brain in a perfect submission to the stronger; in the raving maniac, *without lucid in-*

* It is not designed here to urge the validity of Anselm's argument. He is merely mentioned because he seems to be the founder of the old *à priori* system.

termission, he considers that both brains are completely diseased. All intermediate stages display, he conceives, a conflict more or less between the stronger and weaker of the healthy and diseased cerebrums. In the case of vast numbers whose constitution is sound, whose education has been good, and whose circumstances are easy, the conflict may be rare or slight; but the struggle is often going on with most men of nervous temperament, or of pursuits in which imagination predominates over rigid reality, or persons of bad habits, who are continually doing things they know to be wrong, and are sorry for when done. It is upon this principle Dr. Wigan explains the difficulty which most of us have felt at some time or other of fixing the attention upon one subject; the efforts we have to make, and often uselessly, to expel thoughts that will intrude themselves; and the actions we frequently hear of as being unwillingly committed by the perpetrator, even at the time of their perpetration. On the theory of the double brain he also resolves many cases of gross hypocrisy, detected at last to the wonder of the neighborhood; or sudden change of character in advancing life, when the respectable pattern man breaks out to the horror of his friends. The hypocrite, unable, or probably unwilling to try to resist the impulses of his diseased brain, has merely concealed his doings; the other has actually subdued the instigations of his weaker brain by the power of the stronger, till disease or some subtle constitutional change has given the ascendancy to the weaker organ. In the same way, Dr. Wigan would resolve many phenomena of the mind; we believe we might say all, up to the insane who controls his weaker half upon all points save one, to the madman who carries on a double conversation between his two brains—which conversations Dr. Wigan seems to think would often show a continuous train of thought on one side, if they were analyzed.

The proofs offered by Dr. Wigan of his views are various. Some are drawn from analogy,—as the general duality of the frame in eyes, limbs, and other organs; and the dual or double character of the germ of the brain in the fœtus. Others are derived from the anatomy or morbid anatomy of the brain; of which the most cogent are, the numerous instances of the mind remaining clear and apparently entire to the last, when one hemisphere of the brain has been de-

stroyed or is in such a state of structural alteration that a healthy function was impossible; whilst it is maintained by anatomists, in the words of Mr. Solly, “that there are no cases on record in which the mental faculties have remained undisturbed when the disorganization has extended to both sides of the brain.” Other of Dr. Wigan’s arguments are inferences drawn from mental phenomena; which cannot, however, be received as proofs, (at least in the present state of the question,) though they may stand as probable speculations. The last class of reasons are derived from the writings of eminent medical authors, who have treated on the subject of the mind,—as Dr. Conolly, Dr. Holland; and it is certainly singular to see how closely they often run upon Dr. Wigan’s view, but stop short of it, or, in his words, create “a stumbling-block instead of a bridge.” This is very curiously the case with Dr. Holland; to whom the book is dedicated. In his *Medical Notes and Reflections*, that celebrated physician observes—

“It has been a familiar remark, that in certain states of mental derangement, as well as in some cases of hysteria, which border closely upon it, there appear, as it were *two minds*; one tending to *correct* by more just perceptions, feelings, and volitions, *the aberrations of the other*, and the relative power of the two influences varying at different times.”

“At this point I concluded that the author had arrived at the same result as myself, his previous arguments having so logically led to it; when, to my great surprise, he suddenly turns away from the direct path, and proceeds as follows—

“Admitting the general truth of the description, as attested by many and curious examples, the fact may be explained in some cases by the coexistence before the mind [*the mind!* when he has just shown that there are two] of real and unreal objects of sense, each successively the object of belief; a phenomenon possibly itself depending on the doubleness of the brain, and of the parts ministering to perception, though we cannot obtain any certain proof that such is the case. But this explanation will not adequately apply to the instances where complete trains of thought are perverted or deranged, while others are preserved in sufficiently natural course to become *a sort of watch on the former.*”

The practical conclusions Dr. Wigan would draw from his alleged discovery are not so fully handled as his arguments of proof. Indeed, they do not from their nature admit of so elaborate a detail, depending much upon individual application, even

if the duality of the mind was established. They are, however, twofold—educational and medical. In the educational part, we are to strengthen in youth the healthier mind by proper studies and training; but as nothing specific is as yet deduced, it really amounts to little more than “train up a child in the way he should go.” In the medical phase, Dr. Wigan would direct attention to the bodily state of the patient in all cases of eccentricity or apprehended insanity, to discover if possible the latent disorders which may be inflaming the brain. In these conclusions, however, Dr. Wigan stops short of some phrenologists; holding criminals responsible until they can clearly be pronounced insane. He also considers that the control of one brain by the other is very different from the control of our propensities and passions by the understanding and moral sentiments; as, we assume, many men seem badly disposed *ab initio*, and have a *unity* of mind in the practice of vice. The Doctor also admits, that although many cases of incipient “madness spelt with a. b” could be cured by restraint and treatment, when the change in the character is first taking place, yet that the present state of the law will rarely allow of such means being resorted to.

To those who make a trade of jesting, Dr. Wigan's idea of “the duality of the mind” offers jokes almost ready-made. It is an obvious smartness to advise a suitor to whisper into the inflammable brain, or a petitioner of any kind to get on the weak side. The author is equally obnoxious to fun by the manner in which he occasionally overrides his hobby,—undertaking any thing with his dual principle; and his book is undoubtedly faulty in a logical point of view, by the way in which he presses facts into his service that really have little connection with the conclusion sought to be established, as well as by assuming as certain, things which cannot from their nature rise beyond inference. Dr. Wigan, however, has advanced enough to recommend his view to the consideration of the metaphysical anatomist and physician—the only persons who can favorably pursue the theory by comparing the last characteristics of the mind with the appearance of the brain after death.

Bating some passages of surplusage or almost useless verbiage, *The Duality of the Mind* may be described as a collection of striking cases of morbid anatomy, connected with brain disease, as well as of singu-

lar instances of insanity and mental aberration. With these subjects are interspersed many anecdotes and remarks connected with the manners and feelings of mankind, such as a retired physician may be supposed to have picked up in the course of a long and varied practice; and these are told with the pleasant garrulity of three-score, though often with that force of style which arises from vividness of impression and earnestness of purpose. The theory, however, is not much indebted to Dr. Wigan for the manner of its exposition; which is overloaded with extraneous matter, and even with extraneous topics, marking the old gentleman to whom composition and the arrangement of a controverted subject are new employments. Some of these errors the author candidly acknowledges in the preface.

“There are occasional negligences [says he] which ought to have been avoided, and tautology that in offending the ear is not compensated by additional force and clearness. There are also some errors in the succession of the paragraphs and chapters, and repetitions of inferences which had been already drawn and established.

“The last fault, however, is not always unintentional: whenever the facts, arguments, and illustrations, seemed to lead naturally to the conclusion, I have not hesitated to proceed to it at once, although aware that, in other chapters of the book, I had already drawn the same inferences, perhaps in the same terms, from dissimilar facts, imparal-
lel arguments, and totally different illustrations.

“I know by experience, that works of this kind are rarely read consecutively, and therefore do not trust to the desultory reader the task of drawing the conclusion from the whole collocation of evidence. The few men of science who may carefully peruse the book from titlepage to colophon, will, I hope, see enough to convince them that the defects arise rather from an unpractised pen, than from ignorance of the subject, or of the proper mode of treating it, did time and leisure admit of recasting the whole. Should the public be sufficiently interested by the novelty and importance of the theory to call for a second edition, I will endeavor to remove them.”

There may be some truth in what Dr. Wigan advances respecting the general reader; but we think the surest way is to make the best book possible, and compactness in scientific exposition is one of the means. A good deal of the volume, however, has no direct bearing upon the question proposed to be established; though, as these passages sometimes furnish the most

amusing parts, we shall take our extracts indiscriminately. The following is from a chapter devoted to the subject of over-education, especially in precocious children.

WILLIAM PITT AT BELLAMY'S.

Knowing these things, having witnessed the miserable consequences, I could not read the correspondence between William Pitt and his father without a feeling allied to terror. Never did man go so near to destroy the intellect of his son by over-excitement as that arrogant, unreasonable and imperious, and much overrated man, the great Earl of Chatham, as he is called. "Courage, my son," said he, in one of his letters, when the poor lad was complaining of the enormous variety of topics urged on his attention; "Courage, my boy; remember there is only the Cyclopædia to learn." William Pitt was very near falling a sacrifice to his father's ambition. Great as were his talents, I do not doubt that they would have been much greater had they been more slowly cultivated; and he might have attained the ordinary term of human life, instead of his brain wearing out his body at so early an age. To see him, as I have done, come into Bellamy's after the excitement of debate, in a state of collapse, that with his uncouth countenance gave the air of insanity, swallow a steak, without mastication, and drink a bottle of port wine almost at a draught, and be then barely wound up to the level of ordinary impulse—repeat this process twice, or, I believe, even three times in the course of the night—was a frightful example of over-cultivation of brain before it had attained its full development. So much had its excitability been exhausted by premature and excessive moral stimuli, that, when his ambition was sated, it was incapable of even keeping itself in action without the physical stimulants I have spoken of. Men called the sad exhibition the triumph of mind over matter: I call it the contest of brain and body, where victory is obtained at the sacrifice of life.

FEIGNED MADNESS READILY DETECTED.

The best actor that ever lived would be detected in an hour's examination by a medical man of moderate experience and ordinary sagacity. Having been several times placed in this situation, I know the facility of detecting such assumption; it is much greater than that of detecting the real illness of a soldier who dislikes the compound nitre powder and leaden pills of the battle-field, or of the man drawn for the militia and claiming the benefit of some defect or disease as a ground of exemption.—In both these cases there is sometimes serious difficulty, which when decided against the applicant, leaves on the mind a very painful dread of having committed an injustice: but in fictitious insanity there is no such doubt; every one attempting the deception *overdoes* the character; he only knows the grosser outlines

of such cases, and in his attempt to fill them up he often *reverses the shadows*. It is, besides, impossible to keep up the character when the muscles of the face become fatigued; and if closely watched, and his attention suddenly called to another subject, he has not the madman's rapidity of transition; before there is time for consideration and decision, he has let fall the mask and is detected. Even the sullen look of melancholic requires a painful effort of the muscles of the face which cannot be long kept up voluntarily. There is, I think, no danger whatever of success in any such attempt at deception, if the case be referred, as it ought to be, not to insulated individuals, but to a medical jury—conducting the examination in their own way in private, and not in the present absurd mode of cross-examination in public before men necessarily ignorant—not merely ignorant of the best mode of ascertaining the fact, but wanting even the rudiments of that preliminary knowledge which is a small but essential part of the investigation; and besides, ignorant of the habits, modes, and peculiarities of mental aberration. The judge and counsel are generally almost as incompetent on these subjects as the jury, and quite as incapable of an enlightened decision.

We formerly remarked upon the late Sir HENRY HALFORD'S successful trial of SHAKSPERE'S test of madness. Dr. WIGAN thinks it the only true one, in very difficult cases.

"The difficulty of *recalling* a train of thought is, I believe, one of the invariable accompaniments of insanity, for it is an act in which both brains are concerned. Shakspeare, who seems to have known by a kind of intuition what it takes other men enormous mental labor to acquire, makes Hamlet say—

... 'bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambol from.'

I cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, or social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series; to repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person, is, I believe, always impossible in the very mildest case of insanity. The point where this inability begins, however difficult to ascertain exactly, has always seemed to me the point at which strict responsibility for our actions ceases, and the exercise of restraint by others becomes a right and a duty."

To the principle of the dual brain our author attributes the power possessed by

lunatics of concealing their delusions; though the effort is so painful that it is seldom long-continued.

"In the case of positive insanity of one brain, the trouble of controlling it by the other may be, and most frequently is, a painful effort, only to be undertaken through the influence of some strong motive, as, for example, that of obtaining liberty. Such a man can for a time *wind himself up*, as it were, and determine that the notions of the disordered brain shall not be manifested. Many instances are on record similar to that told by Pinel, where an inmate of the Bicêtre, having stood a long cross-examination, and given every mark of restored reason, signed his name to the paper authorizing his discharge Jesus Christ, and then went off into all the vagaries connected with that delusion. In the phraseology of the gentleman whose case is related in an early part of this work, he had 'held himself tight' during the examination, in order to attain his object; this once accomplished, he 'let himself down' again, and if even *conscious* of his delusion, could not control it. I have observed with such persons that it requires a considerable time to wind themselves up to the pitch of complete self-control, and that the effort is a painful tension of the mind. When thrown off their guard by any accidental remark, or worn out by the length of the examination, they *let themselves go*, and cannot gather themselves up again without preparation. Lord Erskine relates the story of a man who brought an action against Dr. Munroe for confining him without cause. He underwent the most rigid examination by the counsel for the defendant without discovering any appearance of insanity, till a gentleman asked him about a princess with whom he corresponded in cherry-juice, and he became instantly insane. This was in Westminster; and by the strange anomalies of law he was enabled to bring another action in the city of London, when he had so completely wound himself up to the 'sticking-place,' that it was quite impossible to elicit the slightest evidence of insanity, and the cause of justice was only obtained by permission to record the evidence taken in Westminster. Another similar case is related by Lord Erskine, which was detected by addressing the patient as the Saviour of the World; till he heard which he had given perfectly rational answers during many hours of cross-examination. Another case occurred at Edinburgh, where a gentleman, under a process similar to our writ of lunacy, was about to be dismissed for lack of proof, when a witness, who had been detained till the last moment by an accident, came into court and asked him what news from the planet Saturn; he instantly relapsed into incoherence, and gave evident proofs of insanity."

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF PUSEYISM.

From the Edinburgh Review.

This Article becomes necessary to complete the history of Puseyism, up to this time, being, as will be remembered, a continuation of an article published in July, 1843.—ED.

1. *Narrative of Events connected with the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times,' with Reflections on existing Tendencies to Romanism, and on the present Duties and Prospects of Members of the Church.* By the Rev. William Palmer, M. A. Svo. Oxford: 1843.
2. *The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent. A Sermon preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Easter.* By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew. Svo. Oxford: 1843.
3. *Dr. Pusey and the University of Oxford: A Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.* By the Rev. J. Garbett, M. A. Svo. London: 1843.
4. *Some Remarks on the Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Pusey, lately preached and published at Oxford.* By Samuel Lee, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. 1843.
5. *An Essay on the Miracles Recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages.* By John Henry Newman, B. D. Svo. Oxford: 1843.
6. *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda, de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi. Nunc primum typis mandata, curante Johanne Gage Rokewode.* Londini. Sumptibus Societatis Camdenensis. 1840.—*Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond. Translated, with Notes, and an Introduction.* By J. E. Tomlins, Esq. Svo. London: 1844.
7. *The Lives of the English Saints.*—1. *The Life of St. Stephen, Abbot, Founder of the Cistercian Order.*—2. *The Family of St. Richard the Saxon.*—3. *St. Augustine of Canterbury.* 12mo. London: 1844.
8. *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford 'Tracts for the Times.' Supplement, (Part 9.* Svo. London: 1844.
9. *The Ideal of a Christian Church, considered in comparison with existing Prac-*

tice; containing a Defence of certain Articles in the 'British Critic,' in Reply to Remarks in Mr. Palmer's Narrative. By the Rev. W. G. Ward, M. A., Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford. London: 1844.

10. *A Charge to the Clergy of Dublin and Glandelagh, delivered in June, 1843.* By Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. *To which is appended a Petition to the House of Lords, praying for a Church Government.*

THERE seems abundant reason to conclude that that fair structure of 'Catholicism,' which the ecclesiastical architects of Oxford have been some years so diligent in rearing, is in a condition of what is called instable equilibrium. Sundry symptoms of this have lately disclosed themselves, and justify the suspicion that, in resting it on tradition and antiquity, its builders have selected an unhappy foundation. The fabric already leans visibly from the perpendicular, and schismatical rents and fissures appear in it from top to bottom.

Since we last called the attention of our readers to the curious phenomenon, popularly named 'Puseyism,' some important events have occurred in its history on which, we trust, our readers will be neither surprised nor displeased at our venturing to offer some remarks—having already indicated our opinion, that the phenomenon itself is one of the most remarkable of modern times.

During the years 1842–43, symptoms of a more energetic reaction against the doctrines of the Oxford school had unequivocally manifested themselves. A considerable number of the Bishops, much to their honor, and, we will even add, with much magnanimity, considering the soothing flatteries and obsequious professions of obedience, of which the 'Tracts' were full, expressed themselves with various degrees of severity against its characteristic doctrines—with undisguised alarm at its obvious tendencies. Simultaneously with their Charges and Sermons, appeared a number of very valuable publications from the pens of private authors; while, at the same time, the periodical press opened a fiercer, and, in some instances, unexpected fire. A few weeks after our own, not very brief, observations on the subject, an article of equal length appeared in a great southern contemporary,* in which the *spirit* of the Oxford

school was denounced as essentially Romanist, and not a few of its most cherished symbols and ceremonies (recovered from 'Catholic antiquity,' with so much zeal and assiduity) profanely designated 'fooleries!'

But these attacks from without were contemporaneous with yet more fatal signs of disunion from within. It was a more easy task to originate the movement, than to control it. Those tendencies, which were not obscurely indicated to every man of moderate sagacity, even in its earlier stages—which Protestants proclaimed with dread, and Romanists hailed with triumph, and which were denied by none but those who had an interest in denying them—came gradually into fuller play. It soon appeared that, in this, as in other cases, pretensions to 'Catholic unity' were not incompatible with the widest diversities of opinion; and that the amplest scope was unhappily permitted to the exercise of private judgment, in determining what is that only system of Catholic truth—which always and for ever excludes it!

All this is strikingly illustrated in the curious 'Narrative' of Mr. Palmer, himself one of the originators of the Oxford movement. He shows that, even during the publication of the 'Tracts,' there were some of their advocates who were very uneasy at the successive 'developments' of Catholic doctrine; who felt qualms and fears which they scarcely managed to suppress, and preached lessons of moderation which were never listened to. But these 'developments' were far outdone by those which afterwards appeared in the *British Critic*, and which at length compelled the long-enduring Mr. Palmer to break silence. That Journal, as the perpetual advocate of the Tractarians, when their memorable series was suppressed—as partly supported by some of the original writers of the Tracts—and as having received, for some of its greatest extravagances, the appropriate thanks and plaudits of Mr. Newman himself, may be considered to have been a sort of quarterly continuation of these Tracts. It, too, is now defunct, having expired last Christmas; but not until it had purged itself from the very last dregs and feculence of Protestantism, and prepared itself to depart in an overpowering 'odor' of Catholic sanctity. Of its very last Number but one, the principal Romanist Periodical in these realms had politely said—'We may say that for some time past we have read the *British Critic* with great interest; to which we may add, as *Catho-*

* Quarterly Review, May 1843.

lies, that our pleasure in perusing it has increased in each successive Number; but the one now before us surpasses all its predecessors, not in the proportion observable between any former ones, but in such a degree as almost to defy any comparison whatever.* Admirable dialecticians must they have been on behalf of the Church of England, who could extort such praises even from her very enemies; and thrice candid the enemies who could thus award them! 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!'

In defence of the statements of the *British Critic*, and in opposition to Mr. Palmer's Pamphlet, Mr. Ward (for some time, we believe, the Editor of that periodical, and author of the greater part of the obnoxious articles) has recently published a volume, which may be considered the latest 'development' of all. His conduct offers a practical exemplification of the principles of the 'Tracts,' of the most odious kind, and justifies the worst fears that were ever expressed or entertained of their tendency.

The extent to which he carries his principles of subscription may be estimated, when we mention that, amongst other things, he explains away the *natural* sense of the Twelfth Article, and subscribes it in 'a non-natural sense!'[†]—we are quite certain he does it in a 'non-moral sense';[‡] and that he understands the Nineteenth Article, which declares that the Roman church hath erred in matters of faith, to mean—not that the Roman church hath erred in matters of faith, but that some *individual* members of it have departed more or less from the faith![‡] But the following paragraph fully explains his views:—'For my own part I think it would not be right to conceal, indeed I am anxious openly to express my almost firm and undoubting conviction,

* *Dublin Review*, September 1843, p. 114.

† 'Our Twelfth Article is as plain as words can make it on the evangelical side: (observe, in particular, the words necessarily :) of course I think its natural meaning may be explained away, for I subscribe it myself in a non-natural sense.'—P. 593.

‡ 'It has been considered by some that subscription to our Nineteenth Article requires the formation and expression of an opinion, that the formal doctrine of the Roman church is erroneous in some particulars; but a very little consideration will show that no one is at all committed by this Article to so *painfully presumptuous* a sentiment.' He then gives his interpretation, and adds—'If this appears the solemn annunciation of a mere truism, I quite admit that it is so.'—P. 100.

that were we, as a church, to pursue such a line of conduct as has here been sketched, in proportion as we did so, we should be taught from above to discern and appreciate the plain marks of divine wisdom and authority in the Roman church—to repent, in sorrow and bitterness of heart, our great sin in deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration.'—(P. 473.) Yet, in the same paragraph, he tells us with a simplicity truly admirable—'If it be *granted* that the aiming at such objects, as I have ventured to put forward as desirable, implies of itself no set purpose of Romanizing our church, I must beg leave to doubt whether any single one of her members entertains any such purpose.' We quite agree with him; if he *can* get any one to concede so modest a postulate, he may well expect a cordial admission of the inference.

Mr. Ward elsewhere contends for his liberty of private judgment in the following terms: 'Let Mr. Williams, if he so please, still publish his opinion that human support and human comfort were needful to St. Mary after our Lord's ascension. Let Dr. Hook continue to call Roman Catholics Mariolaters; but let others have equal liberty, and with no greater remonstrance, to honor St. Mary as the highest and purest of creatures, to regard the Roman Church with affection and reverence, and to hold a Pope's dogmatic decree as at least exempt from our criticism and comment. It is impossible for our opinions to pain them, more than theirs pain us.'—'That a sustained and vigorous attack on the principles of the Reformation is the only course by which this object can be obtained, is my deep and certain conviction. I mean an humble and religious carrying out of those great principles which the Reformation denied—obedience and faith.'—(P. 100-588.)

His work is full of pious sentiments on the duties of obedience and faith—and both, in his case, are of an unparalleled character. His faith is such, that he can swear assent to Articles in a 'non-natural sense'; and his obedience is such, that he will yield allegiance neither to that church to which he has actually sworn it, nor to that which, by his own admission, has the greatest claim to it. He resembles the wife, who said she was willing enough to *obey* her husband, only she would not be *ruled*. Disclaiming the right of 'private judgment,' his opinions, viewed in conjunction with his position, proclaim a mind

filled to overflowing with crotchets and inconsistencies.

The two principal men of the movement are in a condition almost equally anomalous. Dr. Pusey, having, in the course of his 'developments,' affirmed, in his celebrated sermon on the 'Eucharist,' doctrine which the University authorities condemned as heterodox, has been ordered to expiate his offence by a two years' silence. It is true he affirmed, with engaging innocence, that he was not at all aware of having advanced aught at variance with the formularies of the Church of England. But his opinions, so far as we can discover them, as well as his particular line of defence, we shall more particularly consider hereafter.

Mr. Newman having retracted almost all his objections to the Church of Rome, from which, however, he is still a separatist, and having *not* retracted any of the severe things he has uttered against the Church of England, in which he still remains—having also, in his zeal for the dark ages, undertaken the defence of an indefinite number of primitive and *mediæval* miracles, and affixed his Editorial *imprimatur* on a series of publications advocating the religious system of the middle ages, and, amongst other things, the supremacy of the Apostolic see, (which, nevertheless, he will not obey,) may be considered to be by this time a Church of himself; and if he proceeds in this felicitous accumulation of paradoxes and anomalies, will probably have to employ at last language something like that of the dying Hegel. 'Alas!' said the philosophic mystic, 'I shall leave behind me but one man in all Germany who understands my doctrines, and *he* does not *understand* them!'

Mr. Palmer is anxious to show that, within the last two or three years, 'a new school'* has been formed at Oxford. Alas!

* 'Within the last two or three years, however, a new school has made its appearance. The Church has unhappily had reason to feel the existence of a spirit of dissatisfaction with her principles, of enmity to her reformers, of recklessness for her interests. We have seen, in the same quarter, a spirit of almost *servility* and *adulation* to Rome, an enthusiastic and exaggerated praise of its merits, an appeal to all deep feelings and sympathies in its favor, a tendency to look to Rome as the model and the standard of all that is beautiful and correct in art, all that is sublime in poetry, all that is elevated in devotion. . . . In conversation, remarks have been sometimes heard indicating a disposition to acknowledge the supremacy of the see of Rome, to give way to all its *claims*, however extreme. . . . And in

for the rapid changes of the one unchangeable Catholicism—the original school is but little more than ten years old!—To us it appears clearly enough that the 'new school' is but a consistent and natural 'development' (to use once more the favorite term of these gentlemen) of the 'old.' Mr. Palmer seems to be unconscious that the more recent extravagances are the legitimate, the inevitable fruit of those high church principles—of that reverence for antiquity and tradition, which he still continues to extol. Yet his own misgivings, soon after his more zealous or more persevering coadjutors entered upon their career, and the emphatic predictions of both Protestants and Romanists as to the result, ought to have made him suspect that his 'new school' is but an expansion of the 'old.' That he and others had no *intention* of promoting such a result, he loudly affirms, and we care not to deny it; that the principles advocated involved that result—that they were the acorn, the other the oak—is all that we maintain; and this connection, long since asserted by almost every body, experience has abundantly confirmed.

To the argument, however, on which we are about to insist, it little matters whether Mr. Palmer's assertion of a 'new school' be correct or not—whether there be one Oxford school or two, or twenty—whether recent extravagances are but 'developments' of the original system, or new formations upon it—whether there be one pretended system with hopelessly discordant exponents thereof, or diverse systems, each pretending to be the only one possessing catholic authenticity. We say we accept either of these alternatives; and, in either case, proceed to ask—'But what becomes of that fair vision of the *one* indivisible Catholic system—professed by the *one* visible church of all ages, which was to be so easily deduced by the aid of antiquity and tradition—which was to require no exercise of private judgment—or rather which superseded and forbade it, and which we might have expected that the Oxford school itself would have delivered with some degree of unanimity?' Their positions were sufficiently hazardous and self-contradictory even before their present differences. Of that 'one visible church,' as constituted by themselves, consisting of Ro-

the same spirit those who are in any way opposed to the highest pitch of Roman usurpations, are sometimes looked on as little better than heretics.' —Palmer's *Narrative*, p. 44.

manists, Greeks, and Anglicans, they could not persuade one hundredth part to admit that they, the very authors of the figment, belonged to the Catholic church at all—and now it appears they cannot agree about the one system of truth amongst themselves! Singular illustration of the infallible guidance of tradition, and of the danger of admitting the exercise of private judgment! 'Our judge of controversies,' as Chillingworth truly said of the dispute respecting Papal infallibility, 'has become itself our greatest controversy.'

Despite the attacks on the Oxford system from without, and the formidable symptoms of disorganization from within, we have seen it recently maintained, in an elaborate Paper,* attributed to Mr. Gladstone, and which bears strong internal marks of his pen—having all the cloud-like formation, and unsubstantial mistiness of his style—that the cause of 'Catholic principles' is still auspiciously advancing. This is an assertion which, in the absence of any definition or catalogue of these principles, it is very easy to make and very difficult to disprove—for we are too familiar with the way in which these vague terms are employed by such writers, not to know that they may mean *any thing*—and still more frequently, nothing. With regard to the diversities of opinion in the party itself, the extreme views recently manifested, this writer admits and laments them: those who hold them form, he tells us, the '*extrême droite*' of the Oxford school—but they do not interfere with the progress of 'catholicism.' 'When we speak,' says he, 'of the country and of the church at large, it is evident the body, as a body, moves forward from year to year, we might almost say from day to day, in the *line of catholicism*.' For any definite meaning which such misty language conveys—and the article is throughout composed in it—we verily believe that, if it had been stated that the nation was moving forward from day to day in the line of a transcendental curve, it would have conveyed just as intelligible a notion to sober-minded readers.

The fallacy consists in manœuvring, so to speak, with the word 'Catholicism' as if it indicated some fixed, well-defined point to which all things are tending, and then allowing each reader tacitly to substitute his own notion of it for a universal one. The fallacy proclaims itself the moment we

ask—'What are Catholic principles?' We then find they are just those of the present expositor, whoever he may be. Each in turn exercises the calumniated right of private judgment, while all, in the same breath, repudiate it.*

No sooner do we force an answer to this awkward query, 'What is Catholicism?' than the silent unanimity, which had been maintained in using certain terms without a definite meaning, vanishes in a Babel-like confusion. 'You will find it in its integrity, stereotyped in the Tridentine decrees,' exclaim the millions of Rome. 'You will find no such thing,' coolly reply the millions of the Greek church. 'If you want to find Catholicism in its purity, you must consult one of our patriarchs.' 'Either church will indeed answer the purpose,' blandly admits the more advanced disciple of the Oxford school; 'but as each is apt to include in catholicism somewhat *more* than is catholic, you can find it in its purity only in the Oxford Tracts—with the addition, "if so be," of certain developments, "so to speak," which the writers have, "as it were," reserved.' 'You will find it there,' rejoins a more timid disciple of the same school, 'if you will deduct certain doctrines which they have *not* reserved.' 'Grieved and humbled I am,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'that our beloved friends have gone somewhat beyond that precise point at which, undoubtedly, absolute and unchangeable catholicism is found.'—Each employs the term 'Catholicism' as Mr. Thwackum the term 'religion.' 'When I mention religion,' says that worthy, 'I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.' Thus, while each abjures his private judgment in fixing this fugitive 'catholicism,' we find in fact we have nothing else. It is Rome—it is Greece—it is Anglicanism—it is a species of Anglicanism—it is a subordinate species of Anglicanism—it is a theory of Mr. Newman—of Mr. Palmer—of Mr. Gladstone—but still, be assured, it is all *Catholicism*!

* So ludicrously do these writers play with this abused term, 'Catholic,' that we observe some of them do not scruple to speak of the church as *more or less* Catholic at one period than another, (Newman's *Essay*, p. 35;) forgetting that Catholicism can have no degrees, and that the church must, on their principles, be either Catholic or not. It would be just as logical to speak of triangles which are eminently triangular, or of a universality which is more or less than universal!

* *Foreign and Colonial Review*. No. IV. October, 1843.

Nor is this all. Many hundreds of those authorized guides of the Anglican church, whom the Tractarians themselves *admit* to be 'authorized,' exclaim—'All these parties are in delusion together. Even Mr. Gladstone's "church principles" are no more than ancient superstitions, not only without the warrant, but against the whole spirit of Scripture.' Amongst these 'authorized guides' are included Bishops, and even an Archbishop; and the same sentiments are echoed by thousands of the members of that 'branch' of the Catholic Church, to which the Tractarians themselves belong.

Such is the answer to the question, 'What is Catholicism?' *C'est moi*, reply half-a-dozen distinct churches, and half-a-dozen variously judging members of the same church.

These diversities of result afford a most irrefragable proof, of the futility of the attempt to deduce the one catholic system from antiquity and tradition. The attempt is in fact an *experimentum crucis*; for the result, by the very terms of the theory, can be but one; all diversity is excluded. The problem is not an indeterminate equation; it admits of but one solution. In arriving, therefore, as they have done, at different results, these pretenders to catholicism may well all be wrong, for error is infinite; but they cannot all be right, for truth is but one. If it be replied, that though all cannot be right, one is so, it is sufficient to ask, *which* is in that happy predicament; and whether we are to regard Mr. Ward, Mr. Newman, Mr. Palmer, or Mr. Gladstone, as the one infallible? When these precious logicians have decided this question, (which they well know is but to invite them to a restatement of their difficulties,) it will be time enough to consider the value of the all-reconciling theory.

Such diversity of result was inevitable. Professedly rejecting their individual judgment, these dreamers yet had nothing else to trust to. It was still a question of *interpretation*—as much so as with the Protestant—only with the pleasant addition that it was to extend over a whole library, instead of a book, embrace evidence infinitely more complicated, and terminate in but one result. The decrees of Councils and the writings of Fathers, as Chillingworth well observed, are at least as difficult to be interpreted as the Bible; and it may be modestly conjectured, that inspired men *could* express themselves with as much perspicuity as even a Chrysostom or a Jerome. The

theory of the Oxford Tractarians—at least as that theory was originally developed in the remote antiquity of some seven years ago—only increased the difficulty which they affirm so insurmountable to the Bible Protestant. All this, Dr. Wiseman, who is, of course, anxious to arrive at something more stable—even an ever-present oracle, a perpetual infallible guide—is not slow to perceive or admit. 'Antiquity, as deposited in the writings of the early ages, is a dead letter, as much as the Bible; it requires a living interpreter no less. It has its obscurities, its perplexities, its apparent contradictions as much: it requires a guide no less, to conduct us through its mazes.—It cannot step in, and decide between conflicting opinions and rival claims; it can at most be a code which requires a judge to apply it. It is more voluminous, more complex, more uncompact, than Scripture; it needs more some methodizing and harmonizing authoritative expounder.'*

Having, in our former Article, given more space to the subject of Tradition and the Fathers, than is usually bestowed upon it even in works which formally treat of the Oxford Tract system, we do not feel disposed to resume it here. In that Article, we detailed the causes which must inevitably lead to the diversities of opinion which have appeared. We also examined the much vaunted rule of Vincentius Lirinensis; and after our best, and, we will add, honest efforts to understand and expound it, we were compelled to dismiss it as utterly vague and uncertain. We showed, that, if taken without any limitations, it is a manifest absurdity; and if with all the limitations it requires, as manifest a nullity; that at the very best, as fully expounded by its author, it is but a barren truism—assuring us that the Catholic faith is—the faith of Catholics, and reducing the great problem we have to solve, to this—'Given the Catholic faith, to find it!' That we have proved this to the satisfaction of every unbiassed mind, in the Article referred to, we humbly venture to believe. If not, we invite a refutation of our reasonings.

But though we believe that there are few propositions out of the exact sciences susceptible of such complete demonstration as the uncertainty and vagueness of all such methods of extracting the one system of

* *High Church Claims; or, a Series of Papers on the Oxford Controversy.* By Nicholas Wiseman. 1841, p. 37.

Catholicism from tradition and antiquity,* and the impossibility of obtaining uniform results, even with the aid of Vincentius to boot, the most striking argument to the popular mind is perhaps the *fact* of the diversities in which the attempt has actually issued. There are, first, thousands of unquestionable learning, candor, and perspicacity, who deny that any stable and uni-

* Next to Chillingworth, we know none of our older authors by whom the uncertainty of tradition, and the egregious folly of trusting to it, have been more completely demonstrated than by Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophesying*, and his *Dissuasive from Popery*. His learning is so profuse, and his imagination so brilliant, as to throw into the shade his other splendid endowments. But when he does himself full justice, his logic is quite equal to his rhetoric.—Of modern refutations of the theory of tradition, or some of its main principles, the present controversy has elicited many worthy of the highest commendation. They will, we trust, be useful in promoting the ultimate settlement of this great question, when the works which immediately provoked them are read no more. Archbishop Whately has touched on the subject in various publications, with all his characteristic clearness, precision, and ability. Mr. Powell's *Tradition Unveiled*, with the 'Supplement,' are well worthy of general perusal. Mr. Alexander, in his *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolic*, (chap. II., sec. 3, 4,) has treated the subject with equal skill and moderation. To these authors it would be most ungrateful not to add Dr. Conybeare—*Bampton Lectures, for the year 1839, Analytical Examination of the Ante-Nicene Fathers*. His work is one of the most candid and able we have ever read. It incidentally takes up, and with admirable moderation, the main questions connected with the claims of tradition, and the authority of the Fathers; and though the lenience towards patristic infirmities and extravagances is carried quite as far as historical justice will allow, the conclusions arrived at are only more striking on that very account. The work is not printed with an accuracy worthy of the Oxford press. To a small list of errata at the end, we have added about a score in the copy we perused. This we mention for the sake of one, which, in its way, is a literary curiosity. In note, p. 166, we find an allusion to "the evocation of the spirit of *Saul* by the witch of Endor!" It is singular that so gross a blunder should have been written and copied by the author—seen in the proof—seen in the revise—read and re-read by the printer, and yet have passed without detection. If such errors, we are ready to exclaim, can creep into deliberately printed documents, what can we expect from tradition?

There are many other works on various points of this great controversy, (some written by authors in the church, and some by authors out of it,) which want of space alone prevents us from noticing with deserved approbation. Some of the principal were mentioned in our former article, and others will hereafter be alluded to. But the controversy is so voluminous, that it is impossible for a quarterly Journal to criticize half the works with which the press is teeming.

form system can be deduced from such sources at all; and secondly, those who affirm that such a system *can* be deduced, cannot agree about what it is.

As variety of result was inevitable, so we need not wonder at the successive 'developments' to which the advocates of the theory have been driven; or that each has issued in a nearer approximation to Rome.—Rome is, in fact, the only port on that open and stormy coast. The period called 'Antiquity' is so absolutely uncertain—the exaggerations of scriptural doctrines and rites into errors and corruptions, so gradual—the errors and corruptions themselves so concatenated—the citations and contra-citations from the Fathers so conflicting—that it is much more easy to admit the theory of 'development,' now so much in vogue, and to regard Romanism as a consistent evolution of primitive Christianity, than to determine the point at which 'Tradition' is exhausted, and 'Antiquity' becomes modern. Having no reason to stop at any one point, these theorists are led on, according as caution or zeal predominates, from the second century to the third—from the third to the fourth or fifth, and so on. It was for this reason that we stated in our previous article, that 'thousands of Anglicans were contending for the system of the fourth or fifth century, and that even there felt their footing insecure.' Not a few have now conceded the supremacy of the Apostolic see, and seem to want no one thing which should make them return to the bosom of Rome, except the troublesome virtues—honesty and courage.

For a long time, indeed, these writers were contented to use that plausible generality of 'antiquity,' just as they use the word 'catholicism'—as if it were quite determinate, when nothing is less so. One might imagine, to hear some of their expressions, that antiquity was as definite a measure of time as a century or a day; that there was no more dispute about it than about a yard of tape, or a pound of tea. But when we consult Mr. Newman, he sends us away disconsolate, by assuring us that the 'era of purity' cannot be fixed within a nearer approximation than four hundred years. Some will perversely take the term 'antiquity' to mean the first two centuries—others the first three—others four; and at these points pitch their frail tents—perfectly convinced in their own minds that there they have found that 'Catholic consent' which excludes all exercise

of private judgment—of which their *own* private judgment is of course their infallible informant.

The result corresponds. One man adopts this 'development' of the apostolic *ηγος*, as Mr. Froude expressed it—another that. One man clutches a fragment of antiquity as a precious prize, which another looks at with contempt. Whatever time has 'brought down in his huge drag-net,' as Milton phrases it, is carefully raked out of the turbid stream, and appropriated by some one or other as a treasure. It is a scrap of apostolic doctrine—a sacred symbol—a martyr-relic.

It is very easy for writers, by a careful abstinence from definitions, and a tacit reference to their *own opinions*, as if they were a standard, (each man they address of course doing the same friendly office for himself,) to assume the precise point in the movement, where alone resides Catholic truth; and on each side of which is error, either in excess or by defect. This, as we have already remarked, is the fallacy into which Mr. Gladstone has fallen. But there are in fact a hundred such points, and those perpetually shifting. At each stands, for a moment, some one who charitably warns those who are in advance, and benignly beckons onward those who are behind—assuring both parties, that in that very spot where he has planted his foot, is the *juste milieu*—the golden mean of Catholic truth. Each man assumes his visible horizon to be a substantial limit, and threatens those who venture beyond it with the fate with which Columbus was menaced by some philosophers of his day, that they will infallibly topple over the world's edge into the infinite void.

In fact, however, the whole is in motion—it is a caravan of pilgrims, having, of course, its front and its rear; and those who pitch their tents at night, imagining that they have taken up their abode for ever, are by no means certain that they will not be a stage nearer Rome before the next sun goes down. The confidence which the more moderate may feel that they have attained the place where inquiry terminates, and weary faith may repose herself, ought to be abated, when they reflect that the originators of the movement—those who have studied their common principles most intensely—who first expounded them—have already gone furthest, and have been convinced that the limit of Catholicity still lies beyond them. They are surely as likely as

any to understand the common principles of the party, and upon these principles to be in the right. And we firmly believe that on those principles they *are* right—consistent in their progress, though not in any one position they have assumed; they must say to Antiquity—

'A little onward, lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps—a *little* further on'—

and they will then find themselves, where alone they can be fully consistent, within the sheltering embraces of their Roman mother.

At the existence of the now acknowledged tendencies to Romanism in a large portion of those who have advocated the 'Oxford Tract' system, none ought to wonder. As we have seen, the difficulties of applying their theory—the possibility of arriving at one uniform result—will naturally prepare the way for such consequences. To allow weight to the tolerably concurrent opinion of antiquity, as a probably correct interpretation of some few very subordinate points in which Scripture may be regarded as obscure, is one thing; quite another is it to regard it as *authoritative*, and that not only where Scripture is obscure, but where it says nothing, or even seems to say to the contrary. Those who maintain this—who believe that tradition affords a supplementary Revelation co-ordinate in authority with Scripture—and who attempt to deduce the integral system of Catholic Christianity from it, find the difficulties in the evidence so insurmountable—such unreasonableness in stopping at any one point—such an equality of plausible arguments for the doctrines they would fain retain, and the doctrines they would fain reject—such variations in the views of different advocates of the very same principles, that they are apt, in very weariness of mind, to throw themselves into the arms of that church where inquiries are silenced, if not satisfied, and doubts are extinguished, though not solved. The system of the Oxford Tracts is in fact an inclined plane, and he who plants his foot upon it may think himself fortunate, if he does not ultimately find himself, after many gyrations, and with much vertigo, at the very bottom.

This tendency to Romanism has been, doubtless, also increased by the intolerable absurdity of the position, which the Oxford Tract system compelled its advocates to occupy. According to that theory, the Catholic church is ONE AND VISIBLE, and con-

sists of the 'independent branches' of the Romish, Greek, and Anglican churches. Now, the two first, after having excommunicated each other, both agree in excommunicating the last, and deny it the title of Catholic altogether. The Tractarians are equally unsuccessful in gaining unanimous assent to their views, even amongst the Catholics of their *own* church—thousands of whom, including, as we have said, Bishops and an Archbishop among them, deny both that the Catholic church is *one visible* community, and that the system of doctrines which these divines would impute to it, is a *true system*.

The pressure of this difficulty could not but be felt by every reflecting disciple of the Oxford Tract School; and has, in fact, led to the most desperate efforts for relief. Dr. Wiseman has unmercifully, but most reasonably, exposed this curious theory of hostile alliances; and denies, for *his* church, any knowledge whatsoever of this novel form of Catholicism. Mr. Gladstone endeavors, as usual, to wrap up the difficulty in a soft phrase or two—to hide the cracks and crevices of the surface, by a glutinous varnish of plausible words. He tells us—'In her (the Church's) apostolically descended ministry, such as we receive it upon historical evidence, we are to acknowledge the organ of her collective action; the medium of the intercommunication of those subordinate, yet also integral members, into which she is not separated, but *distributed or disposed*.'* Exquisite euphemism! 'Distributed or disposed!' Communities at open war—mutually anathematized—reciprocally excommunicated, are still one community—they are only 'distributed or disposed!' The synecdoche is as bold as Ancient Pistol's for *stealing*. 'A fico for the phrase! *Convey*, the wise it call.' There is something both startling and melancholy, yet most true, in the reflection, that it is in their reasonings on the gravest of subjects that mankind most laughably expose themselves.

From the vagaries in question, the consistent Romanist and the consistent Protestant are, at all events, free. The former, though the unity of which he boasts is specious rather than solid, as many controversialists have conclusively shown, yet does not dream that it can be found in communities that are under each other's anathema. He cannot even comprehend so curious a harmony of discords—a union of communities which

have no communion—a confederacy made up of nations at war—a body, the members of which are absolutely severed; and of which, in every sense it may be said, 'the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth.' This is not *his* notion of organic unity.

Consistent Protestants again are as little troubled with any such difficulty; for they do not admit that there is any one universal *visible* church at all.* In their view all true Christians, of whatsoever communion, are members of the one universal, *invisible* church; which consists of the faithful, not only of one age, but of all ages; and is gathering to itself from the *many* visible churches, whatsoever is devout and holy in each—to assemble at last in that 'all-reconciling world,' where Bossuet and Leibnitz shall dispute no more, and where 'Luther and Zuingli shall be well agreed.'—'Variations,' which Catholics pretend to exclude, but never do, Protestants not only admit may exist, but contend that they cannot but exist. Their theory is very simple and intelligible. They maintain, with Chillingworth, that every man of sane mind, who honestly inquires, will arrive at sufficient truth to save him; that, if there be any one who thus honestly inquires, and falls into perfectly involuntary error, that that error will not condemn him; that, if a man has *not* honestly inquired, his error is chargeable upon him in the degree in which he has, by his own negligence and wilfulness, invited it; that these principles have, in fact, secured as great an approximation to unity, as the system which, after admitting the maxims which must infallibly issue in spiritual despotism to attain it, fails to do so; and that, lastly, this is shown by the general harmony of Protestant confessions on points which as much transcend 'church principles' in importance, as they surpass them in clearness.

Which of these two views of the subject

* If there be any point which can be made clear, either from Scripture, or from the history of the first two centuries—and if that be not 'primitive antiquity' we know not what is—it is the independence of separate churches of one another. This is the conclusion of all the most learned and candid ecclesiastical historians—of Mosheim, Gieseler, Augusti, Waddington, Campbell. It was the conclusion, also, of Barrow and Gibbon; each, in a different way, likely to arrive at an opposite conclusion, if truth had not been too strong for prejudice. On this subject we recommend an admirable chapter on 'The Holy Catholic Church,' in Mr. Alexander's very able work; and Whateley's *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*. (Pp. 133, 139.)

* *Church Principles*, p. 314.

is the nobler, the worthier—which best harmonizes with the instincts and exercises of Christian charity—which affords the more reasonable hope of an essential, though not an external union, we cannot now stay to inquire.

But the Anglo-Catholic finds himself in a desperate dilemma. He manages to combine upon his theory every conceivable difficulty, and to unite all the lofty pretensions of Papal unity, with all the 'variations of Protestantism.' Having defined his *one visible Catholic church*, ninety-nine out of every hundred of that very church reclaim against its being any such thing.

If the Tractarians be right, it clearly appears that the Catholic church, so far from being agreed as to the very essence of its Catholicism, not only does not know its own mind, but does not even know itself. It is of no avail to tell us that there are some points, some 'church principles,' in which they are all agreed, and that this constitutes them one visible community; for, 1. Such agreement in some principles can no more make separate communities one visible community, than the agreement, and on much higher points, between the English and Scottish churches can make *them* one visible community. 2. The allegation is not true; thousands and tens of thousands of that so-called church, nay, of the Anglican branch of it, deny that the said 'church principles' are any 'church principles' at all. 3. If there be some points in which they are agreed, it is equally true that there are many more, and those infinitely more important, in which Romanists, Anglicans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Lutherans, all agree; and these had surely better be made the basis of the one visible church, if there must be such a thing. Whether those principles which make a man a Christian, and without which he is none, ought not to be a more reasonable basis of catholicity, we leave every reader to judge. 4. If they were ever so much agreed in the alleged 'church principles,' that agreement cannot avail for the purpose, or neutralize the distinct assertion of the vast majority of the so-called Catholic church, that that agreement is not sufficient to constitute it. For by the very principles of Catholicism, that and that only is catholic which is admitted every where, always, and by all; hence the very assertion that the principles in question constitute the one Catholic church, cannot of itself be a catholic truth. Catholics are allowed, of course, to be at variance about

what they admit *not* to be catholic, but they must not disagree about what *is*. Otherwise 'each branch' of the Catholic church is at liberty to form its own catalogue of catholic essentials; and, as the Oxford divines have done, constitute their catholic church accordingly. And therefore we say to these divines,—5. The points you select as Catholic are just of your own arbitrary selection, the result of the exercise of your abjured private judgment. You have no reason for the limit you have found. Why have you not restricted your catalogue to the points of agreement amongst *all* Christians, or extended it to those of the Romish church? They reply—because the one embraces fewer, and the other more, than the *true* principles of Catholicism—'Catholicism as defined by whom?' we reply—'By ourselves, to be sure.'—'We thought so. On what authority?'—'On that of the Ancient Church.' 'What do you call Ancient?' 'We don't know exactly—something between the third and seventh centuries—more or less.' 'And who interprets, after all, the sentence of antiquity?' 'We do.' 'All just as we supposed,' we reply,—'that is, you fix on your own test of Catholicism, and the Romanists have just as much reason for fixing on another. And yet you are the men who have nothing to do with private judgment!'

Can we wonder, that, oppressed by the portentous figment of one visible church—made up of mutually excommunicated communities, and constituted by principles, which no inconsiderable minority deny to be true; which, however true, the immense majority deny to be the essence of Catholicism, and which are determined by a small knot of divines on that private judgment which they abjure, and who themselves are now splitting into opposite parties—can we wonder that many of the disciples of the school feel compelled to go a little further in search of that *one visible church* which they are persuaded exists, and sigh for that unity which they have as yet found only in name?

Let none be surprised, then, at the formation of a 'new school,' or the expansion of the 'old school';—we care not which they call it, for the *fact* of hopeless diversities is the point on which we principally insist. That fact shows us, that the Oxford theory is an ignominious failure: what was early predicted, experience has now confirmed. Never were there such lofty pretensions conjoined with such a miserable result. These divines were to render them-

selves, and us, independent of the exercise of private judgment, by appealing to the oracle of the 'Church,' and we find the responses of that very oracle dictated by nothing but private judgment; they were to give us a determinate and infallible view of the one Catholic system, and they give us a dozen instead; they promised us absolute unity, and they end in universal confusion; they were to construct a symmetrical fabric on the model of antiquity, and they show us a medley of the architecture of all ages; they were to 'build a tower whose top should reach to heaven,' and like those who first made such an attempt, they find themselves suddenly paralyzed, and in a similar way; even by discovering that they are babbling all the dialects of Babel.

Absolute agreement as to what is Catholic, would seem to be peculiarly necessary and becoming in these theorists, if we consider that it is a corollary from their system, that the people are to dispense with the duty of private judgment. They profess to provide each man with an 'authorized guide' to religious truth, whom he is implicitly to follow. Now it must be sufficiently puzzling, even to him who has not yet resolved to take his priest's *ipse dixit*, to find so many different versions of Catholicism, and so much 'private judgment' exercised among those who renounce it. But what cruel perplexity does it entail on the thousands of every country, who are willing to accept the grateful offer of relieving them of the too onerous cares of immortality, and to deposit their souls, without further thought, in any spiritual bank of decent credit;—on that large class who, to use Bishop Earle's phrase, 'are ready to take their religion as part of their copyhold;' on those docile and humble spirits, who only want to know what they are to believe, and are ready to believe it incontinently! What cruel perplexity must it cause in them, to see so many varied and flexible forms of Catholicism—to hear what is called momentous truth on the one side of the parish boundary, denounced as a deadly error on that;—one 'authorized guide,' proclaiming the doctrines of Mr. Newman or Dr. Pusey, another expressly contradicting them; and a multitude of others taking their stand at every intermediate point between these extremes, and rebuking the excesses on either side. Nor does their perplexity end here; for to their astonishment they are informed, that not only are two contiguous parishes bound to receive the doctrine of two 'au-

thorized guides,' who in effect teach contraries, but that the authorized guides of the one Catholic church of Rome, Greece, and England, are entitled to the same allegiance wherever they are found; that therefore the Romish priest is the 'authorized guide' to truth in Italy and Spain; the Greek priest in Russia; and the Anglican in England, though a Romish priest in England, somehow or other, instantly becomes a *schismatic*. So Mr. Gladstone and others affirm, but *how* it happens, they have not clearly explained. On the whole, however, it would appear, that it does not much matter to which of these forms of Catholicism a man belongs; and hence our tourists who visit the Continent are told by some Oxford writers, that they will there find nothing but Romanism to be the genuine Catholic article.

After diligently reading most of the principal works, and no small number of the tracts and pamphlets which this voluminous controversy has produced, the greatest and irrefragable argument against 'church principles,' appears to us not their absurdity, though that is flagrant enough, but their essential uncharitableness. We stand absolutely confounded at the fatuity of men, who, with the New Testament in their hands, profess to be willing to fraternize with Rome, but cannot fraternize with Lutherans and Presbyterians; who affect to consider the points of difference between the church of Spain and the church of England less vital than those between the church of England and that of Scotland; who, for the sake of such a figment as apostolical succession, and other figments as shadowy, remorselessly exclude a large portion of the communities of Christendom from the very name, rights, and privileges of Christian churches; who can imagine the great doctrines in which both they and their opponents coincide, and which form the theme and triumph of inspired eloquence, of less moment than doctrines and rites on which the Scripture is ominously silent, or which seem to stand in shocking contrast to the moral grandeur and magnanimous spirit of the Christian institute. Yet so it is; and we need no other evidence of the degrading and narrowing effects of such principles, than that this most melancholy result of them should inspire so little sorrow; or rather should be so frequently proclaimed more in triumph than regret. The generality of the Oxford School proclaim the consequences of their 'principles,' not only with an

arrogance which ill befits such equivocal conclusions; but without a particle of the sorrow which, even if true, they should excite in the breast of every benevolent man. There is only one exception to this remark, so far as we recollect, and that is Mr. Gladstone. He is so impressed with the importance of rescuing, if possible, his cherished 'church principles' from the charge of uncharitableness, that he returns once and again to the attempt; and however futile his arguments, we honor the feeling which prompts them. If he at length joins his fellow disciples in stabbing charity to the heart, it is with an averted eye and a reluctant hand—with something of the yearning with which Agamemnon may be supposed to have sacrificed his Iphigenia.

Ἄλλ' ἡκομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίης τύχης
Θυγατρὸς αἱματηρὸν ἐκπᾶζει φόνον.

This renitency of Mr. Gladstone's to accept, without an effort to alleviate them, the consequences of his church principles, is the more remarkable, that in general he does not, any more than his friends of the 'Tracts,' hesitate to glide away from any real objection, and evade any real difficulty. In truth, he generally selects the very weakest arguments to exercise his prowess upon; he acts on the prudent advice given by the rabble to Ivanhoe: 'Touch the Hospitaller's shield—he is your cheapest bargain.' We can attribute his unusual courage, therefore, on the present occasion, only to his solicitude to relieve, if possible, his hypothesis of a difficulty which his own amiable and conciliatory disposition tells him is, if real, the greatest difficulty of all. His principal arguments may deserve a brief notice.

He sometimes *retorts* the charge of intolerance by saying, that those who deny church principles are still more uncharitable, for they deny the Romish and Greek churches to be churches. If there be such Protestants, as there undoubtedly are, they would reply that it is not for professing church principles that they deny the title of Christian churches to these corrupt communities, but on account of far more vital and tremendous abuses, and which—whether the charge of such abuses be well founded or not—are of infinitely greater moment than the nonsense of apostolical succession. But we may say more. To the great bulk of Protestants the retort is indeed *telum imbellē*. They do not deny that these churches hold what is essential to constitute true Christianity, and there-

fore true churches of Christ; they merely affirm that they hold much more, and have incrustated the truth with the gravest and most destructive errors. Where is the Protestant who does not consider the names of Pascal, Fénelon, Massillon, and many more, dear not to Romanism only, but to our common Christianity?

Another argument, which Mr. Gladstone is fond of urging, and which he has treated at length in his 'Church Principles,' is not a little curious. He argues that those principles are not in effect uncharitable at all; inasmuch as they do not deprive the opponent of any thing to which he lays claim. For example: in denying the Presbyterian or Lutheran churches to be true churches of Christ on account of not having the episcopate, he would say that he does not deny them any thing they claim, for they abjure *episcopacy*. It must surely have been an unusual stress of weather which induced him to seek refuge in such a port. Is it possible, we are ready to ask, that Mr. Gladstone was unconscious of so transparent a fallacy? or shall we exchange the charge of controversial dishonesty for the hypothesis, that his prejudices have wholly clouded his common sense, or produced an incurable strabismus of intellect? Does it not seem obvious that the Presbyterian or the Lutheran would reply, 'You assume that the "church," which is a divine institution, and the privileges of which every Christian is anxious to claim, is *exclusively* episcopal; and in assuming this, you exclude me from it, and therefore deprive me of something I claim to possess. In denying my church to be episcopal, you do me no wrong; in denying my church to be a church at all, you do me much.' We will endeavor, if possible, to make our meaning still clearer. The late Dr. Southey once ventured on the preposterous declaration that he who was not a Churchman was only half an Englishman. If a Dissenter, indignant at being thus characterized as a sort of alien, were to complain, would it not sound odd to say, 'Friend, I do you no wrong; I say you are not a churchman, and you say the same.' 'True,' would be the reply, 'and in that you do me no wrong; but you are pleased to *assume* that the distinction in question is essential to my being an Englishman—a title on which I justly value myself, and in that assumption you do me wrong.'

But Mr. Gladstone shall refute himself. He knows he does not apply his rea-

sonings with equity. He every where chafes at the lofty pretensions—though far more consistent than his own—of the Romish church; and bitterly complains of that exclusiveness which prompts her to deny the title of a true church to the church of England. Would he be satisfied if the Romanist were to retort his argument, and say, 'Heretic, I do thee no wrong; I deprive thee of nothing thou claimest to possess; thou thyself deniest those doctrines which I say are essential to the one only Holy and Catholic church. The very measure which thou, in thy ignorance and presumption, metest to thy miserable brother heretics of Germany, England, and Scotland—that very measure I mete to thee!' As far as this argument goes, therefore, we hardly think it relieves Mr. Gladstone's 'Church Principles' from the blot which still stains, and must ever stain them—of extreme uncharitableness. In truth, nothing can obliterate it—it pervades the very texture of the 'Church Principles' themselves, and it passes all the artifices of his logic to conceal it. The solvent which should obliterate the stain would dissolve the texture too. Mr. Gladstone himself seems half afraid of this, for, after one strenuous effort of his charity, he exclaims—'Perhaps, however, it may seem to some, that, under the explanation here suggested, the essence of church principles is allowed to escape.'—(*Church Principles*, p. 423.) Nevertheless, for efforts so seldom made by disciples of his school, we honor and applaud him.

We must not quit this division of our subject without making one or two remarks on that most daring hypothesis of 'developments,' as applied to the whole history of Christianity, which has been adopted by some continental champions of the Romish church, and of which a modification seems much in favor with a section of the Oxford school. According to this theory, the whole enormous expansion of the Papacy is but a 'development' of primitive Christianity—and the analogy between them is that of the germ to the plant, or the infant to the man. According to its most eminent expositors, we are at liberty to suppose that many parts of this mature and fully evolved Christian system were absolutely unknown to the founders of Christianity—and so far we most sincerely agree with them. We are to suppose, that when Christianity 'was a child, it spake as a child, it thought as a child, it understood

as a child; but when it became a man, it put away childish things'—and amongst other things, we fear, the simplicity, innocence, and guilelessness of childhood. The Apostolic writings might do all very well in the dawn of the Church's history, but it is in the blaze of the eighth, or better still, the twelfth century—in the age of Gregory VII. or Innocent III.—that we are to recognise the meridian glories of Christianity!

Without charging him with going the full lengths of so extravagant a theory, Mr. Newman, in one of the sermons of his recent volume—that entitled 'Religious Developments,' has conceded enough to alarm Mr. Palmer. The style, as in the other productions of this singular writer, and as in the 'Tracts,' generally, is admirably constructed to convey more than is expressed—though more than enough for any ordinary mind is plainly enough expressed.

On this theory, as adopted by Romish writers, we briefly remark, 1. That it is just a speculation as purely rationalistic as any of those which the Church of Rome professes so intensely to abhor. Extremes meet—and here we find the professed enemies of rationalism adopting principles which might delight the heart even of a Paulus or a Strauss. But let it not be forgotten, that many can play at this game of 'developments.' If those portions of the Romish system may be true, of which Apostles never dreamt, why may not similar portions of other systems be true? If primitive Christianity was adapted only to the exigencies of the then state of the world, why not improve it into other systems as well as that of the Papacy? If we are at liberty to assume the truth of deductions, unvouched and unproven by revelation, what are the limits to be placed on this license of speculation? 2. The theory is in direct, almost whimsical, contrast with the old fashioned methods of defence which Rome had for ages employed. Its ancient defenders used to exclaim, 'No innovation—let every thing be proved by antiquity;' and there is no art which sophistry can devise, or effrontery practice, which has not been employed to make venerable documents speak their mind—no violence of *exegesis*, no necromancy of criticism, which has been left untried, to make the dead Fathers utter, though with dire contortions, oracles in their favor. But this was often found difficult, sometimes impossible, and the theory of development offers a more facile method. As to the Fathers—*requiescant in pace*—

we need conjure with their ashes no more ; let them be left to their ignorance of points which it may well be supposed they could not know. As we possess many 'developments' which they were not blessed withal, so our posterity will have an equal advantage over us ! 3. As this last proposition is gravely maintained, we are disposed to be rather surprised at the zeal with which Roman Catholics, and our Oxford friends with them, are contending for nearly the whole religious life of the Middle Ages. They ought, in consistency, rather to have their eyes fixed on the future, and indulge prophetic visions of a yet more splendid Avatar of Christianity. 'If you urge,' says Mr. Palmer, 'the *silence* of Scripture, or of the Fathers and Councils, or their apparent inconsistency with Romish doctrines or practices, the reply is at hand—"The doctrines or practices in question were not *developed* during those ages." Thus it is continually assumed that Romanism is the *development* of Christianity ; and this assumption apparently rests on the further assumption, that whatever is extensively prevalent in the Church—whatever is allowed or tolerated by her authorities—*cannot be a corruption*.* This last assertion he of course denies ; but we would forewarn him that he must take heed—he is between Scylla and Charybdis—for, if he admits that there have been corruptions so widely spread in the church as transubstantiation, and purgatory, who shall assure him that his church principles—the very proof of which is their supposed universality—are not among the number ? Whether Mr. Palmer chooses to affirm, that he *knows* them to be true, though real corruptions may have been equally universal, or that they, and they alone, were *truly* universal, we know not. But it little matters ; for all that Mr. Palmer can allege for either assertion is, 'I think so, and those who think with me think so.' Very true ; and those who do not think with you do not think so. We come back again to our old friend 'private judgment.' Sure we are, he would find it difficult to bring forward evidence for many of his church principles which would not equally apply to the doctrine of the Chiliasts—the administration of the eucharist to infants—the invocation of saints—purgatory—clerical celibacy—and the monastic institute.

We now proceed to make a few observations on some of the specific extravagances

* *Narrative*, p. 61.

into which some of the principal leaders of the Oxford school, more especially Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, have plunged since our former survey of this subject—extravagances which hardly leave room for wonder that they should be regarded as very extraordinary members of the church of England ; or that the school which they have founded has exhibited its recent phases, or, if Mr. Palmer will, that it has issued in a 'new school.'

We commence with Dr. Pusey's celebrated 'Sermon on the Eucharist,' which about a year ago, convulsed Oxford, and immediately led to those proceedings which terminated in a sentence of silence for two years. On the proceedings of the University itself—whether they were expedient as well as just—whether less should have been done, (if less *could* have been done,) or more—we shall not trouble our readers. They will find a very temperate defence of these proceedings in Professor Garbett's Letter to the Vice-Chancellor, elicited by the 'Protest' which was presented against them. We meddle only with the sermon itself.

All persons must have been struck by the contrast between the intensity of feeling excited by the delivery of the discourse, and the rapidity with which 'twenty thousand copies' of it were disposed of ; and the remarkable apathy with which it was perused by the country at large, and the unusually swift pace at which it proceeded towards its predestined oblivion. Professor Garbett not unnaturally attributes this to the prompt and vigorous measures which were taken to vindicate the insulted majesty of the Church ; but we suspect that this is not the whole, nor even the chief part of the wonder. We apprehend that the true but lowly reason was, that the great majority of the twenty thousand purchasers found themselves miserably disappointed when they came to look into the sermon, and heartily wished that the small sum which they had improvidently expended thereon were in their pockets again. Obscure, and apparently self-contradictory in statement, feeble and prolix in style, in some parts a mere tissue of scraps and fragments from the Fathers, followed by a soporiferous appendix of some sixty pages of tedious citations from English Divines—we question whether one twentieth part of them read a half of it, and are confident that those who gave it a patient perusal, at any rate, form a

most insignificant minority. In truth, we have no fear of Dr. Pusey's making many proselytes by his *writings*. All his polemical productions are insupportably heavy, both in point of matter and style. His page is so *tattooed* with quotations and references, that we can hardly discover the native complexion of his own thoughts. Many a page of his tedious work on baptism is little else than a patch-work of quotations from the Fathers, flounced with a deep margin of references. He reminds us of that class of controvertists of whom Milton says, 'When they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horseload of citations and Fathers at your door, you may take off their packsaddles; their day's work is done.'

The author of the Article which we have presumed to attribute to Mr. Gladstone says, that Mr. Garbett, in his Letter, has not ventured to controvert one of the positions in the celebrated discourse on the Eucharist, and intimates that it must have been because they were incontrovertible. We must suppose, therefore, that this author adheres to Dr. Pusey's views of the Eucharist; to which, indeed, from some expressions in the *Church Principles*, so far as we can flatter ourselves that we understand them, we should imagine Mr. Gladstone can have little objection. But with respect to the above statement, we must remind him, that there are other reasons for not controverting dogmas, besides that of their being incontrovertible. They must, at all events, be definite; and he who will engage to say what are those of Dr. Pusey on this subject, must be a bold interpreter indeed. That they are not those of the Church of England, was all that was necessary for his censors to affirm. What they *are*, may well pass their skill to decide. When Tertullian declares, that the 'soul' is 'capable of being grasped in the hand, soft, shining, transparent, and in form exactly resembling the body,' we may certainly conclude that he did not believe it immaterial; but what he *did* believe it to be, could be known, we imagine, only to Tertullian himself, if even to him.

The case would seem, in brief, to be this. Dr. Pusey has sworn and subscribed, *ex animo*, the Thirty-nine Articles; of which the 'Twenty-eighth says, amongst other things, that 'the body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, *only* after a heavenly and spiritual manner;' but in his 'sermon' (in the preface of which he

avows, that he receives the words of institution 'in their *literal* sense') he declares — 'To him [the communicant] its [the sacrament's] special joy is, that it is his Redeemer's very broken Body; it is His Blood which was shed for the remission of his sins. In the words of the ancient church, he *drinks* his ransom, he *eateth* that, the very Body and Blood of the Lord.*

His Flesh and Blood in the sacrament shall give life, not only because they are the Flesh and Blood of the Incarnate Word, who is Life, but also because they are the *very* Flesh and Blood which were given and shed for the life of the world.

This is said yet more distinctly in the awful words whereby he consecrated for ever *elements of this world to be* His Body and Blood.†

Touching with our *very* lips that cleansing Blood.‡ To these we might also add many other expressions equally strong.

Now, the question is, whether he who holds the latter views can, in any intelligible sense, be considered as holding the doctrine of the Church of England; and on this, issue is joined. Dr. Pusey, in his defence, says, that he is quite surprised that he should be suspected of any inconsistency with the Church of England, as he has said no more than what is warranted, not merely by many of the ancient Fathers, but by many Divines of the English church itself. On which remarkable line of defence we have to remark—1. That we imagined it was to the Thirty-nine Articles that Dr. Pusey had sworn his consent, and not to the writings of Laud, Cosins, or Ken. 2. That we imagined it was the former, and not the latter, that were presumed to convey the doctrine of the Church of England. 3. That, on the supposition that *other* Anglican divines have said the same as Dr. Pusey, it assuredly follows, that if *he* be wrong, they are also equally wrong; and that, if *he* be innocent, they also are innocent; but that the plea will avail any further, we cannot perceive—it being neither more nor less than just the schoolboy's argument, that B. did no more than A. did, whereupon it requires to be seen whether A. did right or wrong. 4. That if Dr. Pusey further say, that as *they* were not rebuked, he ought not to be, his censors may well reply, that if they said what he has

* *Sermon on the Eucharist*, p. 18. † *Ibid.* p. 20.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 23.

said, they *ought* to have been rebuked; but that, as his censors did not happen to live two or three hundred years ago, and if they had, might not have been in a condition to censure, the impunity of the aforesaid parties cannot be charged upon *them*. 5. That, after a diligent inspection of the passages cited by Dr. Pusey, we find comparatively few which at all come up in strength to those which are found in Dr. Pusey's sermon; while a large number are so qualified by the context as to show that, however willing the writers might be to hyperbolize on the subject of the Eucharist, they were hardly prepared to stand by a literal interpretation of their figures or rhetoric. 6. That Dr. Pusey does not contend that these divines are all *consistent* with themselves—very far from it, we should say. Now, it is clear, that all such as are inconsistent in their statements (and they would include his principal authorities) are to be subducted from his catalogue. If A. shall say that a thing is white, and *also* that it is black, what right have we to plead his authority for supposing him to mean the one rather than the other? Surely it is more natural to assume, that he had some method of reconciling his statements inconsistent with the absolute assertion of either, or, more probably, did not know his own mind at all. 7. That in some of the cases to which appeal is made, it is manifest that the doctrine of the authors cited, let it have been what it may, could not have been such as to afford any apology for Dr. Pusey. Let us take, for example, Hooker. Dr. Pusey, or rather the friend who compiled the appendix for him, has given us no less than four pages of extracts from Hooker's writings; but, in the first of them, has discreetly stopped short at the very sentence which shows incontrovertibly that, be his meaning what it may, or let him have no consistent meaning at all, it cannot be the doctrine of Dr. Pusey, or any thing like it. The omitted sentence (concluding a paragraph by the bye,) is as follows:—'The real presence of Christ's most precious body and blood is not, therefore, to be sought for in the sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament.'*

Precisely the same thing is done in the case of Jeremy Taylor. In the very paragraph from which the first extract is given, we find the words, 'Christ is present spiritually—that is, by effect and blessing,

which, in true speaking, is rather the consequent of his presence than the formality;' while the very sentence, at which the second citation stops short, affirms that there is no more change in the elements at the Eucharist than in Baptism.—'It is here as in the other sacrament; for, as there, natural water becomes the laver* of regeneration, so, here, bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ; but there, and here too, the first substance is changed by grace, but remains the same in nature.' All which expressions, and thousands more of the like nature, would seem only to imply a very obscure way of stating, that the *formula* of institution is not to be understood, as Dr. Pusey expressly says he does understand it, 'literally.'†

But, after all, we must not forget, that this *fascine* of citations, however ingeniously interwoven, is in truth nothing to the purpose; the real standard of appeal being not this or that divine, or half-a-dozen of them, but those documents to which Dr. Pusey has sworn. If he may defend himself behind every thing which a Laud or a Cosins may have uttered, his shield will, indeed, be broad enough!

Similar observations apply to Dr. Pusey's appeals to the Fathers. They are not the Thirty-nine Articles to which Dr. Pusey has sworn; and afford, therefore, about as sound a plea as a rule of Roman law would, if alleged against the enactments of our own. Nor is this all; the Fathers are themselves most obscure, inconsistent, and contradictory on this question; as all who have waded through any of the principal contro-

* Printed, ludicrously enough, the '*lava* of regeneration, in Bishop Heber's edition of Taylor's works.

† It may perhaps be said that, as Dr. Pusey has warned us that some of the writers he cites are not consistent with themselves, he was not bound to give their inconsistencies. We reply, first, that he was bound not to cite the inconsistent at all—since it is impossible to tell in what sense they intended their language should be understood; secondly, that he was doubly so bound, when the discrepancies are such as to show, that whatever the meaning of the writers, they could not have had *his* meaning; and, lastly, that the studied exclusion of inconsistent expressions resembles too much those controversial arts—that packing of literary juries—which distinguish the construction of the '*Catena Patrum*,' and other portions of the '*Tracts*;' and which compelled Mr. Goode to exclaim—'However we may account for it, truth has been sacrificed.' Any fault, however, on the present occasion, we do not attribute to Dr. Pusey, who clearly had no hand in it; it must be charged on the friend, more zealous than wise, who compiled the Appendix.

* *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Book v. sect. 67.

versial works of Romanists and Protestants on the subject of Transubstantiation, know full well. We have one Father against another, and the same Father often against himself. If Chrysostom, in his extravagant rhetoric, tells us of the 'tongue reddened with the most awful blood,' and 'that to those who desire it, He hath given Himself, not only to see but to touch, and to eat, and to fix their teeth in his flesh;' he kindly balances the statement by saying, that 'the bread is esteemed worthy to be called the Lord's body, although the nature of bread remains in it.' If Tertullian in one place assures us, that 'believers partake of the grace of the Eucharist, by the cutting up and distribution of the Lord's body;' he in another also assures us, that the meaning of the Scripture phrase, 'this is my body,' is, 'this is the *representation* of my body.' If Justin magnifies the rite by affirming, 'that the food which has been blessed with the word of blessing from him, is likewise the flesh and blood of the same incarnate Jesus,' he none the less affirms, that 'the Eucharist is the *commemoration* of our Lord's passion.'

We may remark, by the way, that many of the expressions cited from the Fathers are so irreverent and absurd, that if they had but occurred in modern writers—if they were not covered by the 'hoar of ages,'—Dr. Pusey and his school, we are convinced, would be the first to condemn them. Strange, we are ready to exclaim, that what would be pronounced fanatical nonsense in the mouth of a Whitefield or a Wesley, is denominated sacred and holy if uttered by the lips of Chrysostom or Jerome. Yet so it is; 'the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more value than a modern guinea.'

'With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the *rust* adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.'

That many of the English Divines, partly participating in the solicitude of the Fathers to invest the Eucharist with a supernatural character, partly yielding to the superstitious prejudices which the long triumph of the doctrine of Transubstantiation had nurtured, have given expression to opinions quite as incomprehensible and transcendental as those of the Romish church, cannot be denied. It is equally clear, as Dr. Pu-

sey admits, that not a few are inconsistent with themselves, and defy all interpretation. Many of them contend, indeed, that there is a 'real presence' in the sense that Christ is *truly* present; but then it is not a 'natural' or a 'carnal' presence; his 'body' is present, but then it is 'spiritually,' 'mystically,' present. In spite of all this jargon, one might suppose, from many expressions, that they, after all, mean nothing more than the consistent Protestant means—that there is no change in the elements at all—that the words are to be understood figuratively, and not literally—that the bread and the wine are but symbols, vividly suggesting, through the senses and imagination, the great and momentous truths they commemorate; and the analogy which subsists between the effects of the one upon the physical, and of the other upon the spiritual nature of man. Such are certain expressions of Jeremy Taylor, such many of Hooker. Yet is it certain, that many of the Anglican Divines contend for something much more than this, though they know not what; something as perfectly unintelligible as transubstantiation itself, and which seems, at all events logically, to involve it. They use expressions, in fact, which irresistibly suggest the idea, that they wished, under a cloud of words, to glide away from the controversy, and to strike a hollow truce with Rome by the aid of an ambiguity.

They affirm that there is a change, a stupendous change, effected in the elements by the formula of consecration, but not transubstantiation; those elements literally, not figuratively, *become* the very flesh and blood of Christ, while there is no change of the natural substance of bread and wine; the 'body' of Christ is there, only it is there 'spiritually;' it is 'really' present, but not 'corporeally;' it is a presence not 'local,' but 'super-local,'—to use Mr. Newman's *explanatory* jargon in 'Tract No. 90.' Now what may be the *spiritual* presence of a *body*, what *its* 'substantial,' but not 'corporeal' presence;* what it is for a body to be not 'locally,' but 'super-locally' present, is, at all events, as incomprehensible as the Romanist proposition of the 'accidents' remaining without the 'substances;' and both alike we may hope to understand when we have solved the noted question propounded in Martinus Scriblerus, 'whether, besides the real be-

* See particularly the extracts from Cosins, cited in Dr. Pusey's Appendix.

ing of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be.'

Well may Mr. Alexander exclaim, 'What between the anxiety of the Anglicans to maintain the real presence, on the one hand, and their dread of using words that would fix upon them the advocacy of transubstantiation on the other, their statements are to common understandings somewhat impenetrable.'*

It is in vain for Dr. Pusey to tell us that such things are great mysteries, and that, by the very nature of mysteries, they are totally incomprehensible. We refuse not to believe mysteries, merely on the ground that they are such, for we believe many; we ask only the *extrinsic* evidence that we are called on to believe them; and that the mysteries themselves, though we cannot solve them, should be at least capable of being conveyed in terms that are neither absolutely devoid of meaning, nor absolutely contradictory. To deal with the second condition first; we affirm, that in the present case, the very propositions are either incomprehensible or contradictory. A change, which changes a thing, and which yet leaves it as it was—a change, these are the words, by which bread and wine *literally become* flesh and blood, and yet remain bread and wine—a body *spiritually* present—present, not locally, but *super-locally*—are, in any ordinary meaning of the terms, either wholly unintelligible or diametrically contradictory. The Romanist himself is not driven to more desperate straits in the management of his theory, and can evade objections with a more plausible sophistry. When we remind him of Bellarmine's expression, 'that the body of the Lord is sensibly touched with the hands, broken and bruised with the teeth;' 'Ah!' he replies, 'it is through the medium of the sacramental species,—*mediantibus speciebus*.'

As to the first condition; it surely well behoves those who thrust these metaphysical subtleties into theology, and then call them 'sacred truths,' to be ready, at all events, with that extrinsic evidence which can alone justify us in receiving *any* mystery. To this the answer is prompt,—'It is expressly said, "This is my body;"' and we admit, that if this expression is to be understood literally, the answer is plain enough,—so plain, that we wonder that

any controvertists should trouble themselves to accumulate strong quotations from the Fathers; for scarcely one is so strong as the words of institution, and none can be stronger. This the Romanists allege. And the answer to the plea, thus narrowed, is equally plain. We say to those who thus reason,—'Then fairly apply the same reasoning to other passages,—to the metaphorical language of the Bible generally—to analogous expressions of our Lord himself; or as fairly show why you do in the one case what you do not in the other. Do not interpret Him, who, being the wisest of teachers, and knowing the nature of man, employed parable and metaphor more largely than any other teacher ever did—do not interpret Him, on this single occasion, as you never do on any other. When our Lord says, "I am the vine,"—"I am the door,"—"I am the resurrection,"—or (to adduce passages which are equally conclusive, though we do not recollect seeing them urged by controvertists)—when He says, "He that doeth the will of God, the same is my mother, and sister, and brother;"—"My meat and my drink is to do the will of my Father;" when he says, on the cross, to his mother, concerning John, "Woman, behold thy son," and to John, "Behold thy mother," not to mention numberless other cases; no man feels any temptation to talk metaphysical nonsense, or proposes to discover any transcendental mysteries. We conclude, therefore, that you find such mysteries in this one passage, only because you *want* to find them there.' What Selden said so truly of Transubstantiation, may be equally said of every other theory which depends on the literal interpretation of the words of institution,—'It is nothing but rhetoric turned into logic.'*

Meantime, as Jeremy Taylor truly observes, all men, in fact, whatever may be their pretences, must come to the figurative at last. On the words, 'This cup,' &c., he asks, 'To what can *τοῦτο* refer but to *ποτήριον*, "this cup," and let whatsoever sense be affixed to it afterwards, if it do not suppose a figure, then there is no such thing

* *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*, p. 393. The whole passage well worthy of perusal.

* We had written our remarks on Dr. Pusey's Sermon before the valuable pamphlet of Professor Lee attracted our notice. His views of the inconclusiveness of Dr. Pusey's defence, and of the fallacy of his *catena*, coincide with our own. And his denunciation of the whole Oxford system is equally honest and eloquent.

as figures, or words, or truth, or things.* He afterwards affirms and shows, 'that there is in the words of institution such a heap of tropes and figurative speeches, that almost in every word there is plainly a trope.'†

Dr. Pusey bears the general character of an amiable and modest man. We regret, in common with Professor Garbett, that he should, in the preface to his Sermon,‡ have departed from his usual character. He talks of the opposition or ridicule which his theory of the Eucharist may meet with as blasphemy and profanity. Not a shadow of a misgiving does he seem to have, that he may by possibility be mistaken, or that a doctrine which his fellow Christians, members of the very same church, are either constrained to denominate jargon, or, so far as they can catch a glimpse of his meaning, to denounce as contrary to the very Articles which he has sworn that he believes, can be any other than absolute truth. The whole opening paragraph is worthy rather of Hildebrand than of Dr. Pusey. But we forbear to comment longer on this mournful spectacle, and content ourselves with recommending to the attention of our readers the mild and dignified rebuke of Professor Garbett.

With regard to the charge of 'blasphemy and profanity,' so lightly preferred against those who merely question Dr. Pusey's infallibility, we can only say, that we trust no conscientious man will hesitate freely to denounce, and, if necessary, ridicule, what he sincerely believes most pernicious 'nonsense,' merely because some are pleased to call it a 'sacred mystery.' Ineffably painful as it may be to a devout mind to speak of follies, which even touch on subjects truly sacred, in the terms they deserve, still it is only the more necessary from that very connection; and on *them* be the scandal who create the necessity. If to do this be 'blasphemy,' we have an ample warrant in the conduct of some of the best of the Anglican divines, who, in dealing with tran-

substantiation, (which cannot be *less* sacred in the eye of Romanists than is Dr. Pusey's theory in his own,) have, as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, much of that 'Macedonian simplicity which calls things by their right names.' We feel that we have kept far within the limits of South, who calls transubstantiation 'the most stupendous piece of nonsense that ever was owned in the face of a rational world;' and of Jeremy Taylor, who scruples not to say, in his long enumeration of its absurdities—'By this doctrine, the same thing stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself, and yet abides close by itself, and in itself, and out of itself; . . . It is brought from heaven to earth, and yet is nowhere in the way, nor ever stirs out of heaven . . . It makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of his body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the eucharist, as it is probable he did, and certain that he might have done.' In fact, a great part of his treatise on the subject, and especially the eleventh section, is conceived in a spirit of the severest ridicule. But probably Dr. Pusey is of the opinion of Clement of Alexandria, who condemns laughter *in toto*. Verily if laughter be sinful, neither Dr. Pusey nor Clement ought to have written. We may well say, as Pascal to the Jesuits—that we are far enough from ridiculing *sacred* things, in ridiculing such things as Dr. Pusey's theory of the Eucharist—'Je me suis déjà justifié sur ces points; et on est bien éloigné d'être exposé à ce vice, quand on n'a qu'à parler des opinions que j'ai rapportées de vos auteurs.'*

But whatever the extravagances of Dr. Pusey may be, they are not to be compared with those of Mr. Newman. The latter advances much more rapidly on the 'line of Catholicism;' and if we may judge from the extraordinary 'development' which has recently characterized his comet-like career, he must surely be now near his perihelion. His recantation of his unfilial speeches against Rome, uttered in the comparative darkness of a Tractator, are well known. His last volume of sermons, like Mr. Ward's Articles in the *British Critic*, has been received with shouts of rapture by the principal Catholic Periodicals of the empire. In his Essay on Miracles, he has endeavored to establish principles which

* On Transubstantiation, Sect. 5.

† Ibid. Sect. 6.

‡ 'It is with pain that the following Sermon is published. For it is impossible for any one not to foresee one portion of its effects; what floods, namely, of blasphemy against holy truth will be poured forth by the infidel, or heretical, or secular and anti-religious papers with which our church and country are at this time afflicted. It is like casting with one's own hands, that which is most sacred, to be outraged and profaned.'—Preface.

* Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, (No xi.)

would serve at once to authenticate the 'church system' of the Middle Ages; and tales which have hitherto been regarded as the very dotage of superstition, are gravely propounded as worthy of all belief and reverence. These principles have already been applied in the series of 'Lives of the English Saints,' now in course of publication, under his auspices and with his approbation; in which the monasticism, the pilgrimages, the miracles, the superstitions, and, in a word, the whole religious life of the Middle Ages are recommended to our faith and veneration. Certainly the most conclusive method of maintaining the 'church system,' is by affirming the quasi-inspiration of the men who developed it, and the miraculous attestations with which their doctrine has been confirmed. Towards the former, an initial attempt was made in 'Tract 89,' 'On the mysticism of the Fathers,' in which so many of the stupendous errors of patristic allegory are not only defended but eulogized. Of interpretations, which, apart from inspiration, no man could have imagined to be warranted by the text, and which, except on that supposition, must seem the merest dreams of a crazed fancy, it is said, 'the holy fathers well knew what they were about; they proceeded in interpreting Scripture on the surest ground—the warrant of Scripture itself in analogous cases.' This, it will be recollected, applies to examples no less fanciful than that by which the 'five barley loaves' in the miracle, are by some made to represent 'the five senses;' and by others, the 'five books of Moses!'

Now to justify the Fathers *because* they imitate inspired men in doing only what inspiration can enable men to do, is to attribute to them—what some of them, indeed, on particular occasions are not slow to attribute to themselves—the gift of inspiration.

The same desperate courage which led the writer of the above Tract to claim preternatural wisdom for an indefinite portion of the worst inanities of patristic allegory, and to convert the very babblings of dotage into proofs of a quasi-inspiration, has led Mr. Newman to patronize an indefinite, but very large portion of the monkish miracles; thus boldly accepting the challenge of Mr. Baden Powell, in his able Essay on Tradition. That gentleman justly contends, that the Traditional system requires the attestation of miracles as much as that of the New Testament. Very well; Mr. Newman

has consistently provided it; so that now the church system, disclosed by inspired Fathers, is confirmed by monkish miracles; and surely they are worthy of each other. It is hard to say which are more celestial, the allegorical mysteries of the Fathers, or the thaumaturgic achievements of the Monks.

Mr. Newman's *Essay on Miracles* is prefixed to an English translation of a portion of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History. The Essay originated in a kind desire to assist the reader in dealing with 'those supernatural narratives' which are so plentifully spread over the voluminous work of the Romanist historian. 'It will naturally suggest itself to the reader,' says Mr. Newman, 'to form some judgment upon them; and a perplexity, perhaps a painful perplexity, may ensue from the difficulty of doing so. This being the case,' adds the provident Essayist, 'it is inconsiderate and almost wanton, to bring such subjects before him, without making at least the attempt to assist him in disposing of them.'* Some may doubt whether it was necessary for a clergyman of the English church to bring the subject before the reader at all, in so questionable a shape as that of a Romanist's history; but having chosen to conduct us into a labyrinth, it was kind to provide us at the same time with a clue. Mr. Newman's benevolence reminds us of that of the early settlers in America, who it is said, bestowed inestimable benefits on the aborigines by making them acquainted with certain valuable medicinal agents; and that the aborigines might not be ignorant of their obligations, they took care to introduce the diseases for which those medicines were specifics, at the same time.

It should be observed, that Mr. Newman contends not only for a multitude of primitive miracles, but of *mediæval* miracles also—in fact for miracles in all ages—for 'there have been at all times true miracles and false miracles.'† So that here again we should be left in an ecstasy of wonder that he did not repair to that church which, whether any other has the like privilege or not, *must* have had its system thus preternaturally authenticated, were it not that he leaves us in doubt whether he does not believe that the English church has been favored with similar authentication. Indeed, on his principles, as we shall shortly see, it is hard to say what may *not* be a miracle.

* Page xii.

† Page xiii.

We shall devote a page or two to the consideration of his principles.

No theist, we presume, can have any doubt about the *possibility* of miracles. He who believes in a Creator of all things, can have little difficulty in believing that He who imposed the laws of nature can alter, suspend, or dispense with them, at His almighty will. And if any probable reason can be assigned worthy of such an interposition, a philosophic mind will allow that it fairly meets the merely *à priori* presumption, arising from the admitted infrequency of such an occurrence. To infer from that infrequency alone that miracles never have occurred, and never will, is just as unphilosophic a prejudice as that which led the Indian prince—to employ Hume's celebrated instance, and which, by-the-by, is sufficient to demolish his theory—to deny that there ever was or could be such a thing as ice—a conclusion, which, however natural to *his* uniform experience, was certainly any thing but Baconian: or it is as unphilosophic a prejudice as that which generally makes the young natural philosopher stand aghast when he first hears propounded the first law of motion—to him an incomprehensible paradox. All such prejudices are of the same nature. They lead us hastily to infer that that cannot *be* which is not familiar to us. Purging his mind, therefore, from any such *idola tribus*, the philosophic inquirer will make the question of an alleged miracle simply a question of evidence; and if that be sufficient, he will not reject it, simply because it is a phenomenon unfamiliar to him. Nor will he forget that there may be cases in which the evidence is so strong, that it would be yet more unphilosophic to reject the evidence than to admit the phenomenon; that it may be in fact so strong as to allow him only the alternative of admitting one of two miracles;—of admitting either a partial violation of the laws of the material world, or a total subversion of the laws of the moral world; which, as operating in a number of minds, are just as invariable. If, therefore, (to 'try the theorem upon a simple case,' as Paley has remarked,) a number of men, of previously good character, were all to depose to the same facts, not explicable, except on the hypothesis of miracle;—were to persist in the same story, not only without any assignable motive, but against every assignable motive: separately and collectively; under the severest examinations, amidst menaces, tortures, and in

death itself—we do not believe that there is any sane man in the world who would not rather believe in the truth of the facts, than in this total subversion of every principle, both of man's physical and moral nature.*

But whether we are justified in believing that a miracle has occurred or not, will depend entirely on the amount and quality of the evidence. If Mr. Newman's tests be thought sufficient, we hardly know any legend wild enough to be unworthy of human belief.

Mr. Newman insinuates, with that perilous disregard of Scripture which will give no little delight to infidelity, but which quite corresponds with the tone of No. 85 of the Tracts, that if we reject the 'ecclesiastical miracles,' we shall be grievously troubled in defending those of the Bible. Yet he himself has fully admitted that the latter are precisely catalogued and ascer-

* An inability to weigh the force of moral evidence—to see when, in effect, it would be a miracle that it should prove false—is a striking characteristic of German theologians: they would rather admit a thousand *moral* miracles than a single *physical* one. We not only see this in the writings of Neologians, in whom it might more naturally be expected, but even in those who have no occasion for such violent hypotheses; those, in fact, who admit the most stupendous supernatural events of the New Testament, and the truth of the documents which record them! We may instance Neander, who in his *Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche*, and in his *Leben Jesu*, not seldom resorts to most violent methods of interpretation, and most improbable surmises, to reduce a miracle to the stature of an ordinary event. Thus he thinks the judgment on Ananias and Sapphira may be accounted for, by supposing them to have died of a sudden pang of remorse, and the shame of public detection! Query—What is the probability that two persons, within an hour or so, each unwitting of the other's fate, should both drop down dead of remorse, for a crime which they had not for a moment hesitated to conspire and commit, and which they had carried off, up to the moment of detection, with unfaltering effrontery? In the same manner, we constantly find this class of theologians endeavoring to render miracles (far less stupendous than those they admit to be truly such) *easy* to Omnipotence—not caring, meanwhile, what burdens of absurdity, contradiction, and improbability, they lay upon poor humanity, by whose agency they are performed, or by whose pen they are recorded. It is not a little curious that such universal horror of a miracle should be manifested, in a country in which, from the days of Paracelsus, to those of Mesmer, the wildest and most visionary theories of physics have found thousands of credulous admirers. On behalf of such theories, many a German speculator will exercise a thousand times as much faith as would be necessary to make him a sober Christian.

tained, instead of being intermingled, like those for which he contends, with a vastly greater number of admitted impostures; that they are supported by the same evidence which proves all or none, while the former are insulated, and supported by various degrees of evidence. What is yet more, he has admitted the glaring contrast in spirit, tone, and internal evidence, between the scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles; and that, whatever be their external evidence, there is the widest conceivable difference in their intrinsic claims to attention. We may further remark, 1st, that if *some* of the Scripture miracles be wrought on occasions apparently as trivial as thousands of those which fill the pages of ecclesiastical history, the proportions in the numbers are altogether reversed; the exceptions in the former case become the rule in the latter. The vast majority of the monkish miracles are visibly stamped with legendary characteristics, which, though difficult to enumerate, are as rapidly seized by the mind as those peculiarities of feature by which we discriminate one face from another. But 2d, (and this is the chief point,) the comparatively few cases of miraculous occurrence recorded in Scripture, which at all resemble those of ecclesiastical history, are admitted to be authenticated, not by their intrinsic evidence, but by the multiform and independent proofs which substantiate the *rest*, and, at the same time, the system of which they form a subordinate part. They are sustained only by other facts with which they are in combination; they float, not from their absolute buoyancy, but on account of the greater specific gravity of the fluid on which they rest; just as iron, which will sink in water, will swim in mercury. This cannot be said of the ecclesiastical miracles; and Mr. Newman in effect admits it, (p. 25,) and in other places, where he is much more successful in stating the objection than in removing it.

But not to dwell any longer on the bearing of the general argument upon the Scripture miracles, which may safely be left to their proper evidence, we proceed to inquire what are the claims of the ecclesiastical miracles to attention, and whether they are supported by that degree of evidence which justifies the belief of them.

We regret to say that Mr. Newman (by a style of logic but too characteristic of him) has kept out of sight all the principal arguments which prove, that the overwhelm-

ing majority of those miracles are so evidently fabulous as to make it highly unreasonable to affirm that any are not: and that if there *be* any that are not, it is for such reasons impossible to establish their actual occurrence. We shall endeavor to supply his deficiencies, and to give a fair account of the *general state of the evidence*; from which it will be seen that it is impossible not to regard, with the extremest degree of suspicion, the infinitesimal minority which might otherwise be thought less suspicious. In order to obviate every cavil, however, we will then proceed to canvass the *particular evidence* in one or two of Mr. Newman's very strongest cases, and show how utterly inadequate it is.

A candid man, we apprehend, would find it quite sufficient merely to inspect the general character of the bulk of ecclesiastical miracles, to pronounce not only on *their* claims to attention, but to decide that any claims to miraculous agency—in ages in which credulity, on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, were so rife, and in which such a countless multitude of now universally exploded fables could be either forged or believed—are in an inconceivably greater ratio likely to be false than true. The immense number of these miracles—the very profusion and waste of the miraculous energy—the triviality of the occasions on which the large mass of them were wrought—the mean, the ridiculous, purposes they served—the grotesque circumstances which accompanied their performance—the singular marks of fraudulent or legendary origin which pervade them—are alone sufficient to render faith in the few which appear somewhat less incredible, one of the most difficult tasks ever imposed upon mortals. But this presumption is greatly strengthened when we consider the general state of the evidence, and remember that the four following facts are not only notorious, but admitted on all hands, and are in effect admitted by Mr. Newman himself.

1. It is a curious circumstance, that in the earliest remains of ecclesiastical antiquity—where, if any where, one might expect the continued exertion of those miraculous agencies, which demonstrated the truth of Christianity—there, precisely, the traces of miracles are the faintest, and the claims to their performance least decisive. Moreover, the events of a supposed miraculous character are either just of that species which, in all ages, have most easily

imposed on the ignorant and unreflecting—which knaves can most easily simulate, or enthusiasm most easily mistake (as in the case of the *ερεγορμενοι*);* or if they are of a more decisively miraculous character, those who relate them do not pretend to have been eye-witnesses, or give any circumstantial statement whatsoever, but merely report them on that loose kind of evidence on which Goldsmith's mad dog was convicted—'the report was received from a neighbor, who had it from another, who was told it from one who had it on excellent authority.' But now, after a period of prolonged silence—a most unaccountable stagnation of the miraculous energy—we find, to our no little wonder, that it has become more active than ever; and that, too, just when, considering what was its primary and express object, as stated in the great volume of inspiration itself, its interpositions would seem least necessary. In other words, the miracles are found increasing in frequency as Christianity appears to require them less. They also appear to increase in precise ratio to the growth of superstition and credulity; till at length they are poured forth with such profusion, that, if we were to credit some of the monkish legends, there would seem to be some danger lest the very cheapness of the miracles should destroy their nature. 'They become,' as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, 'a daily extraordinary, a supernatural natural event, a perpetual wonder, that is, a wonder and no wonder.' In ancient Athens, it was said, you might find more gods than men; and in like manner, in many of the ecclesiastical legends, you will find more miracles than ordinary events. Daniel O'Rourke 'wondered 'in his mind how an eagle came to speak like a Christian:' in reading many of the above legends we are surprised at nothing of the kind—all our astonishment is to find a monk speaking like one.

2. We have the express testimony of some of the Fathers—of Chrysostom in particular, most distinctly and repeatedly—that miracles had ceased, and that events pretending to that character were rather to be

looked upon as the tricks of jugglers or the delusions of fanaticism.* If, on other occasions, in compliance with the prejudices of his age, or in compliment to the 'glorious martyrs,' he is pleased to contradict himself, and to proclaim the efficacy of their holy relics, or the prodigies wrought at their shrines, it is of no consequence to the present argument. It does not belong to us to reconcile his statements. It is sufficient for our purpose that the evidence is contradictory. It necessarily involves that evidence in suspicion when we have the declaration of one of the best of the Fathers—that it cannot be relied upon. We may remark, however, that as the spirit of his age, and the rampant demonolatry with which it was infected, would naturally have led him to maintain rather than impugn the alleged miracles, we can hardly account for his doing the latter, except from the force of truth.

3. We know—what ought in itself to be sufficient to decide the question—that it was a maxim received and acted upon by many of the most eminent of the churchmen of the early centuries—expressly defended by the Alexandrian Clement and by Jerome—that fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were occasionally a valuable auxiliary of truth. 'We would willingly,' says the candid Mosheim, 'except from this charge Ambrose and Hilary, Augustin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome; but truth, which is more respectable than these venerable fathers, obliges us to involve them in the general accusation. We may add also, that it was probably the contagion of this pernicious maxim that engaged Sulpitius Severus, who is far from being in general a puerile or credulous historian, to attribute so many miracles to St. Martin.† And we know that principles which some did not blush to avow, many more did not blush to act upon. Some pretended to inspiration, and *forged* revelations; others pretended to divine

* Origen expressly says of the casting out of Devils, *ὡς ἐπίπαν γὰρ ἰδιῶται τὸ τοιοῦτον πρᾶττοναι*. 'The general style of the early writers,' says Middleton, is as vague as possible; 'such and such works are done amongst us, or by us; by our people; by a few; by many; by our exorcists; by ignorant laymen, women, boys, and any simple Christian whatsoever.'

* In one place he says, 'Why are there not those now who raise the dead and perform cures?' In another, 'Argue not because miracles do not happen now, that they did not happen then. In those times they were profitable, and now they are not.' Mr. Newman endeavors to reconcile the discrepancies in the statements of Chrysostom as well as in those of Augustine on this subject, but to us most unsatisfactorily. The reader may judge for himself by inspecting the Essay, pp. 38, 39.

† Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. i. p. 382.

powers, and *forged* miracles. It is necessary to add, that this one fact leaves the whole mass of ecclesiastical miracles under the very strongest degree of suspicion, and advertises us, as it were, that if there be truth in any of them, it cannot be established? If similar maxims were discovered in the New Testament;—if we found its writers stating, that deceit is sometimes justifiable, and that it is lawful 'to do evil that good may come,' it would, we think, go far to discredit, in all sober minds, the whole pretensions of the sacred volume; for what certainty can we have that he speaks truth, who in the very same breath tell us, that he may fabricate untruths when it seems to him good to do so?

4. Such are the credulity, the carelessness, the indiscriminate appetite for wonders, which characterize even the recorders of the best attested and most venerated of these miracles, that there is not one of them who does not relate ten times as many as even the most egregiously credulous of these times can by any possibility receive. Take, for example, Paulinus and Augustine, the principal vouchers for the celebrated Ambrosian miracles, (of which we shall speak by and by;) such is the easy faith of these Fathers with regard to miraculous occurrences, and such their latitude or confusion of thought, as to what may pass for such, that we will venture to affirm, that not even the most credulous of their admirers can lay his hand upon his heart and say, that he believes that a fourth part of the alleged facts ever occurred; or that a fourth part of those that did occur were of the nature of miracles. Let any one read Augustine's catalogue of those wrought at the shrine of St. Stephen, in and about Hippo, and then judge. Nay, Augustine himself complains that his contemporaries, for whatsoever reason, could with difficulty be brought to believe them; and if *they* did not believe them, he can hardly expect more faith in their less credulous posterity. 'Non tanta ea commendat auctoritas, ut sine difficultate vel dubitatione credantur, quamvis Christianis fidelibus, a fidelibus indicentur.'

Moreover, when we find authors so respectable as Jerome gravely telling us of St. Hilarion's successful exorcising of a 'huge Bactrian camel,' and of two lions benevolently coming to assist St. Anthony in the burial of the hermit Paul, (digging a grave for him with their feet, and then departing with the *blessing* of the saint,) not

to mention a number of similar prodigies in that inimitable piece of biography; when we find Palladius telling us of a hyena asking absolution of a hermit for killing a sheep, and of a female turned by magic into a mare; Ephraïm, Bishop of the Cyprian Salamis, assuring us that in his time *many* fountains and rivers were annually turned into wine on the same day, and at the same time, when our Saviour wrought his miracle at Cana in Galilee; Eusebius, recording that the pillars in the porticoes of the city distilled tears in a remarkably dry season, on account of the barbarities inflicted on the Christians of Palestine; Athanasius, relating, amidst a crowd of similar absurdities, that St. Anthony hearing one day a loud knocking at his cell, found a 'tall meagre person' there who gave in his name, Satan, and that that personage had politely come to beg a truce of Christians, whose reproaches and curses, he averred, were the more unreasonable, as their universal diffusion, even in the depths of the desert, had completely spoiled his trade, and disarmed him of all power to do mischief;* when we think of such authors retailing such stories, and that these may be matched by thousands more of the like quality—what can we say of the trustworthiness of any miraculous announcements from men who were either so enormously dishonest or so enormously credulous? We care not, so far as the present argument is concerned, which of the alternatives be taken. One of them *must* be taken by every man of our times; for not even a Romanist, with the exception perhaps of a Baronius or a Tillemont, will believe one half of these miracles.†

* The dialogue between the saint and his visitor is given with great gravity, and apparent devotion, by Mr. Newman, p. 30. The implied compliment to the monks must be considered a deep manœuvre of the subtle adversary, and, as a monstrous fiction, was well worthy, we confess, of the Father of lies. The whole narrative is full of similar extravagances.

† For a detailed and most amusing account of two or three of the miracles mentioned above, and of many more which we have omitted, the reader may consult Mr. Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*, more especially vol. ii. pp. 233, 377. His examination of the ancient miracles forms one of the very ablest portions of his valuable volumes, being conducted with great acuteness and circumspection. Some of his translations are given with much spirit, and the running commentary upon them is pleasant reading. We can assure our readers, that the absurdities which appear even in that naked statement of the miracles which is all we have space for, will in no degree be diminished

Such was the infinite number and the stupendous nature of these pretended miracles, that if only the hundredth part were true, we may well say, with Jortin and Middleton, that they utterly eclipse all the supernatural narratives of the New Testament. The extraordinary ease with which all kinds of diseases were cured by the sacred oil, and various other equally efficacious appliances of spiritual quackery, well justifies the sarcasm of the former, when he says—'One would wonder how the physicians did to live in those days, when this effusion of miracles seemed to have rendered their art altogether unnecessary. They could have had no business except amongst pagans, Jews, heretics, and schismatics.'

Such is the *general state* of the evidence touching ecclesiastical miracles. It will be observed, that it is not necessary for us to assert that no miracles were wrought in the post-apostolic ages; all we affirm is, that the evidence is wholly unsatisfactory, and that skepticism with regard to them, is all that the immense preponderance of evidence will justify. If any can plead exception, it is the miraculous frustration of Julian's attempt to rebuild the temple. If true, it was at all events wrought, not in

by perusing their most grotesque details. It *might* have been objected to Mr. Taylor, at the time he published his work, that he was in some instances appealing to authorities of unknown date and doubtful authenticity, as for example the document *De miraculis Stephani*—which may have been composed later than the fourth, or even the fifth century. But all scruple about adducing these, and the like recitals, as bearing on the *general evidence* for or against ecclesiastical miracles, is removed by the subsequent 'developments' of the Oxford divines, who now boldly advocate the claims of an indefinite multitude of the mediæval miracles, or rather of miracles in all ages. This must be acknowledged to be a masterly refinement. In another respect, too, they have, we apprehend, out-flanked Mr. Taylor. He doubtless thought, that to lay bare the frauds and credulity of the ancient church in relation to miracles, was one effectual way of showing the corrupt state of the system which produced them, and the folly of taking it as a model and a guide. And, doubtless, most sane persons will agree with him. He little thought that there were men, who, instead of doubting the system from the miracles, would discern a glorious harmony between the miracles and the system. Mr. Newman seems to have felt the pressure of the argument, and in his Essay attempts to reply to it; though, as we shall shortly see, whether he thinks that the church system avouches the miracles, or the miracles avouch the church system, he leaves in notable dubiety. If he can but get men to believe the miracles, he well knows how all men have ever interpreted such interpositions.

suspicious connection with monkish superstitions, or in support of them, but, as Mr. Waddington justly observes, in confirmation of the Christian faith itself, in a most critical juncture of its history. Even this, however, has been most fiercely litigated; and supposing the main facts true, it becomes very questionable whether they are of a nature strictly miraculous—an observation which applies strongly, as Mosheim truly observes, to the so-called miracle of the 'Thundering Legion,' as well as to many others.* He himself was amongst the 'doubters.'

But though we would freely rest the question on the unsatisfactory state of the general evidence, we do not shrink from affirming, that in the individual cases best avouched, the evidence is altogether inadequate. We will take one of the strongest—that of the Ambrosian miracles—and in selecting this, even Mr. Newman will not charge us with taking a weak one. He, on the contrary, appeals to it with peculiar triumph. The circumstances were briefly these:—Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the very crisis of his quarrel with the Empress Justina, who had vainly solicited one of the churches of the city for the use of the Arians, was about to consecrate the sumptuous Basilic, afterwards called by his name. The people were anxious, as was the custom of those ages, to deposit in the sacred edifice the relics of some martyr; for relics had long been the palladium of cities—a panacea in all sorts of diseases—the terror of demons—the oracle of those who were in any wise troubled in mind, body, or estate—and the sources of multitudinous miracles. Ambrose, nothing loth, promised to comply, provided he could hit upon the genuine article; and he tells us, that he instantly had a happy presentiment that so it would be—*Statimque subiit veluti cujusdam ardor presagii*. Just before the consecration took place, he was, according to Paulinus and Augustine, (though he does not mention it in his own account, to his sister Marcellina,) favored by a vision of the *hitherto unheard-of* martyrs, Gervasius and Protasius, who, propitious to so pious a design as that which filled his bosom, sped from the skies to acquaint him with their names, date of martyrdom, and place of sepulture. He ordered the indicated

* The reader will find an admirable and candid statement of the arguments for and against the ecclesiastical miracles, in Jortin's *Remarks*, vol. i. p. 247.

place to be dug, and soon found auspicious signs—*inveni signa convenientia*—and at length came to the bodies—‘two men of wonderful stature, such as *ancient* times produced’—(about two centuries before!)—‘the bones all whole, and plenty of fresh blood.’ ‘*Invenimus miræ magnitudinis viros duos, ut prisca ætas ferebat. Ossa omnia integra, sanguinis plurimum.*’ The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round soaked with blood, which, considering that the flesh had all decayed and disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles of two hundred years’ standing; unless, indeed, we suppose the blood had been *new created* for the occasion. However that may be, *sanguine tumulus madet*—the whole tomb was wet with it. As the workmen approached the martyrs’ resting-place, the skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the ‘possessed,’ who had been brought on such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in most lamentable wise, thus giving no less respectable attestation than that of the ‘father of lies himself,’ to the power of the glorious martyrs. The relics, blood and bones, were carefully removed to the new Basilic, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased and possessed persons, who were so happy as to touch them; and such was their virtue, that even to touch the fringe of the pall which covered them, was sufficient. Among others, a *butcher*, named Severus, who had been some time blind, and had, on that account, quitted business, at least for all *secular* purposes, was miraculously restored to sight. The pious people were naturally anxious that the remains should not be removed till the next Sunday, but Ambrose, for some reason best known to himself, was anxious to use despatch, and would delay the important business only two days. The miracles were completely successful. The ‘opposite party’ derided them as cunningly devised tricks—*ludibria ficta et composita*—the orthodox were confirmed in their orthodoxy; and the opportune supply of martyrs’ blood was worked up into a precious paste or confection, and distributed in small portions over all parts of Christendom;—each warranted to have—which we doubt not to have been the case—all the virtues of the unadulterated article.

On reading this narrative, some will ex-

claim—‘You need go no further—the recital is enough. We cannot analyze all the reasons of the impression, but the impression itself is instant and indelible.’ Others will say, ‘The miracles in their whole circumstances—in the purposes for which they were wrought—in the entire religious tone and spirit pervading them, are so different from those of the New Testament, that it is an insult to ask us to believe *both*.’ Others will say, ‘Can we believe in such a complication and profusion of miracles, inconceivable under any circumstances, in connection with such a sordid, beggarly system of superstition?’ Others again, ‘The whole narrative too strongly resembles similar recitals of multitudinous miracles of the same ages—miracles which every one rejects as either the inventions of knavery or the delusions of credulity; it may be safely left to be judged by the *general* state of the evidence, on which you have already said so much.’ And we agree with all these; but yet beg distinctly to affirm that, judged on its own merits, the case is *not* supported by any thing like the amount and quality of evidence necessary to avouch facts only a hundredth part so wonderful. Let us look at the authorities. They are principally three—Paulinus, Augustine, Ambrose himself.

Paulinus, the secretary of Ambrose, though a good man, was completely enslaved by superstition. He had such an appetite for the marvellous, that, as we have already remarked, he has related much which men of *every party* would summarily reject. Similar observations, in a certain degree, apply to Augustine. Most cordially are we disposed to agree with Mr. Taylor, who, on another occasion, represents that Father as the dupe of his own credulity, not the machinator of fraud. We must not, however, forget the observation already cited from the impartial and candid Mosheim. Eminent men of those days have advocated maxims which, if such an alternative were necessary, would render it much easier to suppose even Augustine ‘the machinator of fraud,’ than that all the prodigies he relates are true. But we are not driven to this alternative. Augustine’s credulity is sufficient to account for his conduct; and this his own credulous recitals of other miracles sufficiently prove. As in the case of Paulinus, no man believes one tenth of them.

Why, then, should Paulinus and Augustine be believed in this instance? Will it

be said that, if honest men, the miraculous nature of the facts could not be doubted? So far from it, that there is nothing in the facts which might not have been easily *managed*, and with sufficient dexterity to impose on credulous simplicity. In other cases, the difficulty is to account for the alleged events—supposing them as they appeared—by any thing less than miraculous agency; in the present case, the only difficulty is to suppose them *caused* by miraculous energy. Skeletons can be procured any where, and blood from any *butcher*, for a less price than the restoration of his eyesight.

But was Ambrose only the dupe of his own credulity? We doubt it; and, in justification of our doubts, would assign several circumstances not mentioned by Mr. Taylor, nor, so far as we are aware, by any other writer in connection with these miracles, though familiar enough to all readers of ecclesiastical history. We firmly believe, that Ambrose well knew what he was about. He had, as his whole history shows, a politic head, and understood thoroughly all the arts of popular management. He had been educated to the law, and was already holding the office of consular Præfect of the province, when he was summoned, yet unbaptized, to assume the episcopate. He was, or affected to be, exceedingly reluctant: but all his efforts were of no avail in those strange days, when compulsory ordination was not an unusual occurrence, and the most extraordinary devices were sometimes resorted to by the bishop-elect to avert the unwelcome honor. If we may believe Paulinus—and he mentions them apparently to his patron's honor—Ambrose, on this occasion, employed some of those little arts of management which illustrate his subtlety much better than his principles. He ordered some criminals to be tortured, in order to beget a notion of a ferocity of temper, not exactly befitting a Christian prelate.* The artifice failed. He then ordered that abandoned women should publicly repair to him, just to establish a character for licentiousness.† Surely he who would

thus palter with his own character, would act a becoming part in the forthcoming 'miracle-play.' But this, too, failed. The accommodating people were resolved to have him for their Bishop, even though he should prove himself not a Christian. 'Thy sin be upon us,' they cried—*Peccatum tuum super nos*. Such acts are not insignificant indications of character.

But again. When a certain Bishop had amused himself with burning down a Jewish synagogue, and the Emperor Theodosius insisted—surely a most reasonable demand—that the perpetrators of the act should rebuild it, the 'holy Ambrose' not only wrote a most haughty and unbecoming letter to the Emperor to induce him to reverse his sentence, (itself most iniquitous,) but declared, though, in fact, not true, that *he* had instigated the deed. 'Quid mandas in absentes judicium? Habes præsentem, habes confitentem reum. Proclamo quod ego synagogam incenderim; certe quod ego illis mandaverim; ne esset locus in quo Christus negaretur.' He thinks the party accused, even though innocent, would be justified in the like course. 'Ne amittat occasionem martyrii, et pro invalidis subiciat validiorem:‡' and then exclaims, 'O beatum mendacium!' As a candid Roman Catholic (Dupin) observes, 'Piety knows nothing of these "beata mendacia;"' and we much fear that he who would tell a 'blessed lie' for the honors of martyrdom, would do as much on behalf of a less momentous object.

Further, in sundry of his works, Ambrose has gone as far, or further, than any of his contemporaries, in those perilous apologies for certain moral delinquencies of the saints of the Old Testament—Scripture, be it observed, never apologizes for them—which, we have no doubt, was both a cause and a consequence of that obliquity of mind which familiarized the maxim, that eminent saints may sometimes 'do evil that good may come;' and that we must not presume to sit in judgment even on their apparent enormities. His doings in this respect are thus spoken of in Tract 89, (*On the Mysticism of the Fathers*,) even by an apologist—'Ambrose, who comes as near as any writer to a questionable plea from the mystical interpretation, as though it in some degree pal-

to comply; but, so far as these incidents go, we may well believe him—'Quamobrem obsecro vos omnes, in quorum manibus liber iste versabitur, ut credatis vera esse quæ scripsimus.'

* *Epistola XL., Classis I.*

* 'Tunc, contra consuetudinem suam, tormenta jussit personis adhiberi.'—*Paulinus, (Vita Ambrosii.)*

† 'Publicas mulieres publice ad se ingredi fecit, ad hoc tantum, ut visis his populi intentio revocaretur. At vero populus magis magisque clamabat—"*Peccatum tuum super nos.*"'—*Ib.* Paulinus begins his narrative with a little request, with which the reader will find it hard absolutely

liated the sin.'—Such are the authorities. On the circumstantial evidence we shall not enter; though the *trade* of Severus, the little *overdoing* in the alleged gigantic stature of the martyrs, and the haste employed, are surely not insignificant. It is of more importance to observe, that the party of Ambrose was the more powerful; that no effectual tests could be applied; and, lastly, that the parties asserting the miracles suffered nothing by them, and gained much. We now ask, whether the evidence is such as would justify us in receiving so stupendous an event as a miracle, much less such a complication of miracles?

Mr. Newman is full of pious horror at the idea of the possible machination of these miracles, and asserts that those who believe it 'to be impiety too daring, too frightful, too provocative of even an immediate judgment, for any but the most callous hearts, and the most reckless conscience to conceive it, would not believe even plausible evidence for it.'—(P. 189.) The answer is very simple, and is one of fact. Ecclesiastical history abounds in fictitious miracles, even Mr. Newman admits; and the maxims and spirit of antiquity leave us no room to wonder at them. One would think that he had never heard of 'pious frauds.' Whether Ambrose in particular be thought capable of them, will be determined by the indications of his character, and the known practices of his age.

We have selected a single case, and thus minutely discussed it, because such a course is the most likely to strike common minds. Our opponents will not deny, that we have taken a very *favorable* specimen. The reader, then, can now judge for himself how far he may depend on the recitals of such miracles as these, which, together with that church system out of which they sprang, and with which they are so closely implicated, this country is invited, in the nineteenth century, to regard with an awful and implicit belief.

The other miracles which Mr. Newman more especially defends are, 'the Thundering Legion;' 'The change of water into oil by St. Narcissus of Jerusalem, to supply the lamps on the vigil of Easter'—on which he characteristically remarks, after Dodwell, that 'the mystical idea connected with the sacred lights gives a *meaning* to it, and particularly at that season;' 'The miracle wrought on the course of the river Lycus by Gregory Thaumaturgus'—in fact, as usual, a bundle of miracles; 'The discove-

ry,' or, as it is often aptly called, 'The invention of the Holy Cross;' and 'The miracle upon the African confessors in the Arian persecution, mutilated by Hunneric,' by which some *sixty* men, whose tongues had been cut out to the roots, were enabled to speak as well as ever, all their lives after!

The arguments by which Mr. Newman maintains his general views on the subject of miracles, we have no space to notice in detail. In fact, the whole Essay is one tissue of elaborate sophistry. A few, however, which may be dismissed very briefly, may give the reader an idea of their general sophistry:—

'It looks like a mere truism to say, that a fact is not disproved because it is not proved.' . . . 'Douglas, in his defence of the New Testament miracles, in answer to Hume, certainly assumes that no miracle is true which has not been proved to be so; or that it is safe to treat all miracles as false which are not recommended by evidence as strong as that which is adducible for the miracles of Scripture.*' Answer: It looks like a mere truism to say, that a fact is unproved so long as it is not proved. The one truism is as good as the other; and neither is of any value in a case like the present. The very question is that of *proof*. Whether an alleged miracle ever took place or not, is nothing to us, apart from sufficient evidence to substantiate it. A miracle not proved is of as little force, for any religious purpose, as a miracle disproved. The only difference is, as between absolute skepticism and absolute unbelief. 'If it be asked,' says Jortin, 'when miraculous powers ceased in the Church, the proper answer seems to be, that these miracles cease *to us* when we cease to find satisfactory evidence of them. Mr. Newman is so infatuated as to think, that so far as antecedent probability is concerned, ecclesiastical miracles are more advantageously circumstanced than those of Scripture, because inspiration has stood the brunt of any such antecedent objection. (p. 15.) Answer: It is obvious that this advantage, such as it is, is more than counterbalanced by the fact, that the miraculous agency *had been* exerted; for it is antecedently improbable that its recurrence should be perpetually repeated, after the system it avouched had been once established. He asks, 'How *insufficiency* in the evidence can create a positive prejudice against an alleged fact?' (p. 68.) An-

* Essay, p. 76.

swer: The evidence does not *create* the prejudice, but it is not strong enough to remove it. We suppose, even Mr. Newman will not deny that some events are more improbable than others. For example, that a man should talk without a tongue is not quite so probable as that he should talk with it; and the very same evidence, we suspect, which would be sufficient to induce Mr. Newman to believe the latter, would not be *sufficient* to make him believe the former.—The spirit of the maxim of Middleton, cited by Douglas, and argued against by Newman, is acted upon by every man of common sense. The evidence we demand for alleged miracles is necessarily higher than that we demand for ordinary events. To take a practical case. Would Mr. Newman, if told that one of his Oxford brethren had, like Martin of Tours, commanded a tree, in the act of falling upon him, to 'recover' itself, reel over, and fall on the other side, believe him as readily as he would if the same person had told him that the tree fell in the ordinary way? If not, Mr. Newman need not have constructed his sophistical objection—that insufficient evidence cannot *create* a prejudice against an alleged fact, but must avail so far as it goes. Enough that it is not sufficient to overcome the prejudice; and, where a ton is required for an equipoise, an ounce, though it may be something towards it, will be very little, and, for practical purposes, nothing. The sophism is the more flagrant, that Middleton includes in his notion of 'insufficient or defective evidence,' such as 'justifies the suspicion of fraud and imposture;' not such evidence as, though slight, is unexceptionable so far as it goes, but such as is attended with circumstances of a suspicious nature; and even Mr. Newman admits (p. 69) that this is a sufficient reason for doubt or denial.—Merely 'defective' evidence, he thinks, may be the 'very trial of our obedience!' If so, he may well rank in the very first class in this school of perfection.

Mr. Newman tells us that the feeling in Douglas, Middleton, and men in general, respecting the ecclesiastical miracles, 'turns much less on the evidence producible for them, than on our view concerning their antecedent probability.' We are thoroughly convinced that in the mind of such writers, and of every candid inquirer, it will turn equally on both; and that, strong as is the adverse impression from the *à priori* improbability of *such* miracles, it is not less strong than is derived from that ragged state of

the evidence on which we have said so much.

Mr. Newman frankly admits that an inquirer should not enter upon the miracles, reported or alleged in ecclesiastical history, without being prepared for fiction and exaggeration to an *indefinite extent*. (p. 105.) A candid admission. Nay, 'he must not expect that more than a few can be exhibited with evidence of so cogent and complete a character as to demand his acceptance.' But then, as he says, what should hinder him from *believing* more?—'An alleged miracle is not untrue because it is unproved—nor is it excluded from our *faith* because it is not admitted into our controversy. Some are for our *conviction*, and these we are to confess with the mouth, as well as believe with the heart—others for our comfort and encouragement, and these we are to keep and ponder them in our hearts, without urging them on unwilling ears.' (p. 106.) As the author of Tract No. 89 wishes the reader of the Fathers to regard the opinion of any one of them, however fantastical, with reverence, because 'it *may* be sacred,' so Mr. Newman would have his readers receive miracles without evidence, out of awe 'to Him of whom they *may* possibly be telling.' If the human mind can but be got to this unhappy pass, such authors well know that there is nothing which may not be palmed upon it.

Mr. Newman frequently insists that there is no difficulty in believing the ecclesiastical miracles, amongst those who admit the church system: this is very true, we grant; but then these miracles are not the evidence which confirms faith, but which faith confirms. 'To those who admit the Catholic doctrines, as enunciated in the Creed, and commented on by the Fathers, the subsequent expansion and variation of supernatural agency in the Church, instead of suggesting difficulties, will seem but parallel, as they are contemporaneous, to the *developments, additions, and changes* in dogmatic statements, which have occurred between the apostolic and the present age, and which are but a result and an evidence of life.' (p. 63.) But though faith, (in which we quite agree,) seems a prerequisite for receiving the ecclesiastical miracles, it is not difficult to see whither Mr. Newman's zeal tends. He knows full well that if he can but establish the belief of any large portion of the ecclesiastical miracles, especially those in connexion with his favorite institutes, he will induce the belief of the divine origin of

those institutes. So stupendous is the idea of supernatural interposition, that the unsophisticated sense of mankind will immediately connect it with the authoritative sanction of the religion which it attests. 'These miracles,' says the ecclesiastical historian, Socrates, after detailing some achievements of certain Egyptian monks, 'prove the truth of the doctrines.' *** 'But,' adds Jortin, 'the difficulty is to prove the truth of the *miracles* to the satisfaction of any reasonable inquirer.'

This Mr. Newman provides for, by first bespeaking a sufficient faith in the divinity of the church system. Then, doubtless, after faith has confirmed the miracles—the miracles again will confirm the faith! Nor have we the slightest doubt that this was really exemplified in the history of the early Church. Superstition cherished miracles, and miracles sanctioned superstition. They were amongst those things of which Aristotle tells us in his Second Analytics, 'That they reciprocally involve one another.'—*Ἐποικταὶ ἀλλήλοις τὸ μέσον καὶ οἱ ἄκροι.*

The slenderest resemblances will serve Mr. Newman for argument. He perceives, it seems, in the monstrosities of the ecclesiastical miracles, as compared with those of Scripture, an analogy like that between wild and tame animals. As we see in the former much that appears grotesque, deformed, ludicrous, ('if the word may be used with due soberness,') yet doubt not that a divine hand formed them, so may it be with those fantastic and grotesque movements of the supernatural with which the church history abounds. Unhappily, the analogy fails just where it ought to hold. In the meanest productions of animated nature we can discern inimitable proofs of power, wisdom, and, to the individual being, goodness; but of numberless miracles it must be admitted that nothing can be traced, supposing them real, except capricious fantastic power. Mr. Newman, indeed, is pleased to say, 'There is far greater difference between the appearance of a horse or an eagle and a monkey, or a lion and a mouse, as they meet our eye, than between the most august of the divine manifestations in Scripture and the meanest and most fanciful of those legends which we are accustomed, without further examination, to cast aside.' (p. 49.) Let the reader take a practical test—let him peruse first the narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus, and then Palladius' account of a hyena coming to confess to a solitary the crime of having

killed a sheep; and then consider whether the interval between the lion and the mouse, as severally indicating Divine power and wisdom, be the greater.

What are Mr. Newman's notions of a miracle, it is, after all, very hard to say; and we can scarcely doubt that he has purposely left them in obscurity. In one place he enlightens us by saying, that if we admit the fact of a Divine Presence in the church, miracles then become but the *natural* effects of *supernatural* agency! This is dark enough; but Mr. Newman has involved the subject in a yet deeper cloud, by conjecturing, that miraculous interference is not an occasional infraction of fixed laws for a high object, but part of a system extending through all time—in these and in the Middle Ages, as well as in that of the Apostles. According to this theory, miraculous events differ from ordinary events only as the movements of some comets differ from those of the planets; they have a centre of revolution and fixed periods of recurrence—only moving in orbits less regular and less calculable by science. We rather think Mr. Newman will find that they move in enormous hyperboles, have passed their perihelion, and will visit our system no more. However, we give his conjecture in his own words: 'The ordinary providence of God is conducted on a *system*; and, as even creation is now contemplated by philosophers as possibly subject to fixed laws, so it is more probable than not, that there is also a law of supernatural manifestations. And thus the occurrence of miracles is rather a presumption for than against their recurrence, such events being not isolated acts, but the symptoms of the presence of an agency.'—(P. 22.)

Yet Mr. Newman is very accommodating in his notions of what events may be miraculous. In his comment on the Miracle of the Thundering Legion—which, supposing the facts all true, is *not* miraculous, as he himself admits—he says, 'Nor does it concern us much to answer the objection, that there is nothing strictly miraculous in such an occurrence, because sudden thunder-clouds after drought are not unfrequent! I would answer, grant me such miracles ordinarily in the early Church, and I will ask no other; grant that, upon prayer, benefits are vouchsafed, deliverances are effected, un hoped-for results obtained,' &c. (P. 121.) Answer: here, as in so many places of Mr. Newman's writings, is the fallacy

of vague expression. If by 'ordinarily' he means *uniformly* and *instantaneously*, he may well consider *such* connexion between 'prayer' and its fulfilment, though not strictly miraculous, to have all the evidence of miracle. His only difficulty will then be to prove such connexion. If he does not mean this—and surely he cannot mean it—the proof or the miraculous character of the events is altogether delusive—neutralized by the failing cases; not to mention that all religious communities have their thousands of cases of special answers to prayer—which, by Mr. Newman's theory, must immediately pass for miracles. 'They may or they may not, in this or that case, follow or surpass the laws of nature, and they may do so *plainly* or *doubtfully*, but the common sense of mankind will call them miraculous.' (p. 122.) At this rate there will be miracles enough. What is this but to involve the whole subject in the uttermost confusion?

But it is in vain to attempt a refutation of all Mr. Newman's sophisms. Almost every page supplies one. Suffice it to say, that on Mr. Newman's principles, sufficient evidence may be adduced in favor of many miraculous legends of almost all religions, ancient and modern. Are these to be received as true or not? If the former, what becomes of the evidence of miracles? what of Christianity itself? If the latter, why are the ecclesiastical miracles, standing on evidence not less faulty, to be received?

We will go yet further. If all the legends, and legends like them, to which Mr. Newman applies his principles, are to be believed, we really know no limit to which popular credulity may not be pushed; whether men may not be brought to believe such martyrologies as that of the Egyptian saint Apa Till, who, according to an *eye-witness*, suffered martyrdom after being cut to pieces, ten times in the course of as many days, by the tyrant Maximin, and every night put together again by the angel Gabriel! Nay, we know not whether admiring crowds may not hereafter gaze with veneration on such precious relics as 'Gabriel's feather,' or gravely listen to some Eulenspiegel of future days, who shall tell them that he has 'some of the bottled rays of the star of Bethlehem, and some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's temple.'

We should not have dwelt thus long on the Essay of Mr. Newman, were it not re-

lated in so momentous a way to the 'developments' now in progress. The principles it lays down are in course of rapid and extensive dissemination. In the Series entitled *Lives of the Saints*, as well as in many other publications, profound reverence and belief are inculcated towards both the miracles of the Middle Ages, and the church system out of which they sprang, with which they are implicated in many a serpentine fold of fraud and delusion, and which they necessarily authenticate. The fabulous, monstrous legends connected with the shadowy age of Germanus the Gallic missionary to Britain, and Alban the protomartyr, are reverently commended to our belief, though acknowledged to be destitute of all historic evidence. It is the prerogative of faith to believe without it.

In the same series, the penances, pilgrimages, the monasticism, and the grotesque and degrading superstitions of the Middle Ages, are commended to our ardent veneration.*

The same spirit is at work not only in literature—not only in controversial and pseudo-historical works—in translations from Romish missals and books of devotion, but is disclosed in manifold petty but practical indications; in efforts to revive the honors of the Calendar—in solicitous attempts to restore mediæval remains—in modes of printing and binding—in a large consumption of red ink, vellum, brass

* Of the extent to which Mr. Newman is ready to apply the principles of his Essay, the reader may judge by the advertisement to the second number of the 'Lives of the Saints,' (*Family of St. Richard the Saxon*), in which he gravely takes under his protection the miracles of St. Walburga, and especially that of the 'miraculous oil,' which for many a year dropped from the tomb—'flowing more freely at the time of the blessed sacrifice,'—always evaporating, if handled irreverently,—hanging suspended like a 'bunch of grapes,' if there was no vessel to receive it, and discreetly refusing to fall into any that was not perfectly clean!! The author of the 'Life of St. Austin,' after retailing the miracles which attended the conversion of Ethelbert, speaks of the 'obligation to impress, and if so be, *inflict* such solemn and mysterious facts upon the attention of a skeptical age.' (p. 103.) A happier expression could hardly have been devised.

Such is the revived admiration of monasticism, that one of these authors commends the hateful practice of consigning children to a monastic life, on the sole authority of their parents—one of the most odious abuses of the whole system.—(*Life of St. Stephen*, 2, 5) He is almost as bad as the holy Ambrose, who recommends young girls to retire to nunneries *against* the will of their parents!

clasps, and antique ornaments—in a profuse of crosses and triangles, and other Catholic symbols, and, in many instances, in most daring innovations on public ritual and worship. The Middle Ages have no doubt, and that largely, their poetical and picturesque aspects; but is it possible, we are ready to exclaim, that any minds should surrender themselves to *such aspects alone*, and that history should have read all her sterner lessons in vain? that the substantial horrors, the degrading ignorance and misery of those ages, should all be, not merely mellowed by time, but lost in the distance, and only the phases which fancy loves to dwell upon, cherished? So it seems; and thousands of the young, the imaginative, and the ardent, are ready, on the faith of such representations as those in the *Lives of the Saints*, to surrender their reason and their common sense to these portentous illusions. The Knight of Cervantes never abandoned himself to delicious musings on the faded glories of chivalry, more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of mediæval excellence. It is in vain to reason with them: if we speak of the veriest mummeries of that period, it will be said, 'but what a deep feeling of faith' accompanied these seeming follies! Nay, if we were to speak of the very crimes of those ages, we verily believe that many would exclaim—'but with what simplicity of mind they were committed!'

We cordially pity the man who is so unimaginative, that he cannot sympathize with all that is poetical and picturesque in the Middle Ages, or enjoy the pleasant fictions which may be founded on them; but we pity *him* far more, whose imagination leads him to forget the real in the ideal, and who would fain invite back the ignorance, superstition, tyranny, and priestcraft of the past, because of the beauties of Gothic arches, and church music. The antiquary dilates in rapture on the half-filled moat and the crumbling portcullis, but he is not quite fool enough to wish for the restoration of that feudal vassalage and tyranny, of which they are the memorials. The noble owner can admire those mouldering ruins in a remote nook of his domain, which mark the site of the Gothic towers of his feudal ancestors, and love to show them to his visitors, but he would not much relish the fitting them up for present residence.

'Here while our squire the modern part possess'd,
His partial eye upon the old would rest;
That best his *comforts* gave—this sooth'd his feelings best.'

In fact, however, we are so little afraid of any wholesale restoration of the past by *dilettanti* enthusiasts, that we are convinced they would be the first to shrink from it, could it be recalled. Little accustomed to analyze their own emotions, they are ignorant that their sensitive fancy, which now luxuriates amidst the images of self-created beauty, would recoil with corresponding loathing from the actual deformities of the reality. They hate the present, principally because it is the present; and love the past, because it is the past: if the past could be made the present, their feelings would quickly change.

Of all this we have pretty good proof in the entire absence of any thing like *real* sacrifices on the part of these fond enthusiasts. Though, in truth, no more members of the English church than they are Muezzins of the grand Mosque, they cannot prevail on themselves to give up fellowships or livings for conscience' sake. The author of the life of 'Stephen Harding, Founder of the Cistercian Order,' commences with a sort of whining lamentation, that 'we cannot give up all for Christ, if we would; and while other portions of the Church can suffer for His sake, we must find our cross in sitting still, to watch in patience the struggle which is going on about us.' If we may believe these men, they envy the privations of ancient solitaries, and sigh for the sufferings of ancient confessors. Now, why cannot they 'suffer,' except for the very sufficient reason, that they do not *like* suffering? For any thing we can see, they can at least surrender the emoluments of the church in which they are giving so much scandal; can give honest effect to their convictions, by acknowledging allegiance to the Church of Rome; if they so please, can even build log-huts with their own hands, live in woods, and play all the pranks of asceticism, as well as any of their spiritual ancestors. But with all their admiration of martyrs and martyrdom, we never knew men more ignominiously exempt from the martyr spirit. They seem to be of Uncle Toby's opinion, as expressed before the tomb of St. Maxima, (who, it seems, had been buried two centuries before her canonization,)—'Tis but a slow rise, brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'in this self-same army of martyrs.' 'A desperate slow one, an' please your honor,' said Trim, 'unless one could purchase.' 'I should rather sell out entirely,' quoth my uncle Toby.

We would forewarn the young and the ardent, that they will no more be likely to attain a correct view of mediæval religion from such publications as the *Lives of the Saints*, than they will gain a knowledge of history by reading romances. It is possible to relate even *facts* in such a way as to produce all the effects of fiction, by habitual suppression of *other facts* vitally related to them, and essential to any just inferences from them. It is easy to draw elegant pictures of quiet monastic solitudes in the depth of forests, and romantic hermitages on mountain cliffs; to make sweet music of the matin and the vèspèr-bells; to vary and vivify the scene with processions and pilgrimages; to strew the page which describes them with flowers of rhetoric and pious sentimentalities; and to diffuse over the whole the awe of a 'Divine presence,' and its attendant miracles. But if the reader would attain a fuller and a more accurate knowledge, he must consult some of the living pictures drawn by contemporaneous hands, and these, we will venture to say, will quickly dispel the illusion. One document of this kind, easily obtained, very brief, and deeply instructive, we have much pleasure in recommending to their attention. We refer to the *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda*, originally printed in the valuable publications of the 'Camden Society;' of which a well-executed translation, in a very cheap form, has been published, under the title, 'Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, Monk of St. Edmundsbury, from A. D. 1173 to A. D. 1202.' Abbot Sampson, the hero of the Chronicles, was, in his way, a reformer of the abuses of his monastery, and, so far as regards its revenues and economy, a very effective one; but, though it is obvious that the writer is partial and lenient—in fact, a panegyrist, rather than an historian—and though he evidently conceals the more gross abuses which this Luther of the Middle Ages was to *reform*, there is absolutely nothing, even after those reforms are effected, which brings the narrative within a thousand leagues of the sympathies and sentiments of any man familiar with the pages of the New Testament. It is difficult to conceive, without reading the work, the totally foreign air which every thing wears. In relating the transactions of one of the wealthiest and most powerful religious houses in Christendom, there is scarcely an approach, however transient or

incidental, to a Christian truth, or a Christian sentiment. The very name of the blessed Founder of Christianity does not once occur; and Scripture, though often cited, is constantly cited in some eccentric, often absolutely grotesque, application. 'Throughout the whole of Jocelin's Chronicle,' says the translator, in his Preface, 'the name of our Saviour is never once mentioned; God and St. Edmund, and the Abbot and St. Edmund, are phrases of common occurrence: indeed nothing short of a narrative of this description could fully develop the depravation of the Christian religion by the means of saint worship.'

Mr. Carlyle, in his 'Past and Present,' speaking of Abbot Sampson, remarks, that he was 'no sham'—and so far forth as he was a man deeply in earnest in increasing the wealth and power of his monastery, and in asserting its secular privileges, he certainly was none; but of the *religious* system with which he stood connected, and part of which he administered, we must profess our unfeigned belief, that a more thorough 'sham' the sun never shone upon.

We have expressed our conviction that the attempts to resuscitate the effete system of the Middle Ages, to renew its decrepit superstitions, must be futile. It by no means follows, however, that the efforts of the party whose original principles have legitimately led to these extreme views, can be safely neglected. They have done much mischief; and are daily doing more. In spite of the present symptoms of disorganization—in spite of a certain amount of reaction, they are still exerting a most pernicious influence. It is undeniable that their principles have taken a strong hold on the clergy, particularly the younger part of the body, and through them on thousands of the people. During the ten years in which those principles have been promulgated, an entire generation of the clergy have passed from the halls of the university to the scenes of active life, where they are, in different ways, endeavoring to realize their 'Catholic ideal.' Even if Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman stand rebuked for extravagance, or have been visited with censure, they have in a good measure effected their object. They will survive in their disciples: the flower will not have faded till the capsule shall have burst, and scattered its deleterious dust to every wind of heaven.

It is impossible adequately to describe the various distractions with which the Oxford School has managed to tear the church

and nation in pieces, in its Quixotic search for Catholic unity. Not a few, as we have seen, openly declare for a surrender to Rome, though they are still members of the English church, and avowedly explain away the Articles to which they have solemnly sworn assent. By many more, who do not go quite so far, we find the more pernicious parts of the Romish system eagerly insisted upon—for example, clerical celibacy, monastic institutions, and the practices of a paltry asceticism.* A still greater number are busy in introducing superstitious innovations into public worship, which fully proclaim the Romanist tendency of the system. There are many whose consciences are so tender, that they *must* act in compliance with every obsolete rubric; and yet so accommodating, that they can approve of all the latitude of Tract No. 90; and there are as many more who are zealous for rites and symbols which no rubric sanctions. Amidst crosses, crucifixes, triangles, anchors, doves, fishes, and garlands, theology promises, like algebra, to be entirely a science of symbols, but, unlike algebra, to have nothing to do with demonstration. Then there are controversies as insignificant as the quadragesiman, carried on with all the bitterness of those which originated in the Arian or Pelagian heresies. There is the great 'surplice' question, in which it is disputed whether white or black be the most orthodox color to preach in; there is the great 'wax-candle' question, which again is divided into two momentous branches—first, whether there shall be lights at all, and secondly, whether they shall be lighted. To these may be added the great 'offertory' question, and the equally momentous 'pew and gallery' question.

Nor are the results of the present movement, to the extent in which they may prevail, more degrading to enlightened piety, than they are destructive of all mutual charity. Within the Church, it leads to all sorts of unseemly squabbles between bishops and priests, and between priests and their congregations; without the Church, to the exhibition of principles and conduct absolutely fatal, if fairly carried out, to so-

* It is true, indeed, that from that absence of the heroic spirit of which we have already spoken, these last practices are of a very moderate kind—humble imitations, at which the ancient heroes of asceticism would have smiled in contempt even in their noviciate. Mr. Froude records that he was never so confirmed in celestial virtue as to be absolutely impregnable to the temptations of 'roast goose and buttered toast.'

cial unity. Not only are there instances of maidens sent unmarried from the altar, because bride or bridegroom is found to be not baptismally regenerated—not only are alliances advised to be broken off, though hearts may be broken at the same time, because one of the parties is only a Christian and not a churchman—not only is innocent childhood refused a place in consecrated earth, because it has never been sprinkled with the waters of life, by the only fingers that can insure them vitality—not only is the repose of the sepulchre invaded, and humanity itself insulted, under the name of scruples of conscience—not only may we sometimes hear bigotry opposing a project of a public cemetery, because, horrible incongruity! an orthodox corpse and a schismatical corpse may perchance lie side by side—but we have read pamphlets systematically advocating principles which would involve the complete disruption of all social ties. Kindred in spirit with these polemical inanities is the more dangerous nonsense of a widely diffused popular literature, in which the worst animosities of the past are revived, only to aggravate the worst animosities of the present; and in which it is hard to say whether the perversions of historic truth, or the violations of common charity, are the most extravagant. Lastly, in the 'ballads' of such men as Mr. Neale, that worthy Pindar of Puseyism, we find a bigotry of which contempt itself could say nothing more bitter, than that it is perfectly worthy of the doggerel which embodies it.

That there must be some curious oppugnan-
ciances in the public documents and formularies of the Church of England, may be inferred, not only from the circumstances under which the church was founded, and the delicate difficulties which required adjustment, but from the present extraordinary diversities which are discovered within her pale. If, however, the articles and formularies will really warrant all who are now in the church to *continue* in it—the men who denounce 'church principles' as fatal corruptions, and those who defend them as vital truths—those who affirm that the Reformation was a great blessing, and those who, with Mr. Ward, think it was a great crime—those who have sworn to certain articles in two opposite senses, and some, it appears, who aver that they assent to them in a 'non-natural sense'—that is, no sense at all—all that can be said is, that the articles are indeed 'articles of compre-

hension,' (to use a favorite phrase of the seventeenth century,) but assuredly they are not 'comprehensible.'

In what way men in the peculiar predicament of Mr. Ward, Mr. Newman, and many others, ought to be treated by the authorities of the Church, it does not become us to say. We gladly leave it to the consideration of those whom it concerns.* The author of the oft-cited article in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, has touched on this subject, and his mode of reasoning is most extraordinary. 'What course,' he asks, 'will be pursued, what course ought to be pursued, towards those propagators of Catholic tenets and usages, who do not scruple to denounce Protestantism as a principle of unmixed evil, . . . who do not dissemble that, in their view, Rome,

* The Archbishop of Dublin, lamenting the want of all internal government in the church, and scandalized at the 'dangerous, disgraceful, and ruinous' spectacle, of men subscribing to the same documents in different senses, and in no determinate sense at all: charging each other with being 'unsound churchmen,' and reciprocally desiring each other to leave the Anglican communion, loudly calls for a *Convocation*. The Bishop of Ossory, on the score of expediency, as loudly deprecates it. In the present excited state of parties, he fears that it would be rather a struggle for ascendancy than a remedy for strife. He looks in vain for some *Æolus* who shall appease the anger of the *luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras* of the present controversy.

*'Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt,'—*

and as he listens to the ominous mutterings even of their imprisoned wrath, he feels that such an aperture for their outbreak as a *Convocation* would afford, would involve every thing in ungovernable uproar. It must be confessed that his terrors are by no means chimerical; that, in the present temper of parties, 'any thing like a calm consideration and satisfactory settlement of religious differences,' is out of the question, and that the object would rather be 'to determine which is to be the dominant, and which the subordinate party, if not, which is to remain in the church, and which is to be excluded from it.'

Meantime something ought to be done, and must be done, or equally effectual ruin will visit the Church in another form. The worn-out sophisms by which the clergy have hitherto been satisfied to defend Subscription; by which they have maintained that they are consistent in believing inconsistencies; that they receive, 'in the plain grammatical meaning,' things, some or other of which, *all* of them explain away in a 'non-natural sense;' and they that believe, *ex animo*, what they do not believe at all—cannot be any longer tolerated. The very flagrancy of such conduct as that vindicated in Tract 90, and consistently exemplified by Mr. Ward, has tended to disclose the full enormities of the system, and to show the perils to public faith, morality, and decency which it involves.

if not a true normal pattern of Christianity, is yet the best existing standard, and one to which we ought to seek to conform?—(Pp. 594, 5.) Strange to say, he not merely thinks the authorities of the Church excusable in 'permitting their continuance' in it, but urges the malecontents themselves to remain. And the casuistry by which he supports it is not a little curious. He feels 'confident that their position in the Church of England is securely stayed upon the great Catholic principle of allegiance to her, as the ordinance of God for the government of their souls (!); that they reject with abhorrence the temptation to apostatize, and that in their case the discharge of the obligation of obedience will not be less, but rather more, resolute, because it entails another duty of crossing and mortifying their own tastes, and in some degree their own affections!' He adds with engaging piety, 'If their frame of mind and opinion, taken together with their circumstances, thus constrain them, by practical tests, to concentrate themselves with few extrinsic supports upon the single and simple will of God, (!) this at least cannot be denied, that they are pupils in a school of perfection.'—(P. 596.) This is, indeed, a view of the case worthy of Tract Ninety itself; perfectly novel and original. If Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others, can satisfy their own consciences of the propriety of remaining in the Church, all we can do is to wonder at it. 'To their own master they stand or fall;' but to *urge* them to remain in a community in which their acts and opinions have given universal scandal—with whose articles and formularies sundry of their writings (not one of which has been retracted, but every one of which has been defended) have been condemned by competent authority as hopelessly inconsistent—in which Protestants and Romanists alike tell them that they cannot remain with honor, and implore them, if only for public decency's sake, either to retract, if they can, or to separate, if they cannot—to urge such men, we say, to remain, and on the ground that they are thereby 'mortifying and crossing their tastes,' that is, mortifying and crossing their convictions that the Romish and not the English church is the true exponent of Catholic Christianity—is indeed an extraordinary piece of jesuitry. It sounds in our ears almost as if one were to advise a man to mortify the inordinate love of truth by now and then telling a falsehood; or to

crucify a passion for extreme sobriety, by throwing in the corrective of occasional intoxication. This is indeed a new species of spiritual discipline, by which a sensitive conscientiousness may be repressed, and individual convictions of truth stifled, in obedience to the will of God! We hope that this new asceticism will not spread, and that Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward, and their friends, may long be the only 'pupils in this new school of perfection.'

Mr. Gladstone, if he be the author of the article alluded to, must be acquitted of all evil intention; but we do not think the sentiments, however piously expressed, otherwise than most pernicious. This gentleman has had so much to say of that curious thing, a 'state conscience'—of the existence of which as a real entity, he seems to be as fully persuaded as was an ancient Realist of universal ideas—that he is too apt to forget the claims of the individual in the community; and sadly to abate what we cannot but think the sacred claims of the only Oracle to which man, in the last resort, can safely listen. His laxity in this respect we had occasion to remark, in connexion with a passage in his *Church Principles*, in which he sanctions the individual in acquiescing in doctrines and practices which the church enjoins, though his conscience may suspect or believe them wrong. For our parts, we want words to express our abhorrence of this doctrine. The only secure principle is that of Luther, as so energetically expressed before the Diet of Worms—'It is not safe to do any thing against conscience;' or that of a greater than Luther—'To him that doubteth,' an act 'is sin.' Once abandon—once loosen this keystone of practical morals, and the whole arch will fall in.

Whatever the repugnancies between some parts of the formularies of the English church—and no candid mind can deny them—as little can such a mind deny that its prevailing spirit is essentially Protestant. It is so in its Articles—in any but Mr. Ward's 'non-natural sense' of them; and throughout almost the whole Book of Homilies, it is even fiercely Protestant. Nay, of the fact of Protestantism, its very existence as a *separate church*—made what it is by men, many of whom would have gone further if they could, many of whom would not have gone so far, and none of whom had any reason for doing the one or the other, except their 'private judgment'—is, and ever will be, an unanswerable argument.

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The writer, indeed, on whom we have commented, tells us, that 'they [the Reformers] are not authors or builders of the Church; they are men whose honor, be it what it may, must arise wholly from this, that they handed down in better disclosed proportions, that which had been handed down to them.'* But then what determined the measure of their 'disclosures,' and their notion of the said 'proportions,' but their own judgment? As well might an ancient Greek have denied that Phidias was the fabricator of the statue of Jupiter, on the ground that he only chiselled out, 'in well-disclosed proportions,' what had previously existed in the marble.

At the same time, it must be admitted, that the founders of the Church of England—for so *we* must call them—frequently indulged in language respecting the authority of the Fathers, antiquity, and tradition, which gives but too plausible a handle to the divines of the Oxford School;—language which was in fact inconsistent with what they were at the very moment doing. It is certain that they were as far from adopting, either in its letter or spirit, the model of the church of the fourth century—the church of Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome, or Basil—as that of Luther; and yet they profess to be solicitous to follow the pattern of the 'ancient church,' and glibly appeal to the above Fathers of the fourth century among the rest! To account for the misquotations, false references, and irrelevant extracts, with which the 'Book of Homilies' abounds, Mr. Taylor propounds an ingenious theory, which we have no doubt has some truth in it.† He conjectures that the Reformers, having read the Fathers in early life, very often cited the passages which would most plausibly countenance their doctrines in the hour of need, from their commonplace books, without a special reperusal of the originals, or much solicitude to examine the drift and connexion of passages. That there is some truth in this we have no doubt; indeed, it is not possible to attempt to verify the citations of the much more accurate controvertists of the next century—for example Jeremy Taylor, or Hall—without discovering, to our cost, in what a very loose way they often quoted the Fathers, and how much may be produced to confront such quotations, often even from

* *Foreign Quarterly*, Oct. 1843, p. 577.

† *Ancient Christianity*.

the immediate context. But this is by no means the whole of the mystery. The simple fact is, that the Fathers contain insulated passages, which may be cited, with the utmost degree of plausibility on both sides—the earlier ones yielding a greater number for Protestants, and the later for Romanists; and though we firmly believe that upon the whole—especially if we go as far as the end of the fourth century—the Romanists will ever have the best of the argument in this precarious appeal to Patristic authority, there are unquestionably insulated passages, not a few, which will enable a Protestant to give some probable coloring to his views. These passages are of course more numerous the further we go back, and gradually desert us as we advance. Still the great ‘development’ or ‘corruption’ (whichever it be called) was continuous; and the contest may be maintained by both sides at each point of this long frontier. Those gradual changes were from the very first in progress, which issued in what *we* call the gross delusions of the fourth century; but which the Oxford divines would call the mature and full-blown system of Christianity. ‘If, in the beginning,’ as Gibbon truly observes, ‘of the fifth century, Tertullian or Lactantius had been suddenly raised from the dead, to assist at the festival of some popular saint or martyr; they would have gazed with astonishment and indignation on the profane spectacle, which had succeeded to the pure and spiritual worship of a Christian congregation.’ It is nevertheless quite as true, that in the age of Tertullian and Cyprian, the church was lavishing those exaggerated honors on martyrs and confessors, which naturally and successively paved the way for the superstitious worship of saints and veneration of relics. The ratio of change was not greater between the beginning of the third century and the end of the fourth, than between the end of the first and the middle of the third; and the change was continuous all the way.

The present conflict of opinion must terminate either in a vigorous reaction—the symptoms of which we think we can already see—which will give the doctrines and principles of the Reformation a revived hold on the public mind, and the Biblical and Protestant elements in the Church of England their legitimate expansion; or we shall be led back, step by step, to the darkness and superstitions of the Middle Ages. The ground of ‘church principles’—of

authoritative tradition, of the Fathers, of antiquity—is seen, by the progress of the Oxford school itself, and its present distractions, to be the most untenable of all; indeed, the whole theory is, and can be, only an indefinitely enlarged appeal to the exercise of ‘private judgment,’ conjoined with the pleasant condition that there shall be none; and an infallible method of multiplying diversities of opinion, with an assertion at the same time of the absolute necessity of Catholic unity.

We may confidently predict in what way the conflict will terminate, of which indeed it were almost treason to truth to entertain a doubt. Nor is it unfair, if we consult history, to draw even from the very extravagance of the pretensions and theories on which we have commented, an omen of brighter days. Many of the most memorable advances which the human mind has ever made in the direction of truth and freedom, have been made after a period of apparent retrocession; as if error and delusion must attain a certain degree of intensity, and be presented with a certain measure of grossness, before the indolence of the human mind can be adequately roused to vindicate its rights, and with these the claims of truth and of God. The darkest hour has ever preceded the dawn. It was the last insufferable insults of a Tetzels that roused the energies of Luther, and led to the Reformation. It was the attempt to neutralize concessions which had been already granted, that sealed the fate of the first Charles. It was the retrograde movement of James the Second that secured the Revolution. In like manner we predict, that the very progress of high church principles will precipitate their doom, by rousing the human mind, after a period of temporary delusion, to re-examine them. The present retrogression is but the recoil with which truth is preparing herself for a more energetic spring. It is the reflux, not of the ebbing, but of the advancing wave.

THE FLAMINGO.—There was shot lately on the Lake of Vitrelles, near Chimay, a “*Phœnicopterus ruber*” commonly called the Flamingo from its scarlet or flaming color. It must, say the ornithologists, have been driven out of its latitude by some violent tempest. It measured 4 feet 9 inches from the foot to the point of the beak, and 4 feet 10 inches from the tip of one wing to the other.

—*Athenæum*.

ZURBANO AND AVIRANETA.

BY ONE WHO HAS KNOWN THEM BOTH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IN the autumn of the year 1836, I was quartered at Vittoria. Sitting one morning in my billet in the Correria, a noise in the street drew me to the window, and upon looking out, I felt almost inclined to think that the town had been surprised by the Carlists. Two or three hundred infantry soldiers, in garb and appearance more wild and motley than any of the Pretender's followers that I had ever seen, were marching down the street at a five-mile-an-hour pace, with little regard to the order in which they proceeded. They were singing, chattering, and shouting, without intermission; some were even disputing with a vehemence that would soon have led to blows between any other than Spanish soldiers, the most demonstrative and noisy, but, in the main, the least quarrelsome fellows alive. Some of them had linen haversacks slung across their bodies, and for the most part tolerably well stuffed; others sported knapsacks, and not a few carried bundles of various shapes and sizes, the addition of which to their equipment by no means increased their martial appearance. Many of the bayonets were garnished with three or four loaves of bread, stuck on like brown beads upon a pin, to the very point of the weapon. Poultry seemed to have been particularly plentiful in the country they had been passing through, and pigs not scarce, for five or six well-conditioned young porkers were being conveyed along, some after the fashion of infants in arms, and others by the more usual means of a string tied to their leg, while the direction they were expected to take was occasionally intimated to them by a gentle *prod* with a bayonet. The squealing and grunting of these interesting animals, the oaths and chatter of the soldiers, the expostulations of some unlucky ducks and bantams that apparently did not find themselves particularly comfortable in the hands of their present owners, the shrill voices of the women standing at the doors of their houses, and calling in their children who were playing in the street, formed a medley of sounds perfectly indescribable.

I was not long in learning that the new comers were a part of the band of Martin Zurbano, or Barea, as he was frequently called, from the name of his native place, a village near Logrono. The plains of Vit-

toria were just then much infested by the Carlists, who at night used to occupy villages within half a mile of the city, and even come close up to the fortification and fire at the sentries. It had been thought that this state of affairs would afford Zurbano fine scope and opportunity for the peculiar style of warfare by which he had made himself famous, a warfare of stratagem and surprise, and he had accordingly been ordered to march his corps of free companions to the capital of the province of Alava.

Two or three evenings later, upon entering the café in the Plaza Nueva, which was a great resort of the officers of the garrison, my attention was attracted by three persons, whose costume and appearance denoted them to belong to the band of Zurbano. They were seated at a table with two comrades of my own. I joined the latter, and was introduced in due form to the *commandante*, Don Martin Zurbano, to his son Benito, and to one of his officers, whose name I now forget, a tall, heavy-looking man, with a sullen, unprepossessing countenance.

Zurbano, although then only a major in the army, or lieutenant-colonel of *cuerpos francos*, with five hundred men at his command, had already, by several daring exploits, made himself a reputation, and I examined him with some curiosity. To judge from his appearance, he was about forty-five years of age, perhaps rather more, but in activity and strength I should say he was full ten years younger. I have rarely seen a man who gave me more the idea of one capable of undergoing great fatigue and hardship. He was rather short in stature, about five feet seven inches, I think; but being somewhat round-shouldered, he appeared less than that. In person he was spare, no superfluous flesh about him, but an abundance of bone and sinew. The prevailing character of his face, which was much tanned and weather-beaten, was one of indomitable resolution. His eyes, which were gray and deep set, overhung by bushy and projecting brows, had a quick, intelligent expression, and at times, when he was not in any way excited, almost a thoughtful one, but when roused—in action, for instance—they gleamed fiercely. His lips were thin and usually compressed, and certain lines about the mouth gave rather a cruel expression to his face, but his smile was frank, and by no means disagreeable. He wore no beard, save a soldier's whisker

to the bottom of the ear. His usual, I may say his invariable costume, consisted of a *zumara*, or loose jacket of black sheepskin, a scarlet *boina*, or Basque cap, such as the Carlists wore, with a large starlike gold tassel spreading over the top, blue or red overalls, heavy boots, and long, jingling, Spanish spurs. His neck was usually bare; his gloves must have been a very trifling expense to him; his cavalry sabre was slung to a belt of common black leather. He had a most unbounded contempt for what he seemed to consider the fopperies of uniform, and always preferred the unmilitary, but by no means unpicturesque, dress above described—probably the very same he had worn when a *contrabandista*. Subsequently to this, when he had attained far greater celebrity than at the time I speak of, and had ascended step by step, and in spite of jealousy and disfavor, to the command of a brigade, it was intimated to him by the general of the division to which he belonged, that it was desirable he should conform to the regulations of the service, and appear upon parade in the uniform of his rank. I had left Spain before that period, but I have since had described to me, what I can well imagine, the ludicrous annoyance and discomfiture of Zurbano, at being compelled to abandon his usual *negligé* garb, and don the cocked hat and feather, and the tightly-buttoned coat, with cuffs and collar stiffened by embroidery, of a Spanish general's costume.

The son of Zurbano was as remarkable in his way as his father. When I first saw him, he was not sixteen years old, puny and diminutive for his age, with a little, pale, sickly-looking face, very red lips, large dark eyes, and a voice like a woman in a passion, always upon the scream. How it was that so delicate-looking an urchin managed to support the hardships of a guerrilla life, I cannot explain; but I suppose it was his pluck and energy that carried him through. Girt with a sword nearly as long as himself, carrying a light lance, and perched upon a tall horse that would have made a good charger for a man of twelve stone weight, he used to gallop about at the head of his father's cavalry, then consisting of some five-and-twenty badly equipped and mounted lancers, chiefly deserters from the Carlists. He was already a cornet in the Spanish service, and not sharing his father's contempt for dress, he used to come out on fête days, and other grand occasions, in a most dapper uniform, with a broad silver

band down the side of his overalls, a closely-fitting green jacket, and foraging cap of fanciful device. At such times he put me in mind of one of the smartly-painted wooden soldiers, used as toys for children—not that he by any means *played* at soldiering—it was right down earnest with him; and one of his father's officers assured me, that young Zurbano had already diminished the numbers of Don Carlos's army by no less than eleven men. If this was true, I do not suppose he had slain them all in single combat—probably the majority were fugitives that he had overtaken and killed—but nevertheless, he was skilful in the use of his weapons and management of his horse, and possessed more muscular strength than his delicate appearance indicated. He was a blood-thirsty young imp. I recollect one day, after a skirmish, we had driven the Carlists out of a village in Alava, and I found myself pursuing a fellow who was scampering in great haste across a field. I was close to him, when up came young Zurbano, swearing most lustily, in his squealing tones, his lance down, and preparing to give the poor devil his quietus, by means of a vigorous "front point." I was just in time to turn his lance aside, and then I thought he would have made a poke at me, he seemed so bent upon sticking somebody. I prevailed upon him, however, to spare the unlucky Carlist, and he took him back as a prisoner, driving him before him, and occasionally stimulating his progress by a prick with his lance point.

Young Martin, as they used to call him, though his name was Benito, was nominally in command of his father's cavalry; but as he would inevitably have led them to destruction had they been left entirely to his guidance, he had adjoined to him as a mentor one Micolaldi, a very smart, gallant fellow, who subsequently lost his arm in action.

It would be difficult to name any officer or partisan who did so much real damage to the enemy, and was so uniformly successful in his undertakings, as Zurbano, during the whole period of the Carlist struggle. He united all the qualities essential to success in a war of that description; great personal bravery and presence of mind, a knowledge of the country in which he acted, and considerable skill in obtaining information and devising stratagems. The Carlists, who dreaded him more than any other Christino chief, never considered themselves safe while he was within twenty

or thirty leagues of them. He would accomplish forced marches of a length that appeared almost fabulous; and in an extraordinary short time fall upon and exterminate some detachment of the enemy, capture a valuable convoy, or kidnap an officer of rank. Two of his earlier exploits, the more remarkable as being achieved with a mere handful of men, were the capture of the Carlist generals, Verastegui and Ituralde. The former was carried away from the very middle of a Carlist division; the second was taken out of his house, situated in the heart of the enemy's country, five-and-twenty miles from the Christino lines. Zurbano was very proud of this latter feat. He had his portrait painted about that time, with a forage cap on his head, which he had taken from Ituralde as a sort of memento or trophy of the affair. On the picture, round the cap, was the inscription, "*Boina cojida a Ituralde*"—cap taken from Ituralde. The *boina* itself hung above the portrait in his quarters at Vittoria. When complimented on exploits of this nature, he would say little or nothing in reply, for he was a man of very few words, but his face would light up with a smile of satisfaction and self-approval. On the other hand, he was very careless of the honors which Spanish military men usually prize; refused decorations that were offered to him, and never wore the *galones*, or lace stripes upon the coat-cuff, that mark the rank of field-officers in Spain.

The terror with which Zurbano inspired the Carlists was only to be equalled by their detestation of him. "*El infame Barca*," as they used to call him, would have met but skimp measure of mercy had he fallen into their hands.

I recollect on one occasion a flag of truce went out to a village a few miles from Vittoria. It was for the purpose of an exchange of prisoners, which was likely to occupy some short time, and Zurbano and a few other officers accompanied it for the ride's sake, and to have a chat with the *facciosos*, as they said. While the prisoners were being told off and identified, we went into a house with some Carlist officers, who were very polite, and offered us refreshment, which we accepted, in return giving them cigars, for good tobacco was a scarce luxury in Charles the Fifth's country. Zurbano got talking and joking with the Carlists, in the sort of tone in which a wolf and mastiff might be supposed to jest with each other from between the bars of

their respective cages, the bars being represented by the flag of truce. They were very civil in words, certainly, but there was in their voices and smiles a strange sort of expression, a kind of *arrière pensée*, as if they were saying to themselves all the while, "How I should like to be at your top-knot." At last Zurbano said,

"Tell me the truth now. What would you do to me if you caught me?"

"*Oh, Martin!*" cried one of the Carlists, in a sort of disclaiming tone, "*nada, nada*—nothing at all. *Prisionero solamente, nada mas*—keep you prisoner, and treat you well."

Zurbano gave an indescribable sort of chuckle, and poured forth a string of exclamations, more remarkable for energy than elegance. Friend Martin was at times not very choice in his vocabulary, I must confess.

"I know better than that," said he, "and I have only one request to make: if ever you take me alive, light a fire, and roast me at it."

The Carlists of course laughed, and exclaimed vehemently against such an idea; but if they had caught him, I doubt whether they would have treated him much better than he requested them to do.

To a man of Zurbano's impetuous character and active habits, illness was of course a dreadful calamity. Once, at Vittoria, he had an attack of a painful malady, and while it lasted I went two or three times to see him. He was obliged to keep his bed, and used to lie cursing and swearing "at no allowance," and grinding his teeth, not so much with the suffering he endured, as with impatience at being compelled to remain idle, instead of mounting his horse, and sallying forth *à perseguir los facciocos*. I do not think he was ever comfortable except when he was rampaging about the country with his little band of desperadoes, seeking whom he might devour.

His "*A ellos!*" or "At them!" when he caught a view of the Carlists, was as hearty and inspiring as the sound of a trumpet. And off he would go, always the first, spurring his Andalusian, and waving his heavy sabre, while the Carlists would sing out, "*Demonio! Barca!*" and run like mad. He was always eager to get to close quarters—always for a charge in preference to the long-shot work which some of the Spanish troops are so fond of. He used to get off his horse, put himself at the head of his infantry, and dash up to the assault of a

parapet or position without wasting a cartridge. He got his share of wounds by exposing himself as he did, it is wonderful he lasted the war out.

In 1839, the burning of the crops in the Carlist portion of the province of Alava, was intrusted to him, and in accomplishing it he received a wound that for some time threatened to prove fatal. The shot was fired from a window in the village of Gamarra, where a skirmish was going on, by a Carlist officer, who was afterwards pointed out to me in the south of France, and who received promotion, I was told, for the exploit.

It has been often asserted of late that Zurbano had been a robber before the war. "The old robber of La Rioja," said Narvaez, the other day, when speaking of a more useful soldier than ever crossed his own saddle. I do not affirm that Zurbano had never been a robber, but I may mention *en passant*, that although I had many opportunities while in Spain of hearing details of his life, and met with more than one person who had known him almost from boyhood, I never heard it said that he had been any thing worse than a smuggler. That he did not deny, and has himself pointed out to me mountains over which he had passed, as he said, many a profitable convey. Contrabandista or salteador, smuggler or highwayman, it will perhaps be urged, there is little difference—*arcades ambo*. It must be remembered, however, that in Spain smuggling is a profession, and that those who exercise it are looked upon by a large proportion of the population as very fine fellows, and exceedingly useful members of society, who carry their heads as high, and hold themselves for as honorable men as the best. Another accusation that has been brought against Don Martin is, that he has enriched himself during the war, and must therefore be a rogue. The inference is by no means an inevitable one. Zurbano is a man of frugal and inexpensive habits, the pay of his rank is good, and, moreover, he had opportunities of making money in a tolerably legitimate manner—for war-time, that is to say. When I knew him, he was allowed to raise contributions in certain Carlist districts, for the payment of his free corps, and for various expenses, such as equipment, spies, and other matters. To get the information concerning the enemy's movements, essential to the carrying on of his expeditions and ambuscades, he was obliged to have numerous agents and to pay

them well. All sorts of persons used to visit him, peasants, muleteers, charcoal-burners, wood-cutters, bringing intelligence that was often paid for at a very high rate. Of course he used to bleed the Carlist purses pretty freely when he could.

I remember once starting with him and his partida about midnight, and crossing the country for several hours in profound darkness and perfect silence. Just as morning dawned, we debouched upon a high road, and setting off at a smart pace, in less than five minutes we entered the town of Salvatierra. Zurbano rode straight to the house of the alcade, dismounted and darted up stairs. The nest was literally warm, but the bird had flown. He caught one of the *regidores*, however, and made him disburse. After a short delay, and with a most piteous face, the poor fellow handed over a small bag of gold ounces, which he had probably collected amongst the inhabitants. In this, and other ways, much money must have passed through Zurbano's hands, and some little of it may have stuck to his fingers; but he is not one of those who, having begun the war with nothing, can now afford to give twenty thousand pounds for a palace, and spend more than as many dollars on a fête.

No one who is acquainted with Zurbano's wary character, will suspect him of having voluntarily made his late abortive attempt to revolutionize Spain. There can be little doubt that he was implicated in some way or other in the Prim conspiracy, and when, after the discovery of that plot, he was commanded to repair to Santander, he saw in the order a desire to get him out of his own province, where he was popular, in order to ship him comfortably off to keep Prim company in some colonial prison. Or perhaps when they had got him out of La Rioja, they would have shot him at once, for his known attachment to Espartero would always render him an object of distrust to the present rulers of Spain. He saw that he must either run or fight for it, and preferred at least attempting the latter before adopting the former course.

The discovery of the recent conspiracy in the Peninsula is owing to a man, who, although his name be less known in England than that of the daring guerilla chief to whom the preceding sketches refer, is nevertheless a far more remarkable and uncommon person. I allude to the present *gefe politico*, or political chief at Madrid,

Don Eugenio de Aviraneta, a Biscayan by birth, and who at a very early age found himself taking an active part in the wars and revolutions of his country. During the war of Independence, he was the secretary and companion of the Empecinado, and shared most of the dangers, triumphs, and vicissitudes, of that bold and successful partisan. In 1823, he again buckled on the harness, and took the field against the united French and Realista armies, and upon the struggle terminating unfortunately for the constitutional cause, he escaped with great difficulty, travelling half over Spain on muleback, disguised as a peasant or fruit-seller. This closed his military career, and in what manner he passed the next ten or twelve years of his life I am unable to say; but it appears that he was not lost sight of, or at any rate forgotten, by certain persons who were acquainted with his peculiar aptitude for political intrigue.

On the death of Ferdinand, he was one of those who exerted their talents and energies to give an impulse to the liberal cause in Spain; but he had again retired from the scene, and in the spring of 1837, was living unnoticed at Madrid, when Don Carlos made his celebrated expedition into Arragon, at the head of the larger portion of his army. The queen's government was in great alarm; it was suspected that a rising of the Carlists in the interior of Spain was preparing, and every effort was made to get a key to this conspiracy. The then minister, Pio Pita Pizarro, discovered by some intercepted papers that Bayonne was one of the chief points at which the plot was brewing. He sent a confidential person to Aviraneta, exposed to him the state of affairs, and asked him if he were willing to go to Bayonne, and endeavor to discover the plans and projects of the conspirators. Aviraneta agreed to do so, started at once for France, and had already commenced his anti-*Carlist* researches and manœuvres, when he was ordered by the French authorities to leave Bayonne. He applied to the Spanish consul to obtain him permission to remain there, but strange to say, although he had credentials as *comisario de guerra*, or commissioner at war, from the ministry at Madrid, and although he had showed these to the consul, that functionary refused to assist him. The confusion then existing in Spain, and the want of unity and homogeneity in the whole of the government and institutions of that singular country, were be-

yond conception great. Aviraneta had to leave Bayonne and repair to Pau.

Before he had been many days at the latter place, he received orders from Madrid to return to Bayonne, which he did, but found his labors so much impeded in various ways that he again left the town, intending to make Perpignan the centre of his operations, which at that time were directed to no less an end than that of bringing the civil war to a termination by fomenting divisions among the Carlists, and strengthening the wish for peace that was already cherished by many of that party. But the very nature of Aviraneta's mission, which required the greatest secrecy, was an obstacle to his success. Every body suspected him; he found opposition and impediments on all sides. Meanwhile the ministry had been changed; Pizarro was out; and at last Aviraneta returned to Madrid in disgust, and settled down into his former quiet mode of life, leaving his enterprise unaccomplished.

One ministry succeeded another—they all have their turn in Spain—and at last, at the close of 1838, Pizarro came in again. He sent for Aviraneta, and asked him if he would return to Bayonne and work out the plan he had formed for spreading disunion in the *Carlist* camp, a plan that he had partially communicated to Pizarro a year and a half previously, and which had then been thought well of by that minister. Aviraneta, who is a man of indefatigable activity of mind and body, set out at once for Bayonne, and arrived there on the 5th of January, 1839.

And now began a series of intrigues and stratagems, and Machiavelian manœuvres, devised with an ingenuity, followed up and executed with a skill and success, that have rarely been surpassed, or perhaps equalled, and that were unquestionably a very prominent cause of the termination of the war in the Basque provinces of Spain. Taking advantage of the wish for peace that had sprung up amongst the soldiers of the Pretender, Aviraneta did all in his power to strengthen it by means of skilful agents in the *Carlist* camp, which agents were very numerous, and of both sexes. He also wrote supposititious letters and proclamations from Spanish and Basque priests and farmers, advocating peace, in terms adapted to the understandings of the peasants and soldiers for whose perusal they were intended. These papers he caused to be printed, and found means to distribute by many thou-

sands throughout Navarre and Biscay, at the same time that he adopted most original and admirably devised measures for setting the generals and advisers of Don Carlos by the ears. They were already divided into two parties, the fanatics and the moderates, mutually hating and fearing each other, and Aviraneta knew well how to stimulate and augment that hate and fear. The interest of these affairs is considerably gone by in England, and even in Spain, where to-day's revolutions and changes leave men but small time to think of those that occurred yesterday. Nevertheless, one of the levers employed by Aviraneta to overturn the Carlist party, was so singular in its nature, is so little known, and conveys so good an idea of the foresight, invention, and genius of the man, that I will here give his own account of it, taken from a memoir which will presently be alluded to more at length.

"Having now discovered," he says, "the weak point by which the rebellion might be mortally wounded, I drew up my plan. I supposed the existence of a secret society at Madrid, having an agent at Bayonne, employed to direct and promote in the Carlist camp the objects of the association. I represented Maroto and his clique as affiliated to the said society, Maroto himself being president of the principle triangle in the north of Spain; various triangles or sections of the society being supposed to exist amongst the factious battalions and the chief inhabitants of the Carlist districts. I composed a synoptical table, a sphere by which to decipher the signs and hieroglyphics employed in the official correspondence, the whole written upon Spanish paper, with printed headings, and adorned with two magnificent seals; in short, with all the attributes necessary to prevent the least doubt arising as to the authenticity of the documents or the reality of such an association.

"In the correspondence between the head-quarters of the society at Madrid, and its Bayonne agent, appeared the whole plan of a conspiracy in the Carlist camp, duly concerted and arranged, and of which the result was to be the termination of the war. Maroto, as president of the chief triangle of the north, was manager of the scheme for getting rid of Don Carlos and proclaiming moderate principles in lieu of those of absolutism. The instructions emanated from the Directory at Madrid, and were put into execution by Maroto and his subordinates.

The shooting of the Carlist generals at Estella, in February 1839, and other important events that occurred about that time, all appeared by this simulated correspondence to have been planned and arranged by the conspirators. This famous set of papers was subsequently designated, in all my communications, by the name of the *Simancas*.

"By the beginning of April all was ready, but the most difficult and important part of the work had yet to be accomplished. It was necessary to get the *Simancas* safely conveyed to Don Carlos, as proceeding from a Carlist source. A Christino would have been suspected, perhaps found out: I was afraid to trust to a bribed Carlist; only a well-paid foreigner was suitable for such a mission, which, moreover, required extreme coolness and sagacity. At last, and after much trouble, my principal confidant pointed out to me a Frenchman who was a Carlist agent. I got acquainted with this person and sounded him, found him possessed of the needful qualities, and, by dint of promises and presents, made him entirely mine."

By means of the agent whom he had made *his own*, as he says, this Spanish Fouché forwarded intimation of the supposed plot to the apostolic or fanatic section of the Carlist party, as coming from a zealous French legitimatist, who was too much suspected and under the *surveillance* of the police to be able to communicate with them personally. The two Carlist colonels, Lanz and Soroa, the latter of whom was at one time governor of Irun, and celebrated for his cruelty and furious fanaticism, were the first to whom a communication was made, and the thing was broken to them in so natural a manner, and the ultra-Carlists were already so suspicious of Maroto, and apprehensive of treachery on his part, that they swallowed the bait at once, and begged for specimens of the correspondence of the secret society in question. These specimens were forwarded, and so skilfully and plausibly had the whole scheme been combined, that the fictitious documents, instead of leading to the detection of the imposture, fully convinced those who saw them of the existence of the alleged plot.

The first thought of the astounded ultras, who immediately held a junta or meeting at Tolosa, was to assassinate Maroto, but on deliberation they decided to get possession of the proofs, at any price, of the conspiracy, and then bring him to a court-martial. The Pretender was informed

of the important discovery, and, with his friends of the apostolical party, at once entered into a counter conspiracy against Maroto, whom he was afraid to attack openly, on account of the latter's influence with the army.

Confusion and mistrust were the result of all this. Aviraneta kept up the excitement and suspicion for some time, amusing Don Carlos and his partisans by promises and inventories of the Simancas, but it was only on the fifth of August, when he thought things were ripe for an explosion, that he sent the forged papers to Tolosa, where, they were delivered to the Pretender's minister, Marco del Pont, who gave a receipt for the same, of which a *fac-simile* was appended to Aviraneta's unpublished memoir. The crumbling to pieces of the Carlist cause was now very rapid. Maroto, finding himself in danger of his life from the fanatical party, and conspired against even by Don Carlos himself, while his own soldiers were destitute, half-naked, and discontented, and the queen's troops were pressing him hard, threw himself into the arms of the numerous and popular party in the Basque provinces that was thirsting for peace, and the convention of Bergara was the almost immediate result.

Aviraneta was not destined to receive much reward, at least immediately, for the large share which he had taken in the pacification of his country. He appears always to have been an object of distrust and dislike to Espartero, and within a very few months after the restoration of peace to Spain he was arrested in Arragon by order of that general, thrown into prison, and threatened with a firing party. Fortunately for him, intelligence of his captivity was conveyed to the Queen Regent at Madrid, and she immediately despatched a courier with orders for his release. He went to France, where Christina was, shortly afterwards, also obliged to take refuge. Before proceeding to Paris she sent for Aviraneta, who had an interview with her at Marseilles.

Whilst in exile at Toulouse, during the winter of 1840-1, Aviraneta prepared for publication his famous "Memoria," or "Account of the plans and operations that had been put in execution for the annihilation of the rebellion in the north of Spain." He had it printed, but subsequently resolved to defer the publication, as he considered that, besides compromis-

ing in various ways many of his friends and former agents, it would have rendered his own return to Spain more than ever impossible, so long as the then existing order of things lasted. The notes to the memoir in question, and the documentary proofs of the truth of what he advances in it, I have myself seen, and they are in the highest degree curious, including letters from Marco del Pont, dated up to the very last day of the Pretender's stay in Spain, imploring aid to enable Don Carlos to pass secretly through France into Catalonia, from the supposed French legitimatist, who was all the while no other than his deadly enemy, Aviraneta. Subsequently, either with Aviraneta's permission, or, as I suspect, by the indiscretion of a friend, extracts of the "Memoria" found their way into a Madrid paper, and no better proof could be adduced of the importance of the services rendered by its author to the queen's cause, than the fury with which their revelation inspired the Carlists. The legitimatist papers both French and Spanish were rabid in their denunciations of the infernal plot, as they termed it, of its framer, and of the vile and diabolical means by which its success had been insured.

In the spring of 1841, Aviraneta having left Toulouse for Bayonne, was seized upon at the latter place by the French authorities, and packed off to Switzerland. In order to prevent his passing through Toulouse, where it appears he was suspected of carrying on some political intrigue, the police sent him round by way of Moulins, a journey of five hundred miles or more. He took up his abode at Geneva, and remained there between two and three years, expelled from France, and in danger of his life if he returned to Spain, inadmissible in Italy, where he would have been immediately pounced upon as an anti-Carlist conspirator. He felt this exile very bitterly, and did not even take the trouble, except in one or two instances, to reply to the numerous attacks made on him by the French and Spanish press.

"For the moment," he wrote to me once in a letter from Geneva, "my enemies triumph; but patience! I am not yet dead. My day may come."

And come it has at last, for the post he occupies is a high and important one. If the permanence of the Moderado party in power depends on the discovery of the conspiracies that may be formed against them, their tenure is good. The same talents

that enabled Aviraneta to carry on a conspiracy with small means, and under most difficult and disadvantageous circumstances, will in all probability, enable him to discover plots against himself and his friends. His knowledge of human nature and skill in the choice of agents, were surprisingly manifested in the transactions preceding the treaty of Bergara, where, out of the large number of persons he employed, not one was found to betray him; and had he not himself revealed it, the Carlists might to this day have remained ignorant whence came the blow that so largely contributed to the ruin of their cause.

I have now lying before me a lithographed portrait of Aviraneta, a most exact and characteristic likeness. The large hooked-nose and somewhat projecting under lip would give him a slight resemblance to Ferdinand VII., did not a high massive forehead, and the expression of the face, which indicates acuteness joined to energy and moral courage, differ widely from those of the late King of Spain. There is a slight squint in one of his eyes, which, however, takes away nothing from the penetrating expression of that feature. As a companion, Aviraneta is of easy and pleasant intercourse, good-humored, and often amusing, possessed of a large fund of general knowledge and information. He is a great reader, and his tastes are generally simple and unostentatious. When at Geneva, he used to pass much of his time fishing in the lake—a peaceable occupation enough for a conspirator. He must be now between fifty and sixty years old, his mental faculties fresh and vigorous, although his bodily health has become somewhat impaired within the last five years.

The possession of that rare virtue of public men, consistency, cannot be denied to Aviraneta. He has at all times been the steadfast enemy, alike of despotism, and of what he conceives to be, too great a degree of liberty. In Queen Christina he considered he had found a supporter of the principles to which he inclines, and in good fortune and bad he has ever been her stanch adherent. That his own profit or advantage has not been his aim in the active part he has taken in Spanish affairs, appears probable, from the circumstance of his only possessing a very small competency, scarcely indeed to be called one, which he derives from some inconsiderable estates in Biscay. There are scarcely half

a dozen political men in Spain, who have not, at least once or twice, turned their coats in order to fill their pockets, and had Aviraneta chosen to follow the example so abundantly given him, and trim his sail to each breeze that blew, there can be little doubt he might have come in for a very large share of the loaves and fishes, possessed as he is, and as even his greatest enemies allow him to be, of talents of a very rare and peculiar class. It is only fair to assume therefore, that he did not choose to apply those talents to so selfish a use, and it remains to be seen whether he will employ them equally well, now that fortune, by placing him on the upper side of the wheel, has given him a more ample field for their exercise. There are probably few men living more likely to play an important part upon the turbulent stage of Spanish politics.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAGEANT OF LITERATURE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

No. 1.

A beautiful and instructive article—probably from the same pen which wrote the "Advantages of Literature," published by us, some time since, and so universally admired.—ED.

EVERY body has read the Lectures which Frederic Schlegel delivered in Vienna during the winter of 1812. Clever, rapid, sparkling, they give a pleasing view of one of the most interesting subjects that solicit our curiosity or charm our taste. His object, as he states it, was to present a general survey of the development of the spirit of literature, among the illustrious people of ancient and modern times, with a special reference to the influence of intellectual exertion upon the national economy of life and character. His definition of literature is comprehensive. It embraces every art and science that bears any relation to the wants, the endowments, or the hopes of men; of these, poetry forms one of the chief members. The kindred art of narration, or history, follows; then come all the higher influences of pure reason and intellect, under whatever aspect manifested, if only they tend towards the elevation of

the human family; and, lastly, eloquence and wit. The force, the freshness, the taste with which he fills up the outline, are familiar to every reader. Perhaps it has sometimes been apparent to the reflective eye, that his *site* is too extensive for a single architect to cover. His acquirements, though various and deep, were scarcely sufficient to give him the complete mastery over a series of subjects so diversified. He has accordingly laid himself open, in some places, to attack. To borrow a metaphor from military affairs, one might say, his line of fortification was so vast, that his defences, ingenious and powerful as they are, would not be able to resist, in every point, the fierce assault of a vehement and hostile criticism.

The spirit that animates him is the spirit of a hero. He asserts, with uncompromising zeal, the supremacy of literature among the powers and splendors of the world. This alone survives the storms and outlives the shipwreck of empire and fortune. It is the pen of Thucydides that preserves the war of Peloponnesus; it is the stage of Æschylus that exhibits the Persian overthrow; it is the hand of Spenser that keeps the sword of chivalry bright in the mist of ages; it is the gallery of Clarendon that contains unfaded the portraits of some of our noblest patriots. Such a lesson should not be read in vain. The army of Xerxes sleeps motionless, with all its banners and plumes, beneath the sand which the wilderness of time has drifted over it; while the conqueror gradually moulders away, until the heart of a lonely scholar throbs with a sudden exultation, as, over some faded coin or mutilated inscription, he discovers a feeble glimmering of names "which had once challenged the reverence of the world."

To literature belongs the mighty privilege of embalming, for all ages, the departed kings of intellect. There they repose within the eternal pyramids of their fame. Well, then, may the German critic disclaim any impious hardihood in the saying, that it was scarcely possible even for the Deity Himself to confer upon man a more glorious gift than language. We speak not of it as the instrument by which His own will was conveyed to his creatures. We contemplate it upon a lower ground, and even there we gaze on it with wonder and awe. Speech was the true fire that came down from heaven and kindled the creature into happiness and praise. It was

the visible soul; and as the word, *Let there be light*, had breathed a lustre, and beauty and warmth, over the landscape of Nature, so the word, *Let there be language*, shed effulgence and joy over all the scenery of the mind. It was the bloom rising from the ground and filling the air with fragrance. It will not be forgotten, that Adam was endued with speech in his solitary state, and before the creation of Eve. Is not this a wonderful thought? Who does not travel back into the morning of creation and behold the scene? There, in the centre of Paradise, amid all that was lovely in color and majestic in form, stood the breathing, the exulting father of mankind. If he hung enamored over his own shadow, reflected upon those clear fountains, did he not listen to the shadow of his voice rolling in all its softening music down the dark arches of cedar and fig-tree boughs? And how must his cheek have flushed with strange emotion when, along those consecrated shades, was heard a voice still sweeter answering to his own, and the first accents of human sympathy and tenderness broke over the garden of the world! We dare not dream of what visions of magnificent achievements, or suffering debasement, in the remote history of his race, may then have been permitted to shine before the illuminated eyes of this man created in the image of God. But, if only the miracles of the tongue had been wrought before his prophetic gaze, surely he would have felt a solemn sense of the majestic gift committed to his charge. Babylon, and Nineveh, and Jerusalem, and Athens, and Rome, might have flashed upon his inward eye in all the startling magnificence of empire and art; but, if he could have known the mysterious sorcery of language, he would have understood that it alone was the incorruptible architecture of beauty and power: and that all the golden cities, whose dawn and fulness were to light the world, would survive only in the pictures of the historian and the poet; that Troy would raise its towers only in the description of Homer, and the Roman despotism lower only through the narrative of Tacitus.

And there are two aspects in which language may be viewed as a medium of communicating admiration, wisdom, delight, to others; one would be *speech*. Then how astonishing, to think that you can stand in the centre of a mighty congregation of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or reckless men—all the elements of the understand-

ing cast together in tumultuous disorder—and knock at every one of their minds in succession. Think how this has been done,—by Demosthenes, waving the multitude into repose from his mound of turf, on some Grecian hill-side; by Plato, subduing the souls of them who listened to him under the boughs of a dim plane; by Cicero, in the stern silence of the Forum; by our own Chatham, in the chapel of St. Stephen. Think how each and all not only knocked, but entered; wandered over the hearts of their hearers; traced the secret and winding circuits of feeling; roused the passions in their darkest recesses of concealment, knocking, entering, searching. This was much, but they did more. In every heart they set up a throne; they gave laws; they wielded over it the sceptre of intellectual royalty. Thus the Athenian crowd start up with one accord and one cry to march against Philip; and the Senate throbs with the convulsive agony of indignant patriotism, rushing upon Catiline; and the vast assembly of genius and power in our own parliament is dissolved for a season—as happened after an address of Sheridan—that it might recover from the benumbing wand of the enchanter. And this is the working of language under the aspect of *speech*.

But it is in the second shape of language, that of *literature*, in which the most wonderful faculty resides. The power of persuasion is mighty, but perishable; its life, for the most part, passes with the life of the speaker. It darkens with his eye; it stiffens with his hand; it freezes with his tongue. The swords of these champions of eloquence are buried with them in the grave. Where is the splendid declamation of Bolingbroke? Vanished, as completely as the image of his own form from the grass-plots of Twickenham! But in that speech, which is created by the printing-press into literature, dwells a principle never to be quenched. Literature is the immortality of speech. Here, however, as under the former aspect, the medium of communication effects, in the strongest manner, the object conveyed. Hence it has been ever found, that those books are the most admired and the most enduring which reflect the thoughts with the most lucid simplicity. Thus it is in Homer, Plato, Livy, and Ariosto. The transparency of the diction preserves every feature of thought unbroken. And this transparency is always the result of intense fervor of con-

ception. That exquisite material through which, from our sunny chambers, we gaze out on the scenery of woods and gardens, has received its crystalline purity only through the fiery processes of the furnace. It was melted by the flame before the rough particles of sand disappeared in that cloudless surface of beauty, through which the minutest fibre of the leaf, or the purple streak upon the tulip, is conspicuous. It is the same with language. The harsh ingredients have been blended and fused by the ardent flame of an excited imagination, before it brightens into that surface of mild beauty upon which the physiognomy of the faintest emotion may be distinctly traced. Pope has not omitted to notice this peculiarity in the Homeric poems, and to attribute it to this cause.

In whatever particulars, whether of sentiment, of delineation, or of taste, we may differ from Schlegel, we shall constantly re-echo one of his remarks: "It is at all times my wish to confine myself to inventors, and I shall not scruple to pass with the utmost rapidity, over whole centuries of imitation." There is no common charm in wandering along the by-paths of literature, and catching little hasty views of small nooks, green and still, in the landscape of thought; but ours is a bolder journey. It is only now and then, in surveying the majestic ramparts of old castles, that you can stoop to breathe the wild bloom of the flowers upon the wall.—Nor is this lingering minuteness essential to the instruction of the reader. "*La chronologie contentieuse*," was the remark of Bossuet to the French prince, when accounting for his incompleteness in dates; "*qui s'arrête scrupuleusement à ces minuties a son usage sans doute; mais elle n'est pas votre objet et s'est peu à éclairer l'esprit d'un grand prince*." It may not always be safe to travel by so royal a road of knowledge; but it suits our present expedition, which leads us into the great thoroughfares of intellectual life, and where the PAGEANT OF LITERATURE, in all its sumptuous array, is to be seen passing by.

Many are the images by which we might shadow forth our design in these papers.—And a scenical illustration would not be the least forcible or expressive. We might ask the reader to recollect the evening when he ascended Snowdon to see the sun rise. He passed the night in the mist and vapor that kept driving down the sides of the mountain. At length his toil and patience were rewarded; the vision broke; the sun ap-

peared. If a painter, he probably compared its ascending and brightening motion to some angel climbing the cloudy stairs into Paradise. As the misty curtains were drawn back from the theatre of nature, what a scene burst upon his eye! Old castles, verdant woods, dim villages, flashing spires of remote cities, a haze of golden light wavering over all. And yet, in the very flush and brilliancy of the vision, it would become dark; the curtains would be let down again upon the stage, while castle, and wood, and pinnacle, glimmered away into uncertainty and cloud. Thus, when he came to study the perfect spectacle of Nature's magnificence, he saw nothing but a glittering, vanishing glimpse of her Pageant.

And this traveller, ascending Snowdon, might exemplify the sensations of the student, when, after toiling up the difficult paths of meditative research, he beholds, from some clear altitude of thought, the sun of civilization and learning rising over the scenery of intellect. Many a dismal vigil had he kept, many a dark vapor had drifted past him, before the gorgeous scene unclosed its wonders to his eye. For a little while the vision would be splendid—rich gardens of imagery; still waters of philosophy; sumptuous palaces of fancy; delicious shades of contemplation; all starting majestically out of the vapor. In the midst of his enjoyment, however, he could not fail to perceive that the mist, though scattered, was not dispersed; that it gathered into black masses along the horizon, ever drifting back as the wind blew, or the rays of the sun were intercepted. He would also observe that, as the cloud rolled away from one hill or valley, or splendid edifice, it settled upon *another*; that the illumination of one spot was always accompanied by the obscuration of one lying near it; that, in order to obtain an uninterrupted view of the landscape, it was necessary to follow the track of the animating light. And, at intervals, the shade would sweep over the entire face of the country before him, enveloping it in all its original melancholy and gloom. And thus, however protracted his abode upon those high places of speculation to which he had climbed, he would descend, at last, with a feeling of delight mingled with disappointment, since, instead of one vast and unbroken spectacle of grandeur in the civilization and refinement of the world, he had only seen Glimpses of a Pageant.

Or we might suggest a different simili-

tude, and, instead of carrying the reader up the vapory sides of Snowdon, place him in some sheltered valley running among the hills, or upon the mossy plank thrown over a torrent, and tell him to look upward at a sumptuous train of knights winding down the rocky paths in the splendid array of victory and spoil. They might have been absent for many years in the remote regions of the East, fighting for riches and renown. Even their return would, probably, have in it some circumstances of sorrow. Much they had suffered, much they had lost.—Many of their companions in arms slumbered beneath the palms of the desert; and of the joyous band, who set forth in the morning of life, only a few returned in the evening to their home among the English trees. And this similitude would not be inapt or inexpressive if transferred to *literature*.—What are the poets, philosophers, and scholars, of all time but bands of knights—the chivalry of genius—setting out in the morning of their strength to fight the battles of truth, or rescue the sepulchre of virtue, or gather riches of thought, and bring back splendor of renown? The remote land of learning and fancy would be the object of their search. Much they suffer, much they lose—the warfare of genius is full of perils. High the emotion of their hearts, setting out in the costly armor of imagination and faith. What a line of march!—Fame in the van,—

Μετα δὲ σφισιν Ὅσσα διῆκει,
ἀτρυνονσ' ἵεναι, Διὸς ἀγγελος.

But, when we look upon them descending from the summits of their distant wanderings in the evening-time, there is a shade over the brightest countenance. Many set out, few return. Of that band, once so dazzling in its array, some of the bravest sank down wounded and faint, in the wilderness of life. Some died within sight of the fountains. And thus the spectator might easily recognize the presence of sadness even amid the exultation of conquest; and behold the Banner of Victory drooping its solemn folds over the passing Pageant of Literature.

Or, yet once more, we might change altogether the shape of our comparison, and substitute, for the mountain-top and the still valleys, the august cathedral, in the blaze and wonder of a coronation. We might turn the spectator's eye to the company of courtiers and all the gorgeous apparatus of religion and history, and point out, emerg-

ing as it were from the enveloping cloud of retainers, the king himself, in the vestments of empire, passing over the sepulchres of the dead to take his crown. And this would not be the least striking or expressive representation of the three. It would have in it some of the majestic pathos of truth. If we could really enter within the bright gates of that visionary temple which we consecrate to Fame, and behold the coronation of the kings of literature, we should see them slowly emerging from the encircling cloud of companions and followers, and ever passing over the sepulchres of their departed ancestors to take their crown. Hence it happens that the history of genius has always been the history of toil; that the teacher of wisdom has fitted himself to converse with *future* ages, by having already conversed with the *past*. Ben Jonson numbers *imitation* among the requisites of the poet. He must be able to "convert the substance and riches of other poets to his own use; to make choice of an excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very *he*, and so like him, as the copy may be mistaken for the original." In a greater or less degree, the suggestion of Jonson seems to have been anticipated or followed by eminent writers in all ages. And we feel that a book professedly on the history and progress of imitation, not only in poetry, but in *literature*, "written by a man of perspicuity, and an adept in the art of discerning likenesses, even when minute, with examples properly selected and gradations duly marked," would make a valuable accession to the stores of our knowledge.

Now, of the *three* ways in which we have suggested the possibility of presenting the Pageant of Literature to the eye of the reader, we shall not so much make a selection as a combination. Instead of fixing him in one position, we shall be continually varying it. We shall lead him up the steep solitudes of the early history of the mind; and that will be our mountain view. We shall show him the bravery, the hardihood, the patience, the victories, and the sorrows of genius; and that will be our representation of knights returning home with their glory and spoils. And we shall exhibit to him the profound and reverent meditation and humility of the true scholar, enriching himself from the treasured wisdom of the past; and that will be our interior of the cathedral during the coronation of a king. Nor will the prospect be so wide as to bewilder the attention:—

"How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where faint, at best, the beams of science fall."

Our intercourse will be only with the illustrious in the annals of learning. Our Pageant, while it displays in its front the sovereigns of intellectual kingdoms, will embrace in its train only those who encircle the throne. There will be no door-keepers in our palaces, nor camp-followers in our army. It is only of the Pageant of Literature in its magnificence and glory that we shall give a glimpse as it passes by.

There may be a moral for the critic wrapped in the allegorical eagle which conveyed Chaucer to his House of Fame. We shall pass upon the swifter wings of thought from epoch to epoch in the golden ages of literature, descending, through the brightened atmosphere of the Homeric poetry, into the cultivated gardens of Greek history, philosophy, and the drama. A period of little more than eighty years will comprise the history of the most famous literature in the world. So in Rome, we shall find ourselves with Virgil at Mantua, or Horace in his Sabine farm, or Cicero in his Tusculum, or with Livy at Padua, beholding the glittering array wind along those delicious valleys, until it melts from our sight in the gathering gloom of barbarism, and, before the gates of the Mistress of the World, we hear nothing but

"Alaric's stern port; the martial frame
Of Genseric, and Attila's dread name."

Again, in Italy, we shall look for the first gleam of Dante's shield, when, springing forth in complete equipment of arms, he drove back the follies and the ignorance of the age, and out of the miserable materials of madrigals, sonnets, and allegories, taught his countrymen to compose a structure which should probably outlive the country where it was erected. In like manner, we shall speak of our own fathers in science, and wisdom, and imagination. And it may be expected, that in this view of the progress of literature, however faintly indicated by us in its triumphant course, we should begin our journey in that country where all knowledge commenced,—

"Where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
The soil that arts and infant letters bore."

But we turn to Greece, as to the mother from whose breast European literature has drawn that milk which cherished its growth into vigor and beauty; as the land from which that Pageant first set out whose

splendor still continues to dazzle and to guide the pilgrimage of curiosity and taste. And the form that immediately rivets our eye is that of Homer, wearing upon his head the crown which antiquity bestowed, and later ages have constantly enriched with new jewels of admiration and love. Perhaps the liveliest and justest picture of Homer, thus appearing at the head of the Pageant, is furnished by the description of his own favorite heroes Agamemnon or Achilles.

The story of his life has the charm and the mystery of a romance. Schlegel denied the *blindness*, and Coleridge the *existence*, of Homer. One gives him sight, which he wanted; and the other deprives him of life, which he had. Coleridge looked upon Homer as a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the *Iliad*. "Of course there was a Homer, and twenty besides." A Homer, not *the* Homer. He undertook to compile twelve books, *with* characters just as distinct and consistent as those of the *Iliad*, from the metrical ballads and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. "I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the *Cid*." Now, if Coleridge intended to assert the presence of the same uniformity in the Homeric heroes which we find in English or Spanish tradition, he was wrong in *fact*. There is, indeed, as there ought to be, an *individuality* in his characters, of which Pope happily observed, that every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features than the poet has by their manners. What we deny is, that there is any predominant and unyielding supremacy of the heroic over the natural disposition. His chieftains are mighty in stature, but they sometimes stoop. What revelation of weakness more complete than the almost childish anger and mortification of Achilles? Doubtless the old ballads, so to say, of Greek tradition, supplied the poet with thoughts and resemblances; rude though they were, they may have retained the outlines of departed heroes who had been embedded in the national memory; but he clothed these skeletons with the muscle and nerve of existence. The great drama of life is acted in his poem; the life of a nobler and sterner

race, yet manifesting in every feature the common endowments and infirmities of humanity. But, even though we should admit that all this machinery has been furnished to the poet in full completeness, still a presiding intelligence would be required to connect, adapt, and govern it. But Coleridge returns to the charge. "I have the firmest conviction that Homer is a mere traditional synonyme with, or figure for, the *Iliad*." It is often found in our daily experience that men with the strongest convictions have the most unhappy way of imparting them to others. The late Nelson Coleridge, who wrote about Homer, ought to have run a pen through this absurd theory or extravagance of his relative. If one thing be more visible than another throughout the Homeric poetry, it is the *unity and entireness of the design*. It is as much built upon a plan as St. Paul's; and it would be as just to call Wren a mere concrete name for the bricklayers of the cathedral, as Homer for the magnificent descriptions of the *Iliad*. It was an opinion, not only never heard of, but indirectly refuted by the consentient voice of antiquity. It was precisely in the *disposition* of the work that the most celebrated of critics, Quintilian, proclaimed him to excel every author in the world. If a whisper has ever been breathed against this perfection of artistical skill, some tongue of authority has immediately suppressed it. For example, Pope, in his most ingenious and sparkling preface, compared the *Iliad* to a copious nursery abounding in every variety of plants and seed. Warton considered the comparison objectionable, as implying a want of regularity and conduct in the fable, which he said was transcendent in coherence, consistency, simplicity, and perspicuity of plan.

But hear Coleridge again, for he has another reason why Homer did not write the *Iliad*: "There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poems; there is a subjectivity of the poet, as in Milton, who is himself before us in every thing he writes; and there is a subjectivity of the *persona*, or dramatic character, as in Hamlet," &c. Gibbon has a reference to the concise clearness of Juvenal contrasted with the affectation of writers who show in a few absurd words the fourth part of an idea. This criticism of Coleridge may be included in the definition. It is German mysticism, and though it says much it means nothing. The statement is this—there is no subjectivity in the *Iliad*, therefore the *Iliad* has no

author. We were sorry to find Hallam introducing this grotesque phraseology into his *History of Literature*. However, let us endeavor to see what this word means. *Subjective*, then (we believe there is no such word as *subjectivity*,) means any thing relating to the *subject* as *opposed* to the *object*. Perhaps Watts, in his familiar style of illustration, may help us. "Certainty, according to the schools, is distinguished into *objective* and *subjective*. *Objective* certainty is when the proposition is true in itself; and *subjective*, when we are certain of the truth of it. The one is in things; the other is in our own minds." This explanation will not make the matter any clearer. But we shall presently show that the quality which Coleridge supposed to be wanting is, in truth, abundantly present, and that the author of the Homeric poems, instead of being *nowhere*, is *every where* in his verses.

We assume, then—and the assumption is founded upon the strongest internal evidence—that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written by *one person*. We lay this down positively, because it has been proved, and because that proof proceeds upon an appeal to the understanding and to experience. But, while fixing the authorship, we abstain from entering upon any examination of the time. Blackwell, whose ingenious researches are highly recommended by Warton, though now forgotten, attributes the excellence of the work to the united influence of the happiest climate to ripen, the most natural manners to delineate, the boldest and amplest language to use, and the richest subject to labor upon. That the poetry which bears the name of Homer could have been composed in a period of barbarism will be credited by no person who has read it. It was possible to conceive a condition of society so abject as not to be susceptible of the feeblest mental pleasure; as among the frozen Esquimaux, or the dwarf tribes of Central Africa. In this fearful heaviness of the atmosphere, intellectual life cannot exist. It was one of the wonderful anticipations of Da Vinci, that animal life becomes extinct in an element where a flame dies. It is so with the nobler life of the understanding. It cannot move, have a being, or draw its breath in an element where the flame of knowledge would die the moment it was lighted. A progressive purification can alone adapt it for the reception of fire. Homer never lived amid such debasement of the popular mind. The atmosphere, in-

deed, was not warm and luminous as it became when his own light had continued for so many years above the horizon, but with some elasticity and brightness it must have been endued.

There is another question, of a personal interest, in connexion with the Homeric poems—*Was the author blind when he wrote them?* Two leading opinions may be produced upon this question. One *affirmative*, one *negative*: one supported by the testimony of antiquity; the other by a school of modern writers, of whom Schlegel may be regarded as the leader. The evidence, therefore, on *this* side is *direct and positive*; on *that*, *indirect and circumstantial*. It will be expedient to glance at both. And, 1, with regard to the opinion of antiquity, Thucydides, in a famous passage of his history (the third book), takes occasion to refer to the institution by the Athenians of games to be solemnized at Delos upon every fifth year. This circumstance leads him to mention the earlier celebration of festivals in that island, to which the neighboring Ionians were accustomed to resort. He illustrates and confirms his remark from Homer, who, in the second passage quoted by the historian, speaks of himself as the *blind poet living among the rocks of Chios*. This evidence has all the authority that can be claimed by any witness not contemporary. The Homer of the Hymn to Apollo, here alluded to, is identified with the Homer of the *Iliad*. This fact alone proves that the story of the poet's loss of sight had, in the time of Thucydides, assumed the sacredness of a national tradition. Let us look at the comparative ages of these two celebrated persons. Taking the date given by the Arundelian marbles, we shall place Homer in the *beginning of the tenth* century, or 907 years B. C. The birth of Thucydides is fixed at 469 of the same era. The interval between the poet and the historian will accordingly be 438 years, or little more than the probable duration of six lives. Is it creditable that the torch of truth would have entirely gone out in passing through so few hands? Nay, to account for such ignorance and error, not only the flame must have been extinguished, but even the glimmering embers trampled under foot. It was a much shorter period than has elapsed since the death of Dante.

Such, then, is the direct and positive evidence of antiquity in support of the blindness of Homer. 2. How does the indirect and circumstantial argument meet and con-

front it? Let Schlegel speak. He begins by changing the interpretation of the name, and instead of Homer, a *blind man*, he makes Homer, a *witness*. And his reason is, that the word admits of the one signification as well as of the other; and then he disposes of the difficulty in this easy and summary manner:—

“He who can conceive that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed by one deprived of eyes must, at least in some degree, close his own before he can resist the evidence of so many thousand circumstances which testify incontrovertibly the reverse.”

This is imperial criticism, tightening the cord round the neck of a powerful and hostile argument. It is not answering but strangling it. Let us see, however, what the assertion is worth. Now, in the first place, it should be remembered that this Homeric blindness is not affirmed of his *early*, but of his *latter* life. If it had been said that a man, born blind, had composed the *Iliad*, no ridicule could have been too severe for the chastisement of so insulting a paradox. A dumb Cicero or a paralyzed Canova would not have been greater anomalies. No assertion of the kind has ever been made. Homer had probably fallen into the *sere and yellow leaf* before the calamity came upon him. In that condition he may have pursued his wandering life, a venerated guest wherever he appeared. And, having concluded that he possessed his sight during the earlier and longer portion of his existence, we have gained all that is required to answer the objection of Schlegel. His criticism is assuredly unsound in philosophy, as we conceive it to be erroneous in fact. It is not true that the object is most vividly reproduced upon which the eye has just been gazing. It may be so with a face of which the identity is to be preserved, but it does not hold of things that are to be *represented*, not *copied*. Gainsborough lingered before groups of village children at cottage-doors; Vanderelde tossed up and down the Thames on cloudy days; Salvator watched the pines fiercely driving in the wind on the sides of the mountains. But these sketches were to be taken home. The features of the child, the sails of the boat, the boughs of the tree, were to be looked at through the harmonizing light of taste and memory before they smiled, and swelled, and rustled over the canvass. Keble has touched this subject in his 14th prælection: “Verbo

dicam vel perfectissimæ plurimus est memoriæ usus.” It may form a part of the mysterious system of compensation, running through the economy of life, that the benumbing of one sense should be made to quicken the sensibility of another; that a new gate of intellectual perception should go back upon a swifter hinge when a former one had been battered down or closed up. It is probable that we may have mentioned this curiosity of experience to our readers upon some past occasion. Let them try the result of memory upon themselves. Let them, after a visit to some lovely landscape, or venerable ruin, sit down to think over their excursion, when the shades of evening creep along the fields, and the chamber has only that faint twilight which seems to be so propitious to thought. We shall be surprised if they do not obtain a completer and more harmonious view of the entire scene than they enjoyed during the visit. The beneficial influence of this interval and abstraction is familiar to every student. The constant admonition to reading men at Cambridge is to close their books three or four days before the commencement of the examination. A man who enters the Senate House, with his fingers fresh from Stevenson’s scribbling paper, has seldom any cause to congratulate himself on his interview with the Moderators.

The visitor of a landscape or an old castle, thus inclosed in a still room, and recalling every feature of the scene which he had contemplated, is an emblem of a poet surrounded by the cloud and solitude of blindness, bringing back, by the aid of memory, places, and characters, and things with which he had been once familiar. Both are alike in this—that the objects are removed from their vision. But a more obvious parallel is supplied by Milton. His loss of sight during the composition of *Paradise Lost* is universally acknowledged, because it was declared by his contemporaries and lamented by himself. We shall not deviate into any remarks upon the resemblances subsisting between the Greek and English poets, but one particular deserves to be noticed. They both delineated a kind of life that did not belong to their own time. The life drawn by Milton was founded upon the records of *Scripture*; that by Homer upon the memory of *tradition*. The *first* never existed for Milton except in books; the *second* prolonged some imperfect remnants up to the age of Homer. Milton’s acquaintance, therefore, was to be formed

by *reading*: Homer's by *seeing* and *hearing*. The *one* could have never freshened and cherished his knowledge of that remote life by the contemplation of an economy bearing a likeness to it; the *other* might have been able to illustrate the past by the dim reflection of it still remaining upon the present. In this they were equal—that blindness visited both, and so compelled them to live upon the stores already collected. Milton might still take refuge in books. It is conceivable that Philips, or some considerate friend, by the reading aloud of passages from Theocritus or Virgil, might lead him among the shades of Vallombrosa or the thyme of Arcadia. These assistances his elder brother could not partake. But we think he had his compensation in the *nearer view* of the heroic life which he sang. Personal inspection had graven its features upon his memory, as it had the landscapes of classic lands upon Milton's. It is the suggestion of Keble, on which we cannot now linger, that the *Iliad* was written *before*, and the *Odyssey* *after* the blindness of Homer.

But we pass on to investigate the presence of Homer in the poem that bears his name; and we shall be surprised if we do not find him there, not distinctly and prominently introduced like the face of one of the old painters mingled with the warriors or princes whom he was painting, but unostentatiously, and with perfect indifference to effect. And any quality of understanding or disposition which we may be able to identify with Homer will come upon us with a peculiar interest.

One of the Spanish romances represents Cydippe contemplating herself in a glass, and the secret influence of Venus rendering the reflection permanent. The fable is realized in the history of genius. Every book is a glass into which the author gazes. There every feature of the mental countenance throws its image. You see the stern Dante in the lurid terrors of purgatory, the sunshiny Shakspeare in the playful grace of the *Tempest*, the antique Jonson in the majestic scenes of *Catiline*, the buoyant Ariosto in the wonderful vicissitudes of his magic.

In the mere work of talent the image is imperfect and fleeting,—you catch only the broken glimmer of a face. But the physiognomy of genius, once cast upon the mirror of language, remains unruffled. Time cannot break or scatter it. Beauty, the spiritual Venus, whose children are the

Pindars, the Tassos, the Spensers, the Baccans of all times, has breathed over it her mysterious charm, and the reflection of the author in the book, as of Cydippe in the mirror, is fixed for ever. It might be affirmed that these mirrors of fancy, eloquence, or wisdom, possess a still more astonishing influence. Lighted by the sunshine of fame, they throw back some of their own rays upon every admirer who bends patiently and reverentially over them. The gazer carries away upon his face some of the gilding radiance. Experience proves the truth of the remark. Sometimes the earnestness and constancy of the contemplation seem to transfer a portion of the glory into the soul of the worshipper. And in this manner we might explain the metaphor of Brown, that the transmigration of souls ceases to be false when spoken of literature. "The poet and sage spread their conceptions and emotions from breast to breast, and so may be said to extend their existence through an ever changing immortality." Thus the light of genius never expires. It is reflected from face to face. Homer shines in the milder lustre of Virgil, and Spenser revives in the beautified learning of Gray.

But we employ the illustration of the mirror of books for a different object. We propose to look into it for the character as well as for the intellect of the writer. The *Iliad* of Homer, the *Commedia* of Dante, and the *Odes* of Horace, contain unconscious revelations of the minds that inspired them. If we had not these glasses to reflect the features of genius, where should we hope to find them? How little do contemporaries or historians tell us of the man! The birth, marriage, and burial of Shakspeare continued for a long time to comprise all the known incidents in his life. The industrious sagacity of learned research has added a few fragments to the scanty catalogue; yet of his inner history—of his feelings, his prejudices, his amusements, his little infirmities—what is known to biography? Nothing. How he loved the scenery of woods and valleys, how benevolent his heart, how picturesque his eye, how musical his ear, how quick the answer of his pulse to every appeal of suffering and every insult of tyranny,—all these you seek for, if you wish to find them, in his works. It is in the glass of his poetry that Beauty has fixed the image of her son. It is only in *his* that we behold *him*. Such seems to have been the fate of the Prince of Epic as

of Dramatic song. Of Homer we know less than of Shakspeare. Tradition has consecrated no Greek or Asiatic Stratford-upon-Avon, where the admirer of fancy and pathos might pass a fine day in summer. If he set out in search of one, he is perplexed between seven. This ignorance extends to the larger portion of the brotherhood of genius. A few slight indications of feeling may have been preserved, but they lead us to no full and lucid development of character. We recognize the footprints of the giants upon the sand, but, if we seek to follow them to their homes, we soon discover that the tide of time has effaced every remoter mark of their wanderings. The impression of their feet is printed deep, but the course of their path is washed away. If, then, we would gaze upon them in all the naturalness and energy of life, we must look into the transparent mirror of their works.

Professor Keble has, with this view, subjected the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to a tasteful and patient scrutiny, and has accordingly produced a more vivid portrait of Homer than ever grew under a learned pencil. He remarks of him that he is, of all writers, the most copious and unreserved in the discovery of his own disposition, habits, and pleasures. Such discoveries, we need scarcely remind the reader, come out unexpectedly and by implication. They resemble the undesigned coincidences from which Paley so ingeniously proves the genuineness of the *Pauline Epistles*. We shall follow the professor's torch in some paths of this interesting and new investigation; and, if the light be not perfectly brilliant and steady, it will, nevertheless, illuminate many dark places of difficulty hitherto unexplored. And, with regard to this estimate of a writer from his works, we may affirm that it is usually correct as to his *theory* of disposition, however much it may err as to his *practice*. The first thing, then, that strikes us in the mind of Homer is the *military turn of all his thoughts and prepossessions*. The plume of the warrior floats over the mirror—"if he had not been Homer, he would have desired to have been Achilles." This feeling breathes in every battle-scene, in the busy camp, or in the tumultuous flight. Not a sword strikes fire upon a helmet, but his heart goes with the hand of the combatant. To signify this deep interest, Keble adopts a Greek word, in the absence of one in Latin equally forcible, *συνπασχει*. We recognize this vivid freshness of sympathy in

no other writer of ancient times, except Æschylus and Thucydides, and they had both braced on the armor as well as sung of it. Here the difference is perceptible between Homer and that poet of our own times with whom he has been contrasted. Homer *delineated*; Scott *composed*. The conflict, the tent, the night-fire, blazed before the sensible eye of the *one*; while the black-letter warfare of the old chroniclers had to be kindled and set in array by the *other*. It was only as he was enabled to re-echo the trumpet notes of the old ballads that Scott approached, in any degree, to this martial clangor of Homer. Gray's friend Nichols illustrates this power of the simple warrior line over the polished amplification of peacefuller writers, by the dying words of Douglas, related by Froissart, and translated by Buchanan. The fierce nature of the rude Scottish hero is transformed by the historian into the sustained dignity of the Roman consul. It seems impossible to conceive that the description of the Grecian army marching to battle (*Il. ii. 87*) could have been written by any one who had not been a spectator of, if not a participator in, a similar movement. It is not to the splendor or music of the language or versification that we draw the reader's attention, but rather to the wonderful truthfulness of the account. The soldiers quit their tents, like bees continually swarming on (*ἀεὶ νέον ἐρχομέναων*); and, as bees, hang in clusters, so the soldiers collect into little straggling companies, and then the scattered line gleams along the broad, the deep shore (*ἡ ἰσότης προπαροῖθε βαθείης*). This is not the animation of description, but of sight. How the words live! Napier's famous phrase, about the charge of the British infantry shaking the ground, is only an unconscious transcript of the Homeric line,—

ταρσηχει δ' ἀγορῇ, ὑπο δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα.

Then, again, we are called to notice the influence of this taste on those slight circumstances of *martial economy*, in which a mere describer would be sure to be found wanting. Thus we recognize an exquisite propriety in assigning to the aged Nestor a soft couch (*x. 174*) near the black ship, while the hardier frame of Diomed (*x. 150*) reclines in the open air, with his arms and shield under his head, and the hide of an ox spread beneath him. If we accompany the poet to the battle, the same pictorial power manifests itself with equal fulness. The splendid picture of Hector among his

troops (xi. 62) is an illustration. This speech reminds Keble of the famous address of Henry to his soldiers, before the battle of Ivry, as recorded by Sully, when he exhorted them to keep their eyes fixed upon his white plume, to advance as it advanced, and never to yield a footstep until they saw that plume retreating from the conflict. When we find a fiction corresponding with a truth, we are inclined to think that the fiction was drawn from a reality. The account of Hector (xv. 704) has the particularity of actual acquaintance. It is Marlborough on the field of Blenheim, drawn by Reynolds.

There is a remark of Gray, in his elegant fragment on Lydgate, which, though not so applied by himself, is singularly illustrative of the Homeric poetry. It refers to what he calls *a train of circumstances in narration*. He finds a strong appetite for this quality of composition among the vulgar. "A story told to them, as to a man of wit, appears like objects seen in the night by flashes of lightning." A little further on, he very properly extends this feeling, in one sense, to the human mind in general, when confessing that *circumstance* ever was and ever will be the life and essence of oratory and poetry. It gives the charm to Herodotus and Froissart, nay, to Shakspeare. It seems to be essential, not only to the interest, but the clearness of the story, whether uttered in metre or in prose. Smith accordingly indicates very happily the absence of this prolonged process of description, as the chief cause of obscurity in Thucydides. "His sentences are full stored with meaning. His very words are sentences. When fine thought is the object, he connects too fast, nor is *enough dilated for common apprehension*." The words in italics give the thought of Gray in a different form; nor is it altogether improbable that he may have seen the remark of Smith, whose *Discourses on Thucydides* appeared eighteen years before the death of the poet. This *dilation*, however, is one of the prominent characteristics of Homer. It is one of the secrets of the picturesqueness in which he has never been surpassed,—using that word, not in the sense in which it reflects the character of Spenser, or even of Milton, but as we might apply it to Chaucer. It is, indeed, true, of every scattered branch of the human family, in its early state, that the organ of intelligence and pleasure is principally *the eye*; but with the Greeks it was pre-eminently the

key of external nature. Why, it has been asked by an ingenious writer,* by a readily adopted Eastern metaphor, is the monarch or magistrate called by Æschylus (*Persæ* 164) the *eye* of the state, but that the eye was regarded as the monarch of the senses? We may trace this honorary distinction among the people of the East, but Greek poetry contains the most startling instances.

"The voice and the clash are seen; the pæan flashes, and the echo gleams back from the distant rock; by the voice the blind beholds; the ears of the deaf are sightless; as in Hebrew poetry, the possession of this faculty makes the grand difference between the living and the dead, for life and light are one. Not merely is the eye the means of discovery, but, by a bold conversion, the means of discovery are the eye. Words referring to a definite and beneficial object are seeing words. The eyes are dearer than children; and the warrior values his lance, not merely above the gods, but above his eyes."

These daring metaphors are all referred in the notes to passages in the various tragedies of Æschylus; they might receive numerous additions from Pindar, or Homer himself. The ingenuity of speculation has pleased itself with discovering a peculiar energy and sensibility in the optic nerve of the Grecian eye. Whatever may be the value of that hypothesis, the Homeric poems undoubtedly display a remarkable quickness of the visual organ. Winkelmann perceived it when he remarked, in the spirit of art, "*Tout est image, tout est fait pour être peint, disons mieux, tout y est peint*." And Pope, with equal elegance and truth, noticed the singular rapidity with which circumstances, presenting themselves to the poet's mind, *had their impressions taken off at a heat*. "Nay, he not only gives full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any other painter." Now we are not ignorant that it is possible to be minute and circumstantial, without communicating to either characteristic the illumination of genius. Any rhymers may construct a catalogue of trees. What we assert is, that the minute and dilated manner of description, which is called *circumstance*, forms one of the essential elements of poetical genius. One of the aptest instances that can be produced is Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Nothing more minute; nothing more picturesque. The

* Mr. Boyes, in his preface to *Illustrations of Æschylus and Sophocles*, 1841.

Prioress, with her coral upon her arm; the Frère, with his semi-cope of double worsted—the Poor Scholar; the Wife of Bath; each painted with the lingering accuracy of Vandyk, yet with the same freedom.

To look at the lace-collar falling over the neck of one of his noblemen, you would suppose it to have been just put on. So it is with these portraits of Chaucer, and with the general delineations of Homer. This is circumstance. Reynolds, has, indeed, an apparent censure of this minuteness, when he says that it is the inferior style of art which marks the variety of stuffs; but he himself would have objected to any expansion of an objection that would include some of the most distinguished masters of the ancient school. Who more observant of the color of his drapery than Titian?

This vivid watchfulness of observation is never more conspicuous than in the military descriptions of Homer, and therefore it strengthens the conjecture previously mentioned, that he had, at some period of his life, worn a shield. Among the corroborative testimony in favor of this opinion, Keble mentions the accurate accounts which the poet gives of the wounds inflicted on his heroes. They are the most tedious and uninteresting passages in the *Iliad*; but their tediousness confirms their truth. In those days every soldier was his own surgeon. Homer sometimes gives quite a scientific diagnosis. We recognize the same graphic freshness and truth in the description of the costume and array of his chieftains. He dwells upon the temper of a sword with all the enthusiasm of an armorer. Even the gods themselves are all armed: Minerva has her helmet and ægis, Apollo his bow and arrows; Jupiter thundering in his blazing chariot between heaven and earth—

μεισηγυς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστεροεντος,

is only Agamemnon or Ajax lashing their steeds against the variegated crest of Hector or Paris. We see much of this martial character in the pictures of Ariosto, and we readily account for it. Chivalry was recent in actual life, and was "reflected in concentrated brightness from the mirror of romance." With what brilliancy and grace of fancy the Italian minstrel has delineated his heroes and their exploits, every reader has felt and admired. And yet the Paladins of the *Orlando* rarely charm the eye like the warriors of the *Iliad*. The

cause has probably been found in his want of *seriousness*. We feel that he had not the "undoubting mind" of Homer; that he did not put his heart into his battle-scenes. While he fastens on the sword, he seems to turn aside to conceal the smile upon his countenance. It is quite different with Spenser, who not only appears to have mused over the wonders which he sung, till he believed them, but entered with all his soul into the achievements and perils of chivalrous enterprise. By "intense strength of conception he becomes full of faith and love" in his own descriptions. Thus, in some respects, he makes a nearer approach to the character of Homer, by the pausing earnestness of his step, than was attained by the bounding eagerness of Ariosto. When we behold Tristram (b. vi. c. 2, st. 39) hanging over the dead knight, and stripping him of his goodly ornaments, we seem to be carried under the walls of Troy, and to see Ajax despoiling some vanquished Trojan.

"Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair light
Of the bright metal, shining like sun-rays;
Handling and turning them a thousand ways."

This is in the truest spirit of the Homeric warrior. We account for the resemblance upon the principle already enunciated. Homer, a witness and a participator of the excitement and terrors of war, gave the vivid result of observation: Spenser, rapt by a swift fancy into an age when chivalry shone brighter than in his own, imbibed all its peculiar character and feeling.

Not only are the wounds themselves truthfully described, and the martial weapons that inflict them, but even the rudest implements of destruction are represented with equal particularity and precision. A familiar example occurs in the sixteenth book, where Patroclus, leaping from his chariot, and holding the spear in his left hand, seizes a stone in his right—

Ἐπερὴν δὲ λαβετο πέτρην
μαρμαρὸν ὀκρῖοντα, τὸν οἱ περὶ χεῖρ ἔκαλεψεν.

The picture lies in the last line, it was a stone which his hand covered, and was therefore fitted to hurl. In this love of circumstance, and this close copying from nature, Homer never hesitates to transfer any trait of character, however humble; and if the saying be true that

"All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown,"

it must follow, that the reason why the heroic manners underwent no change of hue in passing through the description of Homer was because, *being like his own, they were reflected through a colorless medium.* This primitive simplicity is strongly exemplified in the conduct of Agenor (b. xxi. 556), when, roused by Apollo, he withstood the onset of Achilles. His previous thought had suggested the prospect of escaping into Ida, remaining there till evening, and then returning "bathed and refreshed."

Ἐσπεριος δ' ἂν ἐπειτα, λοεσπαμενος ποταμοιο,
ἰδρῶ ἀποψυχθεῖς, προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονοειμην.

This seems a humble idea to attribute to a hero in the heat of battle. Still it is perfectly in accordance with the teaching of experience. In hours of utmost peril—in the crisis of life and death, slightest circumstances touch people. Keble (præl. ix.) adduces an interesting illustration from the history of Madame de la Roche Jacqueline. Overwhelmed by grief, plundered of her property, flying from remorseless enemies, she yet adds, that while following the litter of her wounded husband, her feet *were pinched and injured by tight shoes.* Now this is precisely the simple truthfulness of contemporary manners portrayed by our own Chaucer, as if it were the privilege of literature, as of life in its

childhood, to speak with frankness and candor. The beautiful nun, who may be taken as embodying Chaucer's idea of female loveliness, was so elegantly mannered, that, during a repast,

"Ne drop ere fell upon her breast."

Homer's hero wiping the moisture from his face, and Chaucer's nun letting no particle of food drop into her lap, belong to similar ages of the imagination.

Another feature in the military disposition of Homer is discovered in his almost affectionate regard for *horses*. Happily is it said by the accomplished person to whom we have more than once referred—"De-cuit nimirum illum poetam, cujus quasi martius clangor omni in ævo militantes erat accensurus, ut cum amore quodam eximio perpetuum celebraret comitem famulumque militiæ." The horse (vi. 506) 'exulting in his freedom, his head thrown back, his mane scattered over his shoulders, has the fire of Rubens. The proudest chieftains forget their own comfort in the care of their steeds. The apprehension of Diomed (v. 260) is centered in the safety of his horses. But the most admirable specimen of his skill in animal-painting is supplied in the description of the horses of Patroclus, xvii. 426.

Ἴπποι δ' Αἰακίδαι, μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἑόντες,
κλαῖον, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα πυθεσθὲν ἡμιχόιο
ἐν κονίῃσι πεποντός ὑφ' Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφάνοιο.
ἡ μὲν Ἀυτομέδων, Διωρεὺς ἀλκιμος υἱός,
πολλὰ μὲν ἄρ' μαστιγι θυγέπεμναιετο θεινῶν,
πολλὰ δὲ μελιχίοισι προσηνῶδα, πολλὰ δ' ἄρειη.
τῷ δ' οὐτ' ἀψ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἐπὶ πλατὺν Ἑλλησπόντον
ἤθελετ' ἰέναι, οὐτ' ἐς πολέμον μετ' Ἀχαιοὺς.

Meantime the horses of Æacides,
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood
Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Then oft with hasty lash Dioreus' son,
Automedon, impatient smote, full oft
He stroked them gently and as oft he chode;
Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore
Of spacious Hellespont would they return,
Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood
As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved
Between their traces.

The poet represents them, after discovering the overthrow of the charioteer, standing confused and motionless, heedless alike of the lashing scourge or the winning voice of the son of Dioreus; and the English soldier could relate many incidents of a similar character in modern fields of battle.

Such are only a few rays of that reflection of personal character which we please ourselves with discovering in the Homeric poems. If we lingered over this glass, so pure and beautiful, for a longer period, we might discover many more traces of internal feeling. The contentment, the mirthfulness, the buoyancy, the high sense of

dignity, the fiery impulses of heroic times, the scorn of cowardice, the hatred of duplicity,—one quality of mind after another, would shine along the surface, until the physiognomy of the illustrious poet appeared in all its splendor and grace upon the mirror. But, while we thus linger, the Pageant of Literature is stopped in its course. The banners are motionless, the trumpets are silent, until the Prince of the procession moves on. Look at him again for a moment, while the light of memory is thus brought back to play over his arms and his apparel: a soldier in his youth, blind in his age, he was poor throughout life. Keble

thinks, that when he speaks of the different conditions of men, he always appears to be interested by magnificent possessions. A more convincing proof is added,—*he always tells us what a thing cost*. Perhaps, however, this testimony is not infallible. Scott, in the summer of his fame and fortune, carefully entered in a diary the charge of one shilling for cutting his hair. Homer could not have done more if he had patronized Truefit. But many coincident illustrations are pointed out. He always enumerates gold and ivory with much caution and pleasure. Some pages of the *Iliad* are quite a *priced catalogue*. Virgil, on the contrary, retreats from any contact with poverty. Now and then you see him in the picturesque cottages of the herdsman, or under the tree with the shepherds, but it is always with the air of a person of high degree, and only unbending for a season, into simplicity and bucolics. No man ever takes a glass of water from the hand of a peasant with a gracefuller courtesy, but you see that he is all the while thinking of the black marks upon the last *amphora* which Mæcenas had opened for him. There is none of this condescension in Homer. He feels the hearth of humble life to be his proper place. He loves the goatherd's neat interior. From no tongue of ancient times should we have received *such short and simple annals of the poor*. Their cares, their enjoyments, their conversation,—all are familiar and dear to him. He evidently delights in the mean abode of Eumæus; and with what naturalness does he represent Eurynome throwing the covering over the sleeping Ulysses!

To these unreserved communications of personal feeling, undesignedly brought forward, the charm of the Homeric poems is chiefly attributable. The reader perceives no painful effort to maintain one majestic stride of dignity. The poet is sometimes contented to saunter, as it were, along the beaten paths of common sympathies and feelings. Pope, in satirizing the idea of magnificence displayed by Timon in the erection of his villa, exclaims,—

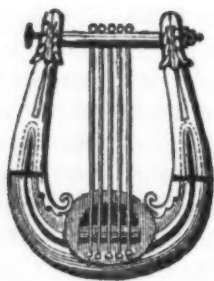
“Of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.”

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are built upon a different principle. The architecture, though sublime in the design, is simple in the execution. One lordly conception of epic grandeur is not suffered to reign, to the

exclusion of all the lowlier emotions of the heart. Every feeling has its due place assigned to it; every sympathy is provided with its proper object. The fabric of the imagination is disposed in perfect harmony and fitness. A still air of royalty pervades the whole; but simplicity and convenience are never sacrificed to effect—the palace is not broken up into attics, that the visitor may be dazzled by two or three state rooms.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN.—A paragraph in the *Times* of Monday last, translated from the *National*, which latter quotes from a Berlin correspondent, apprises us, on specious authority, that the Prussian Ambassador to this kingdom, Chevalier Bunsen, has been appointed Minister-Director of Religious Worship and Public Instruction, under the Constitution promised by Frederic William to his subjects. With this, as a political affair, the *Athenæum* has of course no concern; moreover we feel little desire to poison the fountains of pure Literature with that bitter infection, party-spirit,—which has its appropriate reservoirs daily filled and daily disembodying their venomous waters for the use of those who relish such beverage. But at the above report, viewed in its literary aspect alone, we must express our combined gratification and regret,—gratification that a man so able and so anxious to promote the sacred cause of enlightenment should be placed where he could aid it best,—regret that he should be removed from England, whose advance foreign Ambassadors (unlike him) as seldom wish to promote in matters intellectual as political.—*Athenæum*.

ARTISTIC SUSCEPTIBILITY.—A painful instance of artistic susceptibility has, according to the *Revue de Paris*, just occurred in the French capital. Signor Jesi, the Florentine engraver,—the first proof of whose engraving of Raphael's Leo X. obtained for him the title of Corresponding Member of the Institute, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor,—came recently to Paris, to complete his *chef-d'œuvre*, and print his proofs,—which business was accomplished a few weeks ago. A wealthy printseller of — has been long in negotiation with Signor Jesi for the purchase of the proofs; and after the manner of purchasers, sought at last to depreciate the work he was about to purchase, by assuring the sensitive artist that his proofs and plate had received some injury. There would have been nothing in a vulgar trading stratagem like this to shock a man of the world; but Signor Jesi's world was his art, and his dreams of fame as well as fortune had taken this work for their foundation. Next day he was found by his friends in a state of mental alienation,—having attempted suicide by dashing his head against a marble table. At present, the unfortunate artist is in a *maison de santé*; and his friends are watching for a moment of calm, to make him understand the motives of the merchant by whose disparagement his reason has been so strangely disturbed.—*Athenæum*.



THE YOUNG MUST HOPE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE young must hope,—it is the dower of God,
To smooth life's flinty way, that they unshod
Must toiling traverse, sharp, serrated, steep—
Whose points acute the shrinking foot doth
pierce,
Probing to agony intense and fierce,
Forcing to halt, alas! to only weep.
The young must hope—and beautiful to see
Their blind reliance, seraph Hope, in thee!
What if it be the vainest phantasy!
Forbear to undeceive; oh let them still
Dream sweetly on; too soon the hours fulfil
Life's dark irrevocable destiny!
Illusion all, save pain and sorrow, here—
Yet, oh! illusion how belov'd, how dear,
Tinting each scene with Paradisian dyes,
The iris hues that angel artists blend,
Amber, and gold, and violet, that lend
Empyrean loveliness to fancy's skies!
Must they all fade? must shadows o'er them fall?
Is disappointment then, the doom of all?
Was never yet one dear exception made?
One lovely reverie, whose waking still
Obedient was to the enchanter's will,
In favor of the heart by hope betray'd?
Oh no! oh no! those gorgeous hues are spread
Not to delight the living but the dead.
Not of the EARTH are they Hope's pinions dye,
But oh, of HEAV'N, to gladden and surprise
The weary, tear-gall'd, home-inquiring eyes,
And win its willing votaries to the sky!
Oh! let no morbid pity then restrain
The revelation, show the dream how vain,
That promises Hope's realization HERE:
'Tis mercy to forewarn the youthful mind
That at creation God alone designed
Hope's bright fulfilment in his own blest sphere!

THE TEARS OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brientz. And, dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and burst into tears."—*The Gatherer—Mirror*, 1840, p. 268.

His thoughts have flown to that far-distant time,
When, in the innocence of infancy,
He and his mother heard the vesper chime,
In calm, ecstatic, silent sympathy.

A depth of harmony in some hearts dwells,
Whose soft, responsive, sanctifying tone,
Will not vibrate, save to the solemn bells
Sounded from consecrated fane alone.

That chord is struck, and lo! Napoleon weeps!
Ay, sobs in anguish, like a chidden child;
While the worn soldier on his knapsack sleeps,
And, in his dreams of home-affection, smiled.

Yes, TEARS are falling from the hero's eye;
The eye that doom'd to death, despair, and
woe;
The eye, whose lightning-flash of victory,
More than his sword, dismay'd the flying foe.

He weeps the purity forever gone,
His artless happiness, his childhood joys;
With keen remorse his bosom now is torn,
And self-reproach tranquillity destroys.

His wide-spread triumphs, his martial renown,
The pride of conquest, the applause of men,
He'd sacrifice—yea, even, too, his crown,
To feel once more, alas! as he did THEN,—

When by his mother's side he heard those bells,
And looked up smiling in her loving eyes;
While she breath'd forth the orison which tells
She prayed good angels guide his destinies.

Go, tyrant! lave thyself in the pure lake*
Whose waters blanch from each polluting stain;
Let them the fever of ambition slake,
And be the thing thou wouldst—a child again.

No, when this salutary grief is o'er,
And hush'd the simple sound that woke regret,
Thou'lt be the fearful scourge thou wert before
Thy cheek with penitential tears was wet.

Yet, woe to him who stifles the small voice
Of conscience, whisp'ring to repent IN TIME;
O'er his defiance fiends below rejoice,
While seraphs wail it in their realms sublime.

What crimes hadst thou been spared, what agony,
Proud Emperor! if that prophetic bell
Could have forewarn'd thee in prosperity,
To shun the doom that shortly thee befel.

Oh! what a MORAL doth thy fate convey!
Defeated, exiled, left alone to die
On barren isle of lingering decay,—
Unwatched, unwept by one devoted eye.

* "In the island of Corsica, so celebrated as having been the birth-place of the great captain, Napoleon, is a very extraordinary river, called Restonica, whose waters are remarkable for blanching every thing immersed therein."—*Gilbert's Wonders of the World*, p. 344.

WHO CAN A MOTHER'S PLACE SUPPLY?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

THERE'S not a mother's ardor in my kiss,
 There's not a mother's fervor in my prayer;
 The blankness of her look assures me this,
 Though she my heart with my own infants
 share.
 My blessing wants that deep harmonious tone
 A mother's voice alone can fond impart,
 When breathing for her child at Mercy's throne,
 The inspiration of a pious heart.
 My words fall on her unregardful ear,
 Though fraught with tenderness, without effect;
 Nay, even when I shed compassion's tear
 For her, she treats it with a cold neglect;
 Yet is she not UNGRATEFUL, but her breast
 Is throng'd with mem'ries of delicious days,
 When her own mother's lips so fondly prest
 Hers, mingling kisses with her prayers and
 praise.
 What was so natural in her, in me
 I feel is effort, which I'd fain conceal;
 But who can cheat affection's scrutiny,
 Or hide the thoughts our looks, our words re-
 veal?
 The child! the mother! union divine!
 Oh! love most chaste, most beautiful to see!
 Poor orphan! Death did ruthlessly untwine
 The loveliest links that bound humanity,
 When he thy mother took,—thy steadfast friend,—
 The bright light kindled to illumine thy way.
 Oh! never more affection now may lend
 On earth for thee such a celestial ray!
 Yet, for that mother's sake, my gentle niece,
 Reject not that which I can offer thee;
 Let not, oh! let not all love's radiance cease,
 Though dimm'd the effulgence of maternity.

THE CHILD'S QUESTIONS.

WHERE will his home be now, mother? Beyond
 the bright blue sky?
 Will he gather roses there, mother? Or chase
 the butterfly?
 And will he play with the stars there, those
 shining twinkling things?
 Will he ride through the air there, with angels
 on golden wings?
 Will he be near the Sun, mother? Close to the
 Lady Moon?
 Will there never be night, mother? All light as
 day at noon?
 Will he see lightning made there, and climb on
 the hills of snow?
 Go where the thunder's kept, and where sleep
 the rough winds that blow?
 Will he never be sad, mother? And never wish
 in vain?
 But live for years and years, mother, without a
 single pain?
 That must be very beautiful,—a land all joy and
 flowers;
 I would we went there too, mother, and his bright
 home were ours.

H. B.

THE BUCCANIER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

AWAY, away! o'er the boundless deep,
 We'll merrily merrily roam;
 Come, Anna! break the mermaid's sleep,
 With a song of the Highland home.
 On the deep they stand,
 My gallant band,
 To guard thee, love, o'er the sea,
 To the spicy isles,
 Where the bright sun smiles
 With its golden fruits for thee.

Look up, look up, my bonny bride!
 Ah! where do thy fond thoughts roam?
 Do they seek Glenlochy's silver tide,
 And the halls of thy Highland home?
 I'll make thee queen
 Of a brighter scene,
 Where no chilling winters blight,
 But the dark-eyed maids
 In the palmy shades,
 Weave the joyous dance by night.

Away, away, o'er the boundless deep
 We'll merrily merrily roam;
 Cheer up, my bonny bride! nor weep
 For the joys of thy Highland home.
 In the land of the rose,
 Where the ruby glows,
 With a thousand gems as bright,
 I'll crown thy brow,
 As the moon does now,
 With her fairy beams of light.

TO A. C. A.

DREAMS of my girlhood's happy years,
 Thy voice hath brought them back;
 I seem to look through fancied tears
 Upon their shadowy track.

Within my girlhood's happy home
 I move in peace again;
 And as old memories o'er me come,
 They stir my heart with pain.

Once more I hear my father's voice;
 The grave gives back its dead;
 O'er the dear past let me rejoice,
 Ere it again hath fled.

Thy voice hath struck a hidden chord,
 Which slumbered in my heart;
 Of memories a precious hoard
 To life and feeling start.

Sing on—thy voice hath given me back
 The loved, the lost, the cherished,
 Who on Time's dim and shadowy track
 Too quickly drooped and perished.

Then sing my father's songs once more;
 They move my soul to tears,
 They give me back the dreams of yore,
 In girlhood's happy years.

LAVINIA DICK.

THE CONVICT'S EMBARCATION.

BLACK was the nightfall,
Oppressive the air,
The depths of the ocean
Reflected despair:
He stood on the threshold
Of exile and shame,
His hearth desolation,
A byword his name.

Before, in the offing,
The gaunt prison-hull
Swung round on her anchor
In evening's dead lull;
Behind him, the headlands
Fast melted to sky—
The land that his errors
Made forfeit for aye.

Ye weep, who in boyhood
Leave motherly breast,
Afar with life's trouble
And care to contest;
Ye weep—but he wept not
Who, yet in his bloom,
Look'd back on dishonor,
Detection, and doom!

For this he had girdled
His conscience with fire,
Changed love into horror
With sister and sire—
Bought vengeance to chase him,
Cold jailors to greet,
Remembrance to poison
Each morsel of meat.

Disown'd by his kinsmen,
Cast out by his land,
Not one to lament him
When dead on that strand.
Black was the nightfall,
Oppressive the air,
But midnight was noonday
Beside his despair.

E. A. H. O.

THE CURFEW BELL.

ANOTHER clasp, and another kiss,
Of that fairy hand of thine,
And I'll tear myself from present bliss,
Till another moment like to this
On thy fond Lornine shall shine.
Farewell, my love! a sweet farewell,
Till to-morrow's Curfew bell!

When next yon moon, in the cloudless skies,
Shall plant her crescent sweet;
When next the vesper-hymn shall rise,
And softly the holy music dies,
Then again, then again we'll meet;
Farewell, my love, a sweet farewell,
Till to-morrow's Curfew bell!

ACHILLES CONTEMPLATING THE
CORPSE OF PENTHESILEA.

BY MR. JAMES GRAY.

THEY have lifted up the dead,
From the gory battle-field;
Raised is her graceful head,
And pillowed on her shield.
The helmet is unlaced,
That pressed upon her brow;
And down even to her rounded waist,
The unprisoned tresses flow.

Of the strong, but snowy hand,
The fingers they unclasp;
They have loosed the broken brand,
That filled its stiffening grasp.
And the corslet on her breast,
Whence slow the dark blood flows,
As if she felt how hard it pressed,
They carefully uncloze.

The spasm of the pain,
That wrung the suffering clay
At the moment she was slain,
From her face hath passed away.
But that those features still,
One sole expression keep,
You might think, unscared by dreams of ill,
The maiden doth but sleep!

Leaning upon his sword,
With both his bloody hands,
The battle's fiery lord,
The bold Achilles stands.
'Twas he who laid her low;
Like lightning through the storm,
His flashing falchion gave the blow,
That marred her peerless form.

Before her beauty's power,
He feels his heart relent;
His crime, within the hour,
Hath brought its punishment.
Whilst pity, love, despair,
All sudden, o'er him swept,
Above that corse of beauty rare
The conquering hero wept.

"Oh, this had not been so,"
The heart-struck victor cried,
"If thou, one hour ago,
Hadst thine harness laid aside!
More powerful than thine arms,
Thy beauty had been seen,
And vanquished only by thy charms,
Thy captive I had been!"

"Take from her helm and crest,
Bind up that fallen hair;
And, on her bleeding breast,
Compose her fingers fair!
Thou more than shield or spear
From a warrior's heart hath won;
For thou hast brought from its depths a tear,
O matchless Amazon!"



SCIENCE AND ART.

NEW SYSTEM OF LOCOMOTION PROPOSED BY M. ANDRAUD.—This gentleman recently performed with success some experiments with compressed air, at a high degree of pressure, on the Versailles railroad (left bank); and the question that remained to be decided as to the advantage of substituting compressed atmospheric air for steam as the motive power of engines, was that of expense. His present discovery, however, is altogether different from the system on which he made his experiments on the Versailles railroad, for it consists in employing atmospheric air at comparatively low pressure, and consequently at a comparatively small cost. The mode of operating is also quite different. He was present at the Academy with a working model, and exhibited it in action. The system consists of a long flexible air-tight tube, placed between the two rails on the whole length of the line. At the extremities of this tube are reservoirs filled with compressed air. A kind of flattening-mill is fixed at the head of the first carriage of the train, and the tube is pressed gently between the two rollers. This is the whole of his apparatus. When the train is to be set in motion, one of the reservoirs of compressed air is put into communication with the tube, which swells, and the air, meeting with the obstacle of the rollers, acts upon the mill, which performs the office of a piston, and the train is impelled with more or less rapidity, as the pressure upon the air is more or less violent, and according to the diameter of the tube. In this process there is, of course, no engine, and the carriages are carried with considerable rapidity up any moderate elevation, and can be made to ascend at a lower rate the highest hills.—*Athenæum*.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.—The opening of the Syro-Egyptian Society was held on Tuesday Evening last, at their rooms in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. The walls were decorated with colored drawings, by Mr. Charles Warren, from sketches taken on the spot by Dr. Holt Yates, of some of the most remarkable places in

Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Dr. Lee, who presided, adverted to the general objects of the society and also stated, that in furtherance of the object of the Society, the Council had entered into correspondence with gentlemen in all parts of the East; that several valuable communications had been received; that upwards of seventy members had enrolled their names, including many distinguished travellers, and oriental scholars, such as Profs. Grotefend, Lassen, Bournouf, Koeppen, Lepsius, the venerable Archdeacon Robinson, the Rev. Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew, and the Rev. Thomas Jarrett, Professor of Arabic, at Cambridge, the Rev. Drs. Renouard and Hincks, and Messrs. Ainsworth, Floyd, and Campbell, late members of the Euphrates Expedition. He stated that it was not contemplated originally that the Society should be more than a private association of those interested in Syro-Egyptian history and remains; but that in consequence of the facilities now afforded to travellers, so great an interest had been evinced in the plans and objects of the society, that it was deemed advisable to open the doors to all who take pleasure in observing the changes which are now going on in the East—to establish lectures and conversazione, and to admit ladies as well as gentlemen. The Hon. Secretary, Dr. Holt Yates, then delivered an introductory address, in which he gave a sketch of the history of those countries, their religion, monuments, hieroglyphics, a summary account of the Euphrates Expedition, and pointed out the importance of promoting education among the natives, and of establishing medical practitioners in Syria and Egypt. He mentioned that a hospital had lately been opened at Damascus, under British auspices, and had received the sanction and co-operation of all the authorities; that 2,500 patients had been relieved there during the last four months, and that a course of medical lectures (the first, perhaps, ever delivered in Syria) had been commenced by Dr. Jas. B. Thompson, on the 1st of October last; adding, that as the inhabitants

fully appreciated the benefits they had experienced, this would be an efficient means of forming more friendly relations with that country.—*Athenæum*.

THE GEOLOGY OF GIBRALTAR.—The great rocky masses terminating Europe on the S. W. and Africa on N. W., and cut through by the Straits of Gibraltar, consist of silicious sandstones, associated with limestone, chert, shale and coal, all apparently of the oolitic formation. The Gibraltar limestone contains casts of *Terebratula fimbria* and *T. concinna*, species found in Britain in the lower oolite. The covering of the older rocks consists of soil, river alluvium, post-tertiary marine sands, and local patches of diluvium. Wherever the covering is removed, the surface of the rock beneath is seen to be waterworn. The rock of Gibraltar is 1470 feet high. The southern extremity is marked by a triple series of terraces and inland cliffs, formed by the sea at former levels. Its northern terminates in a perpendicular cliff. The elevated part is divided into three distinct eminences, the effects of different local upheavals. The northern of these (the rock gun) does not appear to have undergone any derangement in its stratification since its first upheaval, although it must have been subjected to many elevations and depressions of level. Its older beds (those of the limestone) dip west at an angle of 20° , and those formed since the elevation are horizontal, remaining in their natural position. In this state the whole of the rock must have remained for a lengthened period, until a second upheaval broke it across, leaving the northern portion in its original position, but lifting the whole of the southern 20° more, so that its beds, which formerly dipped 20° west, now dip 40° ; and the fresh deposits, formerly horizontal, 20° . On these deposits, others, formed after the upheaval, rest uncomfortably. A third upheaval in the same direction, but still further to the south, lifted the rock there about 20° more, leaving the northern and middle hills in their former position, but inclining the southern 60° . Thus we have four distinct epochs; of the deposits formed during each we have remains, and at Martin's Cave the whole may be seen in juxtaposition. Immediately under O'Hara's tower, the highest peak, the inclinations of the beds to the west is nearly 80° , and a short way to the south of it, they are vertical. Under this point there is, at the height of about 50 feet, sloping inwards 11° , beds of sandstone in a sea-worn cave, proving at least one other disturbance in addition. Subsequent to these great disturbing changes, there occurred a series of elevations and depressions, indicated by mixed beaches and sea-bottoms at different levels and by the surface of the rock perforated by lithodomi, and sea-worn to the very summit, indicating that the amount of change of level in these comparatively modern times—for the fossils in these deposits are in every case identical with species now living in the neighboring seas—exceeded the height of the mountain, or 1470 feet. There are evidences, also, of a series of movements of depression. All these changes must have preceded the historical period, as, previous to the last change, Gibraltar must have been an island, of which there is no record; the most ancient accounts describing it as it is now. The

upheaving forces must have been deep-seated, as there are no erupted igneous rocks near.—*Athenæum*.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA.—Their united numbers amount only to 6,850. The Atorians are nearly extinct, and the Maopytians number only 14 men, 11 women, 8 boys, and 6 girls. The form of the Guiana native hut marks the tribe by which it is raised, and while that of the Warrau, Arrawaak, and Carrib is a mere shed, the houses of the Macusis and Wapisianas are frequently built of mud, surmounted by a roof of a pointed form, of almost Eastern character, and thatched with palm leaves. Each tribe has its own hunting ground, and each family its own plantation. The natives of Guiana, while yet infants, are betrothed; and the youthful lord is bound, as soon as he is able, to assist the family of his intended until she becomes his wife. The naming the child devolves upon the Piainan, or conjuror, who performs certain mystic ceremonies in a dark hut on the occasion, the duration of them depending upon the amount of the fee which is presented to him. On verging from childhood, the youth are subjected to severe trials: the boys, as a test of their courage, are put into a bag with stinging ants, or are lacerated about their breasts with the teeth of the wild hog or the beak of the toucan. The girls are deprived of their long hair, and then slung in their hammock over an incessant smoky fire, an ordeal which frequently costs them their life. Characteristic drawings by Mr. Goodall, the artist to the expedition, ornamented the walls of the room, and there was a living illustration in the person of a Macusi.—*Athenæum*.

THE TOPOSCOPE.—A curious instrument, the invention of M. Schwilgué (the mechanist of the far-famed clock of Strasburg cathedral), is about to be established on the platform of the same edifice; its object being to determine, during the night, the true position of lighted objects in the distance, false impressions on the subject being often of disastrous effect, as, for example, in the case of conflagration. The apparatus in question, to which the inventor has given the name of *Toposcope*, is composed, according to the description, of two graduated circles, with subdivisions marked by an infinity of numbers. These circles, by their rotary movement in inverse directions, furnish a multitude of numerical combinations. A telescope moving with the upper circle, is fitted to the apparatus; and, on directing this to the place of the disaster, the instrument itself furnishes, in measured numbers, its distance from Strasburg cathedral.—*Athenæum*.

ANTI-INFLAMMABLE STARCH.—We have lately tested the efficacy of a species of starch invented by Baron Charles Wetterstedt, who has obtained a patent for his invention, with which if gauze, muslin, linen, or any substance used for clothes or dresses, be sprinkled or saturated, as with common starch, they will not ignite without difficulty; and if they do ignite, such is the anti-inflammatory power of the composition that they will not blaze or emit flame, but will smoulder like tinder, or some substance over which combustion has little power. It neither injures the texture of

the linen subjected to it, nor does it detract from the beauty of its appearance. Such an invention deserves investigation and public encouragement. —*Times*.

WEBER'S REMAINS.—The last solemn scene of the translation of the remains of Weber was enacted, at Dresden, on the 14th inst. The coffin, covered with black velvet, embroidered with crowns of laurel, in silver and green silk, arrived in that city from Magdeburg, by the railroad, on the same day. At eight o'clock in the evening, it was transported in a boat to the right bank of the Elbe, where 500 infantry of the royal guard, with torches in their hands, were waiting to receive it. In the interior of a circle formed by the troops, were placed the members of the king's musical band, those of the two theatres, and several other amateurs,—by whom the coffin was removed from the boat. A funeral hymn, composed by Wagner, a pupil of Meyerbeer, was then chanted by 450 singers, with the necessary instrumental accompaniment. The coffin was carried, followed by an immense crowd, to the Catholic chapel attached to the principal cemetery of Dresden; and, after the celebration of a funeral service in that temple, the remains of the great composer were interred beside those of his son, who died about five years since. All the houses in the streets, through which the funeral procession passed, were illuminated with wax candles, placed in the windows.—*Athenæum*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—By the death of Mrs. Richards, the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Richards, of St. Martin's, at her house in Russell Square, on Saturday last, a legacy of 5000*l.*, left by her late husband, falls to the Royal Society of Literature, in the council of which the Rev. doctor was long an active member. A good historical article in the *Edinburgh Review*, last year, described the original endowment of the society by George IV., with the truly royal bounty of eleven hundred guineas a-year (ten pensions to distinguished authors of one hundred guineas each, and a hundred guineas for two gold medals); and regretted that this munificent patronage had ceased with the life of the founder. The present accession will in some measure repair the loss; for it will enable the council to print annually, perhaps, some valuable inedited MS., agreeably to Dr. Richards' will; ; and such a work, limited to the number of members, and gratuitously presented, would indeed be a bonus sufficient to induce hundreds of literary men to join their ranks.—*Lit. Gazette*.

ON THE LANGUAGE OF THE OREGON TERRITORY, BY PROF. LATHAM.—The Chenooks inhabit the north side of the Columbia river. They are of slender form, short stature and effeminate features. They pierce the ears and the septum of the nose, and flatten the head; bury their dead in canoes, and live principally on salmon. The Shimsheams number about 1200, and inhabit the north west coast of America. They are a shade lighter than the New Zealander, and the women particularly fair. The girls wear a piece of bone, pin formed, through the lower lip, which on their marriage is removed for one of oval shape and

of large size. Several rings are worn on their fingers, and one in the septum of the nose, and bracelets round the wrists. The hair is neatly plaited into a tail, and the eyebrows are trimmed with precision. They burn their dead, and as a mourning rite blacken their faces and cut off their hair. Of sea-weed and the inner bark of the hemlock they make cakes. The Pilbellas are divided into three villages. They are robust and well made. The dead bodies of the chiefs lie in state for two days, covered with a white shirt. The face is painted vermilion, and the head covered with white down. A natural cave is the sepulchre of this tribe. The natives of Fraser's River propagate a species of the wolf-dog which periodically produce a crop of long white hair, which is manufactured into blankets. They live in permanent houses of cedar wood. Appended to the paper were short Shimshean and Pilbella vocabularies. The languages dealt with by Prof. Latham were those from Russian America down to New California, which he considers amount to nineteen, and are mutually intelligible.—*Athenæum*.

CHINA.—The ancients appear to have possessed some knowledge of China, though of a very imperfect kind. Arrian speaks of the Sinæ or Thinæ as a people of the most remote part of Asia, who exported the raw and manufactured silks which came westward through Bactria, now Bokhara. Silk appears to have come to Rome by this channel (nearly the same as that by which the Russians now receive it); but that the supply was limited, even in the later times of the Roman empire, appears from the fact that the Emperor Aurelian refused to his queen a silk robe on account of its enormous expense. The emperors of the Chinese dynasty do not seem to have had that jealousy of strangers which has been a distinguishing feature of the Manchoo Tartar dynasty, who conquered the country in the seventeenth century; and so early as the year 94 of the Christian era embassies were sent from Pekin to cultivate a better acquaintance with the Western world; but they appear to have reached no farther west than Arabia. Whether the intercourse thus established was kept up we are uncertain; but there is no doubt that we owe to the Arabs the first distinct account of China, and of its peculiar institutions, manners, and customs. There is a French translation of the itineraries of two Arabian travellers in the years 850 and 877. These are extremely interesting, as they show a complete identity between the Chinese a thousand years ago and what they are at the present day. One instance may be given. The salt-tax as it now exists, and the use of tea, are thus noticed: "The emperor also reserves to himself the revenues that arise from salt, and from a certain herb which they drink with hot water, and of which great quantities are sold in all the cities, to the amount of vast sums." Thus presenting the singular phenomenon of a whole people retaining their habits, institutions, manners, and customs, almost wholly unaltered for so long a period, even after successive conquests—the conquerors, in fact, bearing but a small proportion to the whole mass, were swallowed up and assimilated.—*Lit. Gazette*.

IMPROVEMENT IN OIL PAINTING.—An artist, M. Auguste de Lamare, has just made a discovery of great importance, destined to effect a revolution in the practice of oil-painting. It is well known that this style of art, amid all its advantages over others, has the inconvenience that it will not allow the painter to work for any length of time on a moist paste. The oil, which holds in solution the coloring matter, soon evaporates, and the layer of color becomes rapidly dry. Twelve hours are generally sufficient for such a result. The painter is thus obliged to compose his paste of a successive series of layers, one upon another, but which will not interpenetrate. The dryness, which proceeds with such rapidity, prevents a homogeneous amalgamation. Thence are formed effects not depending on the pencil of the painter, and which he has not the power to correct. Thence, also, it happens that oil-paintings deteriorate with extreme facility, and present in a space of time often very short a faded appearance and peeled surface. It is obvious that there is no remedy for this defect, save that of promoting the intimate combination of all the layers of color, or, in other terms, preventing their desiccation until the whole will be finished. This is the precise problem which M. de Lamare announces that he has solved,—having discovered a process by which he can preserve the moist condition of a layer of color for years, and dry a picture by the minute. What the preparation may be which the artist employs, to hasten or retard this process at his pleasure, is unknown; and he refuses to yield his secret without the guarantee of a national reward. He has offered to prove to the Academy the efficacy of his mysterious method,—and a committee will probably be appointed to examine and report upon the subject.—*Athenæum*.

ON ANIMALS OF THE CHALK STILL FOUND IN A RECENT STATE IN THE STOMACHS OF OYSTERS.—Mr. Reade stated, before the Microscopical Society, that a consideration of the well-known ciliary currents in the fringe of the oyster, induced him to examine the contents of the stomach, under the expectation of finding some minute forms of infusoria; which, in the absence of locomotive power, compensated by the contrivance just alluded to, might reasonably be expected to form the food of the creature. His expectations were fulfilled. In the stomach of every oyster examined by him he found myriads of living monads; the vibrio also in great abundance and activity, and swarms of a conglomerated and citrated living organism, to which he proposed to give the name of *Volvox ostreare*. But the most remarkable circumstance was the presence of other infusoria, having silicious lorice, belonging to the family of the Bacillariæ, and similar to those which, in the fossil state, constitute the chief bulk of the chalk. Having thus established the identity of the present infusoria, which form the food of oysters, with the fossils of the chalk, he next proceeded to examine the contents of the fossil oysters of the Kimmeridge clay, and in these, as well as in the surrounding clay, he also found abundance of similar fossils. The inferences drawn from these observations were: 1st, That the ciliary movements of oysters, and, from analogy, those of other bivalves, are the means by which these creatures are supplied with food, consisting of minute infusoria, and polythalamia;

which food, from the absence of sand and other extraneous bodies, they evidently have a power of selecting; and, 2ndly, That many of these infusoria, being similar to those found in a fossil state in the chalk and other secondary formations, supply that link in the great geological chain of organized beings formerly supposed to be wanting between the cretaceous and antecedent series and the series of subsequent formations.—*Athenæum*.

GIGANTIC BISON.—In a recent excursion to St. Petersburg, Mr. Murchison, having expressed a strong desire to obtain for the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, a skeleton and skin of the Bos Aurachs, or gigantic Bison, his Imperial Highness has announced that the Emperor has willingly granted the request, and that his Majesty's instructions have been given to procure a specimen, which is to be transmitted to London. The Bos Aurachs, or primo-genius, which, with the Mammoth, and other lost races, formerly ranged over very wide tracts, is the sole living remnant of the great primeval quadrupeds, his haunts being now restricted to the wild forests of a part of Lithuania. The ferocity and great size of the animal would have rendered it very difficult to capture, and convey him alive to our zoological gardens, and as detached bones only of the species are known in Great Britain, the present of his Imperial Majesty must doubtless be considered of great value by all naturalists, more particularly as this is the first example, during many years, of a permission to kill an individual of the herd; a stringent order for their preservation having alone prevented the extinction of the race.—*Athenæum*.

EXHILARATING GAS LIQUEFIED.—When several years ago M. Thilorier succeeded in liquefying and solidifying carbonic acid gas by means of a pressure estimated at 70 atmospheres, it was generally inferred that there was no gas of any kind which by means of intense cold and powerful compression might not be brought to a liquid state. M. Nalterer now informs the Academy, that he succeeded in liquefying a gas well known to chemists, and, indeed to the public generally, from its exhilarating properties, which have given to it the name of laughing-gas. He has done this by compressing it with a small iron pump, in a piece of wrought iron at a pressure of 50 atmospheres. The liquid thus obtained was very sweet and fluid, and occupied about the 4-100th part of the gaseous volume which furnished it, and he was able to keep it in the liquid state several hours exposed to the external air. If the skin was touched with this liquid it caused intense pain as from a burn. M. Nalterer obtained about half a pint of the liquid, and was therefore able with such a quantity to make several experiments.—*Athenæum*.

HERR GERVINUS.—The nomination of Herr Gervinus, one of the seven Professors expelled from Göttingen in 1839, to the chair of History and Literature at Heidelberg, has been received with great enthusiasm by the students. The large hall, in which his first lecture was given, overflowed; and the *fackelzug*, or serenade by torchlight, a ceremony reserved in this place for great University occasions, was bestowed on him.—*Ath.*

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Great-Britain.

Strabonis Geographica: recensuit, commentario critico instruxit Gustavus Kramer. Vol. I. Berlin, 1844. 8vo. (London: Williams and Norgate.)

Any one at all acquainted with the literature of Strabo must hail with pleasure the appearance of a really critical edition of that writer; for there is scarcely any ancient author whose work stood so much in need of a critical examination and revision by the assistance of good MSS., as Strabo. The work could not have fallen into better hands than those of Dr. Kramer, who is favorably known in this country through his work on Greek vase-painting.

A glance at what has been done for Strabo before Kramer, will shew us more clearly how much there remained to be done. After the time of Casaubon, scarcely any thing was done to improve the text of Strabo. M. de Brequigny collated a Paris MS.; but he scarcely ever ventured to deviate from the readings of Casaubon; and besides, he did not carry his contemplated edition beyond the first three books. Siebenkees collated several Italian MSS.; but in constituting his text, he was scarcely more independent of Casaubon than De Brequigny, and he moreover acted with the most culpable levity and carelessness. After he had advanced as far as the seventh book, he died, and Tschucke, who undertook the completion of the edition, did all he could to give a correct text in the remaining part of the work. But he was unacquainted with the best MSS., and was in general more distinguished as a diligent compiler than as a sound and judicious critic. Even Mr. Falconer, although he had collations of a great many MSS., gave little more than a reprint of Casaubon's text, to whose notes he added those of other commentators. Coraes, the latest editor, though he did much by his critical sagacity to improve the text of Strabo, yet attached too little importance to MSS., which alone can afford us the means of restoring a correct text. He therefore introduced a number of corruptions into his author, along with many emendations which are necessary and ingenious. Dr. Kramer, who was deeply impressed with the necessity of collating the best MSS., made it his business, before he set about his task, to examine, during a stay of nearly three years in Italy, all the MSS. of Strabo at Rome, Ravenna, Venice, and Milan, to make collations, and to ascertain the real value of each MS. The Prussian government subsequently enabled him to consult also the Paris MSS., so that, as far as we know, there is no MS. of any consequence which has not been collated by the present editor. His abilities, combined with his unwearied industry, have thus enabled him to produce an edition Strabo which throws all previous editions into the shade. The present volume contains a brief survey of the critical labors bestowed upon Strabo, and a detailed account of all the MSS. which the editor has collated, embracing those which contain all or some books complete, as well as those which contain mere abridgements of Strabo's work, from p. 1 to p. 94. The remainder of the volume comprises the text of the first six books, with the more important various readings at the foot of the page. At the end is added an index of the fragments of the first six books, which are contained in a Vatican epitome.—*Classical Museum.*

Aristophanis Comædiæ cum Scholiis. Ex recensione Roberti Enger. Vol. I., parts 1 and 2, containing the Lysistrata and Thesmophoriazuse. Bonn, 1844, 8vo. (London: Williams and Norgate.)

THERE is apparently, no lack of good editions of Aristophanes; and the names of Bekker, Dindorf, and Mitchell, who have of late years labored in the same field, might seem to throw an air of presumption around a man who ventures to hope for a rich harvest in the same department. But matters are far different from what they appear to be. Even Dindorf, whose best edition (Oxford, 1835—37) alone can, properly speaking, claim the merit of being a new recension of the text of Aristophanes, has retained a great number of unnecessary conjectures of Brunck; and as for the explanation of his author, he has done little more than transcribe the notes of his predecessors. But what is worse than this is, that Dindorf did not collate the *editio Juntina*. He, indeed, mentions the readings of that edition, but misrepresents them almost throughout. With the same carelessness, he attributes to other more recent editions readings which are not to be found in them. The consideration of this state of things has induced M. Enger to undertake a new recension of the text of Aristophanes. Through the assistance of friends he obtained accurate collations of the *editio princeps* (which was copied from a very good MS. at Urbino), and of MSS., and the care and conscientiousness with which the two plays before us are edited, are deserving of the highest commendation; and it is, perhaps, not saying too much, that the *Lysistrata* is now produced for the first time in a correct and readable form. The *Scholia* are occasionally accompanied by brief comments and various readings; and the commentary on the plays is chiefly critical, though the explanation of difficulties in the text is not neglected.—*Classical Museum.*

Travels in Luristan and Arabistan. By the Baron C. A. de Bode. 2 vols. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

THESE pleasant volumes will be read with great interest by a very large portion of the public. They contain the account of a journey from Teheran through Isfahan to Persepolis, and back by Shiraz and Behbahan, through the country of the Mamaseni and Khogilu tribes, in part unvisited by any previous traveller. The author, who was secretary to the Russian embassy, travelled with great advantages, the political influence of the czar in Persia insuring safety and respect for those of his subjects who undertake to travel. At many points of his journey he encountered friends, holding positions of authority, who gave him every facility for prosecuting his researches; and he enjoyed, also, the especial favor and protection of the Moetamid Daulat, or governor of the most important and dangerous provinces through which he passed. We cannot pretend to give even an outline of his journey. We can only say generally that he has visited some of the most interesting cities and tracts of south-western Persia. His description of Persepolis is full of eloquence, and presents a very vivid picture to the mind. With great judgment, however, he dwells comparatively briefly on this, so many other travellers having visited the spot. But he enlarges on

the royal tombs at Nakshi Rustam, having entered one which had not been visited by Sir Robert Ker Porter. He also, during his journey, discovered many important remains of antiquity, among others those of Tenghi-Saulek, which must really be very extraordinary. We can promise a rich treat to all interested in antiquarian research, but cannot further allude to the numerous topics of this nature on which he touches so graphically, and with so much ingenuity. Other parts of his work are to us more interesting—namely, the personal adventures, the anecdotes, the sketches of manners and customs, the description of scenery, the lively narratives interspersed. We never remember to have seen a more charming picture of pastoral life than Baron de Bode's account of an Illyat migration. It carries us back to the times of Abraham. We have really never read any passage in any Persian traveller with more pleasure, and much regret that we have not space to extract it. However, we are sure that all who are fond of ethnological information communicated in so agreeable a manner, cannot fail to refer to the volume before us. We must not forget to notice the 'Essay on the Marches of Alexander and Timur,' which concludes the work. It is a learned and ingenious performance, and in general conclusive. The baron had ample opportunities of verifying his theories, by examination of the ground over which the two conquerors marched; and, as we have hinted, over a certain portion of the space no traveller had preceded him. He has thus the merit of revealing a new and extensive tract of country to the world.

A Grammar of the Cree Language: with which is combined an Analysis of the Chippeway Dialect. By Joseph Howse, Esq., F. R. G. S. London, 1844. Rivington.

THE structure of languages spoken by rude nations is a department of philology which has been too much neglected. This is a very copious analysis of the leading native language of all the tribes belonging to the British settlements in North America; indeed, in its different dialects, it is spoken over 60 degrees of longitude, from Pennsylvania, south, to Churchill River, Hudson's Bay, north; and from Labrador and the Atlantic, east, to the Mississippi, west. [This exhibits a very accurate knowledge of Geography, of latitude and longitude, etc.—Ed. of E. M.] Historically, or as connected with the origin of nations, the language is also full of interest, and the author, accordingly, has furnished the philologist with means of comparing this leading language of the new with those of the old world, "at the same time exhibiting the internal structure and mechanism of a new system of speech,—a new plan of communicating thought." Mr. Howse tells us that he has been for twenty years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, during that period, engaged in almost uninterrupted intercourse with the natives.

The work is not only highly curious in a scientific point of view, but of great value to those, especially missionaries, who have to communicate with the tribes who speak the dialects.—*Asiatic Journal*.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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